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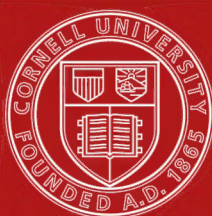


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AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

AND TO

MY DEAR MOTHER

YORK PLAYS

The plays performed by the crafts of mysteries of York on the day of Corpus Christi in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, now first printed from the unique manuscript in the library of Lord Ashburnham.

Edited
with introduction and glossary

by
Lucy T. Smith

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THE CLARENDON PRESS
1885

44



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[An asterisk is affixed to the five Plays which are accompanied by the Towneley parallel.]

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NOTE.—It may be useful to rehearse the municipal books belonging to the Corporation of York herein quoted :—

Liber Memorandum $\frac{A}{Y}$. A.D. 1376-1478.

A Register of deeds, charters, and ordinances, 1371-1577, marked $\frac{B}{Y}$.

Minute or Council Books, *Lib.* III, 1461-1479 ; a volume marked II and IV, 1480-1485 ; *Lib.* V, 1483-1489 ; *Lib.* VII, 1493 ; Book 9, 1503-1519.

A Book marked 25 *H.* 6, containing some fines, fees, and classified payments.

Chamberlain's accounts, Vol. I (the earliest preserved), 11 Hen. VIII ; II, 27 Hen. VIII ; and IV, 1 Elizabeth.

CORRECTIONS.

- Page 27, line 153, *read* malysoune *for* malysonne
 „ 35, title, *read* et *for* and
 „ 95, „ 50, *read* remened *for* remeued
 „ 152, second marginal note, *read* fondlings *for* foundlings
 „ 179, „ „ „ *read* mite *for* mighty one
 „ 179, line 29, *insert* n *in* and
 „ 183, „ 183, *read* caut *for* cant
 „ 230, first marginal note, *read* makes game of *for* stakes
 „ 295, line 77, marginal note, *read* over-garment *for* shirt
 „ 302, „ 290, *read* meste *for* meste
 „ 321, „ 32, *read* [chasted] *for* [hasted]
 „ 369, „ 330, *dele* comma *after* Joseph, *insert* comma *after* is
 „ 371, „ 408, *dele* full stop *after* his
 „ 384, „ 199, *dele* comma *after* Satan
 „ 398, „ 57, *read* oure *for* ure
 „ 402, „ 119, *insert* God *before* graunt
 „ 403, „ 147, *read* menne stele *for* mennestele
 „ 403, third marginal note, *read* ? action *for* death
 „ 430, line 105, *read* thraste *for* thaste
 „ 464, „ 263, *read* Vs to for-do *for* Vs for to do
 „ 484, *for* Solomon iii. 8 *read* Solomon iv. 8.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE Manuscript volume containing the collection of religious plays, anciently performed on the day of Corpus Christi by the craft-gilds of York, belongs to the Earl of Ashburnham¹, to whose liberal permission the public owes it that this valuable addition to our early dramatic literature is now for the first time printed; and I desire to record here my sincere thanks for the full and free use of the MS. which he has kindly accorded me.

It is not a little remarkable that these long-desired plays have never yet seen the light. Scholars have known since the publication of Thoresby's History of Leeds, that such a collection existed², but no one appears ever to have done more than make a cursory examination of it; this was only done by the writer 'L.' in the Gentleman's Magazine, and, more carefully, by the late Rev. Mr. Garnett, of the British Museum, whose opinion on it was printed in the Catalogue of Mr. Heywood Bright's library, after whose sale the late Lord Ashburnham purchased the volume.

PEDIGREE OF THE MANUSCRIPT. The history of the volume is curious. It was the book wherein the plays, performed by the crafts from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries with the sanction and authority of the corporation, were 'registered' by the city officers, and it must therefore have belonged to the corporation. It was at one time in the care of the priory of Holy Trinity in Micklegate, at the gates of which was the first station in the circle of performances through the city as early as 1399,—

¹ No 137 in the *Appendix* to the Ashburnham Catalogue.

² See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 54, p. 103; Chester Mysteries, ed. Thos. Wright, Shakespeare Soc. 1843, I. introd. p. i; Halliwell's Dictionary of Old Plays, s.v. *York Mysteries*; The Skryveners' Play, ed. J. P. Collier, Camden Soc. Miscell. 1859, p. 5; W. C. Hazlitt in his edition of Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, 1871, II. p. 224; Le Mistère du Viel Testament pub. par feu Baron J. de Rothschild, Soc. des Anciens Textes français, 1878, I. p. xlvii *note*. It was the last that first directed my attention to the volume.

'at the Trinitie yaits where the clerke kepys the regyster,' we learn from the chamberlain's accounts of 1554¹. At the time of the Reformation various attempts were made to amend the book of plays, as is shown both by many notes scattered through its leaves and by notices in the municipal records²; but, in spite of these, the plays could not withstand the new spirit of the times, and were discontinued about 1580. What now became of the book of the plays is only matter of conjecture; that it had been customarily kept at Trinity priory accounts for its not being found among the municipal records at this day; yet, after the dissolution of the priory in 1538, the book still remained under the control of the city, the council in 1568, and again in 1579, agreeing that it should be amended and corrected. How long it remained in their hands it is impossible to say, but it seems probable that having been laid aside, it soon fell into the hands of some member of the Fairfax family. Two Fairfaxes had been Recorders of York in the previous century, and many of the family sat on the Council of the North for reform of religious matters through the sixteenth century³. In 1599, Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton (grandfather of the general) was on the Council; not quite a hundred years later, Henry Fairfax, one of his descendants in the Denton line, wrote on a fly-leaf of the York play MS., 'H. Fairfax's book, 1695.' This Henry was son to Henry fourth Lord Fairfax, and grandson to the Rev. Henry Fairfax of the

¹ Extracts from the Municipal Records of York, 1843, by Robert Davies, pp. 232, 264 *note*. (This is the work hereinafter referred to as 'Davies.') That the book was kept by a clerk (whether lay or cleric) at the priory does not militate against its being a municipal possession; we know that the chamberlains paid for registering a play as late as 1558, see after, p. 18 *note*; the station before the Trinity gates was exempted from the usual rent due to the corporation, which cannot have been on account of sanctity, for the 'place at the Minster yaite' was charged with a high rent. There was perhaps some connection between the municipality and the priory in the matter of clerks and writing which ensured the immunity enjoyed. We know, from the example of Robert Ricart, town-clerk of Bristol, in the fifteenth century, that relation on this ground between religious bodies and municipalities existed. See Ricart's Kalendar, Camden Soc. 1872, pp. i, v. William Revetour, the chantry priest and keeper of Corpus Christi gild, was at one time deputy town-clerk of York; see after, p. xxx. The other stations for which no rent was paid to the city in 1554, were the Common Hall, a place where 'my Lady Mayres and her systers [i. e. wives of the aldermen] lay,' and the Pavement, a public place in the midst of the city.

² Davies, pp. 269, 271-2.

³ Drake's *Eboracum*, pp. 368, 369.

Denton line, rector of Bolton Percy, and uncle to the parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax. Scholarly tastes and a love of books ran in the family; the old clergyman shared them¹. General Fairfax saved many manuscripts at the blowing up of St. Mary's Tower, York, in 1644, and fostered the immense industry of Dodsworth. The Plays² would perhaps, if one of the salvage, have been included by the general with his legacy to the Bodleian Library in 1671³; but he had other books: and there are the two possibilities,—either that it was rescued from destruction as a curious relic by one of the Denton family in authority during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, or that it may have been among those preserved from St. Mary's Tower, and have been presented by the general to his uncle Henry. From the time that it came into the possession of the grandson of 1695, the links of ownership are unbroken; a note (presumably in Thoresby's hand) on the back of the fly-leaf inscribed by Fairfax, records that he gave it to Ralph Thoresby,—‘Donum Hon. Hen. Fairfax Arm. Rad^o. Thoresby.’ The book accordingly appears in the catalogue of his manuscripts appended by Thoresby to his *Ducatus Leodiensis*⁴. At the sale of Thoresby's collection in 1764, although described as ‘a folio volume written upon vellum of Old English Poetry, very curious,’ Horace Walpole bought it for only £1 1s. At Walpole's sale the bookseller Thomas Rodd gave £220 10s. for it, and sold it to Mr. Heywood Bright of Bristol in 1842 for £235. At the dispersion of this gentleman's collection, in 1844, Mr. Thorpe bought it for £305 for the Rev. Thos. Russell, and it was afterwards sold to the late Lord Ashburnham⁵.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT. The MS. consists of 270 leaves of parchment or vellum, of which 48 are blank, bound in the original wooden binding, once covered with leather, which is now much torn and in rather bad condition.

¹ His second son Brian was also an antiquary, but his library was sold.

² The book is not found in the list of ‘my bookes,’ at Gilling, of Sir William Fairfax, among inventories between 1590 and 1624. The Fairfaxes of Gilling were the senior line. See *Archæologia* 1883, a paper by Mr. Ed. Peacock, to whom I am indebted for a copy.

³ Life of the great Lord Fairfax, by C. Markham, 1870, pp. 148, 445; see also Drake's account of the saving of these records, p. 575.

⁴ Ed. 1816, p. 73 (third paging).

⁵ See Walpole's Letters, ed. Cunningham, 1861, vol. ix. p. 525, appendix; also Thorpe's Sale Catalogue.

The blank leaves at the beginning and the end, of which there are several, have been nibbled by mice. On the first blank leaf at the end are written 'Corpus Cristi playe' twice, and the names 'Thomas Cutler, Richarde Nandicke,' the same names being scribbled many times inside one of the covers. At the end, too, of the Smiths' Play, fol. 89, the initials R. N. are inscribed with the same flourish and late hand. I regret that I cannot find any information as to these names. Among senseless scribbles on another leaf are the names 'John Willson' and 'Willm. Pennell.' The leaves throughout the volume, which are eleven inches high, and eight inches wide, were originally not numbered at the top¹, but were counted at the bottom by the signatures of the quires, like early printed books, being made up in fours (i.e. eight leaves to a quire), A to Z, &, 9, and xxvj to xxxiiij, the whole being preceded by an unsigned quire, which must have been inserted in order to add two omitted plays. Some few of the marks are cut in the binding, especially in the early quires. In five of the quires, viz. B (iv, v), G (iv, v), O (iii, vi), R (ii, vii)², & (ii, vii), a pair of leaves has been removed, it would almost seem purposely, for the volume is not in such a loose condition that they could have fallen out; but beyond this the MS. is complete. The handwriting, which is in good condition throughout, is principally that of the first half of the fifteenth century³, written in one column confined within a ruled margin. The three plays on the inserted quire at the beginning were probably written a few years later than the body of the volume, which began with the Cardmakers' play* (III); there is a date, 1583, irregularly written, in a faint ink, on lf. 5 at the end of the first play, but it can have nothing to do with these entries, which are in a hand of a hundred and fifty years earlier. Three pieces were inserted by a hand which we

¹ The modern numbering was unfortunately not made on the definite plan of either including or excluding all blank leaves, some are figured, some are not. But a true account can be taken of all the leaves by following the signatures which I have placed in the margin throughout. It is sometimes important, as will be seen.

² See pages 37, 195, 199, 236, 242, 335, 341. The passages lost comprised part of the Woman taken in Adultery, the Raising of Lazarus, the Sop given to Judas, and the Lord's Prayer. The losses in G occur in a blank.

³ See a specimen in the frontispiece, and after, p. xxviii.

⁴ The Cardmakers' being the third of the inserted plays is thus given twice over; I have printed from the second or earliest copy: see p. 14.

are able to date at 1558 from the municipal books. The Fullers' play (p. 18), although certainly an old one, had been 'never before registred' when the chamberlains of that year paid for the omission; the others are—an addition in the Glovers' play (p. 37), and the entire play of the Purification of Mary (p. 433), which may be of later composition than the rest, superseding a play undoubtedly used at an earlier date on the same subject¹. Quite at the end is a fragment, in a hand apparently of the close of the fifteenth century, of a new play for the Innholders (p. 514). At the head of four blank leaves which immediately follow Play XXII (sign. M iv b) is the following in the hand of the sixteenth century:—

‘*The vinteners.*

Loo, this is a yoyfull day,
Archedeclayne, for me and . . ’

showing that here it had been intended to enter the play of the Vintners², on the *Marriage at Cana*, which stands in both the early lists at this place in the series, but of which we have now only this first line preserved. A similar blank of five leaves was left after Play XXIII (sign. N v b), at the top of which is written, by the original hand, ‘The Ironmongers;’ evidently their play, on *Jesus eating with Simon the leper and Mary Magdalene* (Burton, No. 25, see p. xii), had also been meant to be inserted in its right place, but for some reason it was delayed, unfortunately for ever.

Scattered through the volume are frequent small alterations or corrections³, little *nota* and indications that ‘*hic caret*’ or ‘*hic caret de novo facto*,’ all of which are later than the text, most of them in a hand of the second half of the sixteenth century. In three places it is thus stated that the plays have been re-written, but no copy is registered,—‘Doctor, this matter is newly mayde, wherof we haue no copy⁴;’ in numerous others it is pointed out that a new speech is wanting; in one case ‘*loquela magna et diuersa*;’ in another that the text does not agree⁵. Sometimes a line or words

¹ See Burton's list, No 17. p. xxi.

² No. 22 in Burton's list of 1415. See p. xxii.

³ There are between forty and fifty, besides those specified further on.

⁴ Pp. 93, 138, 177.

⁵ See, for example, pp. 120, 121, 199, 239, 312, 426, 472.

omitted in the original are supplied¹; in three instances the words are glossed to the more modern usage². All these are evidence that the plays underwent careful revision in 1568, when the city council agreed 'that the booke therof shuld be perused and otherwise amended before it were playd,' in obvious anticipation of the correction or censure of the reforming Archbishop Grindal. Dr. Matthew Hutton, dean of York, had already this year given his opinion on the Creed Play³, 'that it shuld not be plaid, ffor thoghe it was plawsible to yeares agoe, and wold now also of the ignorant sort be well liked, yet now in this happie time of the gospell I know the learned will mislike it⁴.' The 'Doctor' whom the city officers were eager to assure that so many portions of their favorite plays were 'mayd of newe,' was none other than Hutton himself⁵. In 1575 they desired that the archbishop, who had some of 'the play bookes as perteyne this cittie' in his custody, should 'apoynt twoe or thre sufficiently learned to correcte the same, wherein by the lawes of this realme they are to be reformed;' and this evidently not having been done for the Corpus Christi plays, the council returned valiantly to the charge; and, in 1579, before ordering them to be performed, agreed that 'first the booke shalbe caried to my Lord Archebisshop and Mr. Deane to correcte, if that my Lord Archebisshop doo well like theron⁶.' Happily this correction was never carried out, as the present state of the book shows; and the plays appear to have never been performed after this time.

Besides these, there are several alterations in the names of the crafts which stand at the head of each play⁷: these are in various hands; one is dated 1553.

The MS. is plain, without ornament or flourish; most of the plays have a space left for a large initial, in but few cases filled up. The rubricator's work consists of the names of the speakers (in which he occasionally made mistakes), a rule between every speech, and a touch upon the initial letter of every line of poetry. In the

¹ E. g. pp. 54, 99, 106, 398, 410.

² Pp. 31, 43, 131.

³ Performed every tenth year by the Gild of Corpus Christi.

⁴ See the whole of this interesting letter, in Davies' Extracts, &c. pp. 267-8.

⁵ He was dean of York from 1567-1589.

⁶ Davies, pp. 271, 272.

⁷ At pp. 123, 125, 146, 178, 193, 320, 349, 421, 456.

play which began the original book, and must have been the first entered (III. the Cardmakers, sign A-i) are eight large red letters, but these were not continued. The rubricator also added the lines for connecting rimes, usually seen in early MSS. of poetry, throughout the first portion of the book, as far as P. viij, after which they cease. A few other words and original stage directions are also in red. Punctuation of course there is none; nor are there any marks for the cæsura, perhaps not to be expected at so late a period. In one case only the scribe has collected his *dramatis personæ*, viz. at the end of the twentieth play (p. 171). The stage directions of the MS.¹ are much fewer and less descriptive than those which are found in the Chester and Coventry collections, and of these several were added by the late correcting hand.

DATE OF THE MANUSCRIPT. The book appears to have set out with the intention, a few years after A. D. 1415, of entering all the plays in their due order, at the expense of the corporation², with the names of the crafts then performing them. The 'originals' of the plays (see pp. 18, 29) could not be brought in all at once, so the copyist seems to have begun with what he had before him, i. e. the Cardmakers' (III), on the first leaf, forgetting that two others should precede it; he continued, leaving blank spaces where he had not the originals yet to copy from, making occasional errors as copyists will, but on the whole doing his work pretty faithfully till he came to about the middle, when he must either have had several confusing MSS. to work from, involving perhaps alterations and combinations in the plays, or he may have been required to make these himself. This may be the source of the errors and irregularities in the verses which abound in the plays numbered XXVIII to XXXVI, treating of the betrayal, trial, and passion of Jesus. From a few of these blunders it would seem that the scribe wrote partly by ear or from memory, not quite understanding what he was about; and the state of the two leaves of music of which

¹ See, for example, pp. 2, 3, 53, 98, 134, 177, 190, 285, 329, 493.

² Unfortunately the Chamberlain's Books of York have not been preserved further back than 11 Hen. VIII (1519), so that we are unable to establish this point, and several other interesting details relating to the plays; but the entry of 1558 on p. 18, and the claim exercised by the city over the book, sufficiently point that way.

copies are given in Plates II and III leads to the same conclusion¹. Even if of York he was used to the Midland tongue, which affected his copy of the old Northern language of the originals.

To show why 1430-1440 is the probable date of the MS. it will be necessary to go back to the records of the city of York, which yield much information on the history of the plays. Mr. Robert Davies, late town-clerk, gathered more than is to be found elsewhere in the pages 'On the Celebration of the Corpus Christi festival in York' appended to the valuable work already referred to; and Drake, in the appendix to his big folio, 'Eboracum,' prints, incorrectly enough, several important documents relating to the performances. Mr. Riley, in his Report on the Records of York to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, vol. i, p. 109, printed translations of two extracts of interest; beyond these, whatever quotations I give from the municipal books are the fruit of my own researches at York.

Nearly the oldest book the city possesses is the 'Liber diversorum memorandorum² Civitatem Ebor. tangentium,' beginning 51 Edward III, A.D. 1376, marked on the cover $\frac{A}{Y}$. In it were enrolled the ordinances of crafts or trade gilds³, arbitrations in disputes, &c. It is therefore the fitting place in which to find, entered by the hand of Roger Burton the town-clerk himself, a detailed list of the plays and of the crafts who were assigned to perform them, this list being dated A.D. 1415. This is followed by a curious '*Proclamacio ludi*,' and by another list of the plays and crafts, also signed by Burton, but without date⁴. This second list, which reckons fifty-seven plays and gives but the short title of each, does not quite agree with the first one, which reckons fifty-one plays, nor yet with our MS., which contains forty-eight plays. On examination of these discrepancies the MS. is found to agree with Burton's list of 1415 much more than with the second list. The former was treated as the authoritative '*Ordo*⁵,' for, on examination of the original, the

¹ Was it a professional 'notor' who wrote the music out? I think not; it was merely the usual 'scrivener' or 'text-writer' of the whole. See p. xxxix.

² The book referred to by Riley.

³ The charter of the Weavers' gild goes back to Hen. I.

⁴ Printed (with but one or two slight inaccuracies) by Davies, pp. 233-236.

⁵ A marginal note shows that a similar schedule of the pageants written by

side for the names of the crafts is found to be full of alterations, erasures, and new writing, of differing dates, evidently made to correct the list to the changes among the crafts. For, as business grew, a new craft would spring up, an old one decay and become too poor to produce its play, a new one must take its share; one craft trenching on the trade of another must share its burdens, sometimes two, or even three plays would be combined into one, sometimes a play would be laid aside and the craft to which it had been assigned must join in producing some other. A comparison of different notices and ordinances of the companies relating to the plays explains many of the changes in the list; and as Drake has given a very incorrect translated copy, I here print it from the original, together with a few extracts at the foot which will illustrate the whole.

‘*Ordo*¹ *paginarum ludi Corporis Cristi*, tempore Willi. Alne Maioris, anno regni regis Henrici quinti post conquestum Angliæ tercio, compilatus per Rogerum Burton clericum communem, in anno domini millesimo ccccxv^{mo}.

Tannours ² ...	{ (1) 1. ³ Deus pater omnipotens creans et formans celos, angelos, et archangelos, luciferum et angelos, qui cum eo ceciderunt in infernum.
Plasterers ...	{ (2) 2. Deus pater in sua substantia creans terram et omnia que in ea sunt per spacium v. dierum.
Cardemakers	{ (3) 3. Deus pater formans Adam de lymo terre, et faciens Euam de costa Ade, et inspirans eos spiritu vite.

the town-clerk was to be officially delivered to the crafts yearly in the first or second week of Lent. See next note.

¹ In the margin against the title in a contemporary hand it is noted, ‘*Deliberande sunt sedule paginarum subsequenter in forma subscripta Artificiis per vj servientes maioris ad clavam, prima vel ij^a septimana quadagesime annuatim, scribende per communem clericum.*’ The list occupies fos. 243 v^o–245, four pages. Leaves 243–4–5–6 have been all cut by some destroyer, two of them nearly severed in half. Some of the erasures and alterations were evidently made by Burton himself while writing. The writing has in a few places near the beginning been recently tampered with, i.e. re-written on *old* letters in blacker ink. I have compared the handwriting of the Ashburnham MS. with this list and the Proclamation, both of which are by Burton, but it is not the same.

² *Barkers* in the Register and in the second list, nearly the same trade.

³ The black figures refer to the corresponding play in the Register (the text).

Fullers	{	(4) 4. Deus prohibens Adam et Euam ne comed- erent de ligno vite.
Coupers... ..	{	(5) 5. Adam et Eua et arbor inter eos, serpens de- cipiens eos cum pomis ; Deus loquens eis et maledicens serpentem, et angelus cum gladio eiciens eos de paradiso.
Armourers	{	(6) 6. Adam et Eua, angelus cum vanga et colo assignans eis laborem.
Gaunters (Glovers) ¹	{	(7) 7. Abel et Kaym immolantes victimas.
Shipwrightes	{	(8) 8. Deus premuniens Noe facere archam de lignis leuigatis.
Pessoners and Mariners (Fysshmon- gers) ²	{	(9) 9. Noe in Archa et vxor eius, tres filij Noe cum vxoribus suis, cum diuersis animalibus.
Parchemyners Bukbynders	{	(10) 10. Abraham immolans filium suum Isaac super altare, garcio cum bosco et angelus.
Hosyers ³	{	(11) 11. Moyses exaltans serpentem in deserto, Pharao Rex, viij Judei admirantes et expectantes.
Spicers	{	(12) 12. [Doctor declarans dicta prophetarum de na- tuitate Christi futura] ⁴ . Maria, Angelus salutans eam, Maria salutans Elizabeth.
⁵ Pewterers Founders	{	(13) 13. Maria, Josep volens dimittere eam, angelus eis loquens ⁵ vt transeant vsque Bedlem.

¹ Written above Gaunters in explanation.

² Written above Pessoners in explanation.

³ According to the following, in 1403 the Hosiers and Drapers joined at one play, in 1415 they were separate ; see No. 48. 'De la paygne de Moyses et pharao &c., hosyers. Fait a remembre que le viij^{me} io^r de may lan du regne nostre S^r le Roy henry quart puis le conquest dengleterre quart, accorde est & assentu deuaunt le maire de la Citee deuerwyk, les chaumbreleyns & autres bones gentz de mesme la Citee, en la chaumbre de conseil sur le pount de Ouse en Euerwyk, entre les gentz de Draper craft & les gentz de hosyer craft deuerwyk, que touz hosyers que vendront chauuces ou facent chauuces a vendre, ouesque les vphaldres quels vendront drape de leyne desore enaauant aueront la charge del paygne de Moyses et Pharao &c., en la Jue de corpore Xpi, horspris les Dubbers et ceux que sount assignez a eux.' (Book $\frac{A}{Y}$, fo. 129 v^o).

⁴ These words are interlined ; they refer to the long speech which I have assigned to a 'Prologue,' pp. 93-98.

⁵ These two words are written over an erased line.

- Tylers**¹ ... } (14) 14. Maria, Josep, obstetrix, puer natus iacens
(fo. 244.) } in presepio inter bouem et azinum, et
angelus loquens pastoribus, et luden-
tibus, in pagina sequente.
- Chaundellers** } (15) 15. Pastores loquentes adinuicem, stella in
oriente, angelus nuncios pastoribus
gaudium de puero nato.
- Orfeuers**² ... } (16) 16, 17. Tres Reges venientes ab oriente,
Goldbeters ... } herodes interrogans eos de puero iesu,
Monemakers } et filius herodis³ et duo consiliarii et
nuncius³. Maria cum puero, et stella
desuper, et tres Reges offerentes
munera.
- (quandam)⁴ ... } (17) 41. Maria cum puero, Josep, Anna, obstetrix,
Domus Sci ... } cum pullis columbarum. Symeon re-
Leonardi ... } cipiens puerum in vlnas suas, et duo
(jam Masons)⁴ } filij Symeonis.
- Marsshals** ... } (18) 18. Maria cum puero et Josep fugientes in
Egiptum, angelo nunciante.

¹ In the Register these are called Tillethekkers, i.e. tile-thatchers. There are besides the tile-makers for Play XXXIII (36 of the above list).

² 'Goldsmythes' is written above 'Orfeuers,' and 'Masons' aside of it. See the text, pp. 123, 126, where the two plays on this subject are given to the Masons and the Goldsmiths. In Burton's second list it is also two plays instead of one, but the first, 'Masons, Herod interrogans tres reges' written in a later hand, tells the same tale of change. This piece finally fell into the charge of the Minstrells. See p. 125.

³ 'Filius herodis' and 'nuncius' are added in another ink.

⁴ Words in brackets added later. This is the only instance in which a religious house—the ancient hospital of St. Leonard's—brought out one of these plays. What caused them to give it up does not appear, but in 17 Edw. IV, 1477, the mayor and common council ordered, 'q^d pagina *Purificationis beate Marie virginis* decetero ludebit annuatim in festo Corporis Xⁱ sicut alie pagine; & super hoc concordat est quod *Cementarii* istius Civitatis pro tempore existentes portant onera & expensis pagine predictae, et ipsam in bono & honeste modo annuatim ludendam producent. . . Et quod laboratores istius civitatis annuatim decetero, vid. Kidberers, Garthyners, erthe wallers, pavers, dykers, ground wallers with erthe' should pay 13^s. 4^d. in aid of this pageant. The city also granted them aid. This was perhaps the time when the above words were added. The Hat-makers, who were made incorporate in 1493 (Book ^A/_V, fo. 362 v^o), must have joined them later. The play itself is one of those registered in or near 1558. I did not perceive that it is out of place till too late to set it in the right order in the text.

Girdellers ...	{	(19) 19. Herodes precipiens pueros occidi, iiij ^{or}
Naylers ...		milites cum lanceis, duo consiliarii
Sawiers ...		Regis, et iiij mulieres deflentes occi- sionem puerorum suorum.
Sporiers ...	{	(20) 20. Doctores, Jesus puer sedens in templo in
Lorymers ...		medio eorum, interrogans eos et re- spondens eis, iiij ^{or} Judei, Maria et Josep querentes eum, et inuenientes in templo.
Barbours ...	{	(21) 21. Jesus, Johannes Baptista baptizans eum, et ij angeli administrantes.
Vynters ¹ ...	{	(22) Jesus, Maria, sponsus cum sponsa, Architri- clinus cum famulia sua, cum vj ydreis aque vbi vertitur aqua in vinum.
Feuers ...	{	(23) 22. Jesus super Pynaculum templi, et dia- bolus temptans eum, cum lapidibus, et ij angeli administrantes, &c.
Couureours ...	{	(24) 23 ² . Petrus, Jacobus, et Johannes ; Jesus as- cendens in montem ² et transfigurans se ante eos. Moyses et Elyas apparentes, et vox loquentis in nube.
Irenmangers ³	{	(25) Jesus, et Simon leprosus rogans Jesu vt man- ducaret cum eo ; ij discipuli, Maria Magdalena lauans pedes Jesu lacrimis suis, et capillis suis tergens.
Plummers ...	{	(26) 24. ⁴ Jesus, duo apostoli, mulier deprehensa
Patenmakers		in adulterio, iiij ^{or} Judei accusantes eam.
fo. 244 v ^o .	{	
Pouchemakers		(27) 24. Lazarus in sepulcro, Maria Magdalene, et
Botellers ...		Martha, et ij Judei admirantes.
Capmakers ⁴ ...		

¹ This is one of the plays for which a blank was left, but never filled up, in the Register. See before p. xv.

² The words between the figures are written over an erased line.

³ This play was omitted in the Register, although intended to be entered at first ; see before p. xv.

⁴ In the Register the Cappemakers or Cappers have one play combining the subjects of this and the next, 26 and 27. Ordinances of the Cappers were enrolled in 1481 (Council Book, No. II) ; the Hatmakers were incorporate in 1493, and a later note at the side of their entry states that 'This cappers are jonyd together into one company,' 1591 (Book ^A_V, fo. 362 v^o), indicating, I suppose, that the two trades had joined. Before this time their names had been added to that of the Cappers in the Register of Plays. See p. 433. It seems strange it should

Skynners ...	{	(28) 25. Jesus super asinum cum pullo suo, xij apostoli sequentes Jesum, sex diuites et sex pauperes, viij pueri cum ramis palmarum, cantantes <i>Benedictus</i> &c., et Zachheus ascendens in arborem sicamorum.
(Vestment-makers) ¹ ...		
Cuttellers ...	{	(29) 26. ² Pylatus, Cayphas, duo milites, tres Judei, Judas vendens Jesum.
Bladesmyth ...		
Shethers ...		
Scalers ...		
Buklrmakers		
Horners ³ ...		
Bakers ...	{	(30) 27. Agnus paschalis, Cena Domini, xij apostoli, Jesus procinctus lintheo lauans pedes eorum; institutio sacramenti corporis Cristi in noua lege, communio apostolorum.
(Waterleders) ⁴ ...		
Cordwaners ...	{	(31) 28. Pilatus, Cayphas, Annas, xiiij milites armati, Malcus, Petrus, Jacobus, Johannes, Jesus, et Judas osculans et tradens eum.
Bowers ...	{	(32) 29. Jesus, Anna, Cayphas, et iiij ^{or} Judei percutientes et colaphizantes ⁵ Jesum; Petrus, mulier accusans Petrum, et Malchus ⁵ .
Flecchers ...		
Tapisers ⁶ ...	{	(33) 30. Jesus, Pilatus, Anna, Cayphas, duo consiliarii, et iiij ^{or} Judei accusantes Jesum.
Couchers ...		

have been added to the Masons and Laborers for the *Purification* (see p. xxi, note 4). I have found nothing as to the Plummers, who stand for this play in both Burton's lists.

¹ Added later. Old-fashioned people in Yorkshire still remember the vests made of well-dressed skins, often handsomely embroidered.

² In 1492 the Blacksmiths and Bladesmiths disagreed, one result of the arbitration before the Mayor was that they no longer contributed their 'paiaunt silver' to the same pageant (Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 330).

³ 'Horners' added later; on 31 April, 15 Hen. VII (1500), it was ordered that the Horners 'from nowfurth paying pageant money to be contributory with the cutlers and bladsmys.' (Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 194 v^o).

⁴ 'Waterleders' added later. In the second list this play, 30, is divided in two, of which the Bakers have one, the Waterleders the other. But the Register agrees with the present in having but one play, assigned to the Bakers, while the Waterleders combine with the Cooks (p. 307).

⁵ These words appear to have been re-written in a blacker ink.

⁶ The word is here spelt Tapisers, in the other places Tapiters; in the Old

- Littesters** ... } (34) 31. Herodes, duo consiliarii, iiij^{or} Milites,
Jesus, et iij Judei.
- Cukes** ... } (35) 32. Pilatus, Anna, Cayphas, duo Judei, et Judas
Waterleders... } reportans eis xxx argenteos¹.

Usages of Winchester, of a rather earlier date, the same trade is called Tapener. (English Gilds by Toulmin Smith, p. 350.) It is curious that no mention is made by Burton of dame Percula, Pilate's wife, nor of any of the personages in the first scenes, which must have been prominent and popular. A later note in the Register seems to refer to another play for the Couchers (see p. 146 *note*): it may be that there were two plays on this subject, and that Burton describes the (shorter) one not registered.

The Linenweavers contributed to the Tapiters' pageant, for in 1477 they were discharged of the necessity of doing so (Council Book, Lib. III. fo. 20 v^o). But in 1485 they joined them again, laying their own pageant aside (Council Book, II and IV, fo. 74.)

¹ In Burton's second list, there follows, between 35 and 36 of the above, 'Sausmakers, Suspencio Jude.' (Drake erroneously inserts it in the list above.) We learn from two interesting entries that this was a distinct play in which 'Judas se suspendebat et crepuit medius.' in Play XXXII of the Register, Judas says he will go out and kill himself (p. 314), but there is hardly room to suppose that he does it on the stage, as not the slightest remark is made upon it by succeeding speakers. The following relates

to this play (Book ^A_V, fo. 48 b, printed in Hist. MSS. Com. i. p. 109: unfortunately Mr. Riley gives neither date nor conclusion, and I did not myself see it in the original, but it is probably before 1410):—

'Whereas there was grievous complaint made here in the council-chamber by the craftsmen of the city, the "salsarii" to wit, whom we commonly call "salse-makers," that, although by usage hitherto followed, all the folks of the *salsemaker crafte*, and also of the *candel crafte*, without the Flesshchameles [Flesh shambles], who in their houses and windows sold and exposed Paris candles, did at their own costs and charges together maintain, upon the feast and holiday of Corpus Christi in that city the pageant in which it is represented that Judas Scarioth hanged himself, and burst asunder in the middle, yet now the Pellipers [Skinners] and other craftsmen of this city as well, by themselves and their wives, in great numbers, themselves not being salsemakers, do make and do presume to sell and expose Paris candles in their houses and windows; yet, upon being asked, they do refuse to contribute to the maintenance of the pageant aforesaid; therefore unless some speedy remedy shall be applied thereto, and they be made to contribute from henceforth jointly with the Salsemakers, these same Salsemakers will no longer be able to support such pageant.' The play was eventually either suppressed, or a portion was cut out, and we get the remainder as part of our XXXII, not in XXXIII, as might be expected from the next extract.

It is difficult to trace the changes, or the precise dates when they were made, but that the form of the plays was affected by the quarrels among the crafts the following extract shows. It indicates also a reason for the divergences in part of the subject between XXXIII of the Register and 36 of Burton's list above. The play in the Register accords with the agreement of 1422 and with Burton's description of 1415, except that it does not comprise the portion drawn from the Millers' play on the casting lots for the Vestments. Plays XXXIII-XXXV must therefore have been enregistered sometime subsequent to 1422.

'Cum nuper in tempore Henrici Preston maioris [1422], de avisamento consilii camere, pagina de lez Salsemakers ubi Judas se suspendebat et crepuit

Tielmakers ...	{	(36) 33. Jesus, Pilatus, Cayphas, Anna, sex milites tenentes hastas cum vexillis, et alij quatuor ducentes Jesum ab Herode petentes Baraban dimitti et Jesum crucifigi, et ibidem ligantes et flagellantes eum, ponentes coronam spineam super caput eius; tres milites mittentes ² sortem super vestem Jesu.
Milners ¹ ...		
(Ropers, Seveourz) ...		
Turnours ...		
Hayresters ...		
Bollers ...		
To[undours] ³ ...	{	(37) 34. Jesus, sanguine cruentatus, portans crucem uersus Caluariam. Simon Sereneus, Judei angariantes eum vt tolleret crucem, Maria mater Jesu, Johannes apostolus intimans tunc proxime dampnationem et transitum filii sui ad caluariam. Veronica tergens* sanguinem et sudorem de facie Jesu cum flammeolo in quo imprimitur facies Jesu; et alie mulieres lamentantes Jesum.

medius in ludo Corporis Cristi, et pagina de lez Tilemakers ubi Pilatus condemnauit Jesum morti, et pagina de lez Turnours, Hayresters, et Bollers ubi Jesus ligatus erat ad columpnam et flagellatus, et pagina Molendinariorum ubi Pilatus et alii milites ludebant ad talos pro vestimentis Jesu et pro eis sortes mittebant et ea parciebantur inter se, fuerunt combinate simul in vnā paginam, ceteris predictis paginis pro perpetuo exclusis, que quidem pagina decetero vocabitur pagina condemnationis Jesu Cristi:—super hoc artifices artium predictarum contendebant inter se de modo solutionis ad paginam predictam.⁷ Arbitrators were appointed who settled that the Salsemakers and Tilemakers should bear the burden and expenses, 'et ipsam in bono et honeste modo annuatim ludendam producent;' the Millers to contribute yearly 10s., and with the others 'in cibo potuque solacia percipiant;' the Hayresters to contribute 5s. and one of them 'circueat cum ludo et pagina,' also to share the 'solace.' The shares for reparations to the pageant were also fixed and admonition given that none 'litiget nec aliquam discordiam faciat.' Finally 'quod nulla quatuor artium predictarum ponat aliqua signa, arma, vel insignia super paginam predictam nisi tantum arma cujus hon. civitatis.' (Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 274 v^o. Davies

gives a part of this, p. 235 *note*.)

¹ Several changes are apparent in the writing here. The Ropers and Sevors [? Sievors] were added later. As to the Milners, see last note, and p. 320 *note*.

² This last subject, which had been that of the Millers' play (see last note but one), is contracted in the Register to a few lines at the end of XXXIV and XXXV; see pp. 347, 358.

³ The leaf here is very thin owing to erasure; a hole is in the middle of this word and an interlineation above it, which may have been Shermen.

⁴ This word is doubtful, the above seems to be the right reading. The Play XXXIV in the Register makes one of the Maries perform the office of Veronica; see p. 343, ll. 184-190.

fo. 245.		(38) 35.	Crux, Jesus extensus in ea super terram ;
Pynners ...		liij ^{or}	Judei flagellantes et trahentes
Latoners ...		eum	cum funibus, et postea exaltantes
Payntours ...		crucem	et corpus Jesu cruci conclauatum
			super montem Caluarie.
		(39) 36.	Crux, duo latrones crucifixi, Jesus suspen-
Bouchers ...		sus	in cruce inter eos, Maria mater Jesu,
Pulthers ...		Johannes,	Maria, Jacobus, et Salome.
		Longeus	cum lancea, servus cum spon-
		gea,	Pilatus, Anna, Cayphas, Centurio,
		Josep	[ab Aramathia ¹] et Nichodemus,
			deponentes eum in sepulcro.
Sellers ² ...		(40) 37.	Jesus spolians infernum, xij spiritus, [vj]
Verrours ³ ...		boni	et vj mali.
Fuystours ...			
Carpenters ...		(41) 38.	Jesus resurgens de sepulcro, quatuor
(Junours, Cart-		milites	armati, et tres Marie lamen-
wrightes, Caru-		tantes,	Pilatus, Cayphas [et Anna.
ours, Sawers) ⁴		Juvenis	sedens ad sepulcrum indutus
		albo,	loquens mulieribus ⁴].
Wyndrawers		(42) 39.	Jesus, Maria Magdalena cum aromatibus.
Broggours ...		(43) 40.	Jesus, Lucas, et Cleophas in forma pere-
Wolpakkers ...		grinorum.	
(Wadmen) ⁵ ...			
Escriueners ...		(44) 42.	Jesus, Petrus, Johannes, Jacobus, Phillipus
Lum[i]ners ...		et alii	apostoli cum parte piscis assi et
Questors ⁶ ...		favo	mellis, et Thomas apostolus pal-
Dubbers ...		pans	vulnera Jesu.
Talliaunders ⁷		(45) 43.	Maria, Johannes Euaangelista, xj apostoli,
		ij	angeli, Jesus ascendens coram eis, et
		iiij ^{or}	angeli portantes nubem.

¹ Later interlineation.² 'Sadellers' is written above.³ 'Glasiers' written over.⁴ These passages added later. In 1562 we find that the joiners, [carpenters, carvers, wheelwrights, and sawyers were united, and were henceforth quit of paying to the charges of the Ropers' and Turners' pageant. Book ^B_V, fo. 234.⁵ 'Wadmen' in a later hand. In the Register this play is assigned to the Sledmen: see pp. 421, 426.⁶ 'Pardoners' is written in the same small explanatory hand as before, over 'Questors.' This play is marked for the Scriveners only in both the Register and the separate copy. See pp. 448, 455. As to Luminers, see *Index*.⁷ 'Taillyoures' is written over.

Potters	{	(46) 44. Maria, duo angeli, xj apostoli, et spiritus sanctus descendens super eos, et iiij ^{or} Judei admirantes.
Drapers... ..	{	(47) 45. Jesus, Maria, Gabriell cum duobus angelis, duo virgines et tres Judei de cognacione Marie, viij Apostoli, et ij diaboli.
Lynweuers	{	(48) Quatuor Apostoli portantes feretrum Marie, et Fergus pendens super feretrum, cum ij aliis Judeis [cum vno Angelo] ¹ .
Weuers of wollen	{	(49) 46. Maria ascendens cum turba angelorum, viij apostoli, et Thomas apostolus predicans in deserto.
Hostilers ²	{	(50) 47. Maria, Jesus coronans eam, cum turba angelorum cantans.
Mercers... ..	{	(51) 48. Jesus, Maria, xij apostoli, iiij ^{or} angeli cum tubis, et iiij ^{or} cum corona, lancea, et ij flagellis; iiij ^{or} spiritus boni et iiij ^{or} spiritus maligni, et vj diaboli. ²

A careful study of the foregoing shows, I think, that the Register closely agrees with Burton's list of 1415, as originally written; but that the corrections in the list of the older names to Barkers,

¹ This play, founded on a well-known incident in the apocryphal legend of the death of Mary, is the only one all trace of which is wanting in the Register. As the play must have been attractive on account of the behaviour of the impious Fergus from whom it came to be named, the omission is singular, especially as it is included in Burton's second list, 'Masons, Portacio corporis Marie.' The testimony of the records appears contradictory; the earliest I find is in 16 Edw. IV, 1476, when the Lynenwevers are discharged from contributing to the Tapiters pageant because they 'have in paire propir personnes, comen afore þe saidemaire and counsaile, and þere of paire fre mocion and will have bounden þayme and þayre craft perpetually to kepe bryng forth and place or make to be placed yerely upon Corpus Cristi day a pageant and play called Fergus at paire propir costes and expenses.' (Council Book III, fo. 20 v^o.) In 2 Ric. III, 1485, 'it was determyned that the Tapiters Cardmakers and lynwevers of this Citie be togeder annexid to the bringyng furth of the padgeantes of the Tapiter craft and Cardmaker. Soo that the padgeant called Fergus late broght furth by the lynwevers belaid apart.' (Council Book II, IV, fo. 74.) But notwithstanding this it was evidently contemplated that 'Fergus' might one day be revived, for thirty-two years later, 9 Hen. VIII, in an arbitration between the linenweavers and the woollen weavers, the former agree to pay 5s. yearly to the cutlers on behalf of the woollen weavers, 'vnto suche tyme as the said lynweuers will play or cause to be played the pageant somtyme called vergus pageant; and then the said lynweuers shall reteyn & kepe the said vs. toward þer own charges for the bringyng furth of the said vergus pageant.' (Minute Book 9, fo. 94 v^o.)

² This is in a later hand, and written on an erasure. The Innholders, which seems another name for the same business, brought out this play after 1483.

Glovers, Fyshmongers, Goldsmymes, &c. the insertion of the lines for the Prologue in XII, and the amalgamations in our text of Burton's Nos. 26 and 27, and, in XXXIII, of the older plays recorded in the agreement of 1422 (p. xxiv), all point to the period of the Register as a few years later, say from 1430-1440.

The omission of 'Fergus' was probably accidental; it does not affect this point. The manuscript authorities at the British Museum consider the hand-writing to date between 1430-1450. We have no more exact data than these on which to form a judgment or to base a nearer determination of the date of the MS.

The difference in the number of plays (fifty-seven) found in Burton's second list is accounted for thus; of the nine more than in the Register, three are those there omitted, viz. the *Marriage at Cana*, *Jesus in the House of Simon*, and *Fergus*; in two cases the subjects of two plays are found combined in one of the Register, in two other instances three are combined in one, thus ten plays are reduced to four, making an apparent loss of six.

OTHER PLAYS: MUNICIPAL CONTROL: STATIONS, PROCLAMATION, &c. York was from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries a play-loving city, and the performances must have benefited the inhabitants by the concourse of visitors they attracted, who were by no means always of the baser sort. Besides the Corpus Christi plays they had several others. 'Once on a time, a *Play* setting forth the goodness of the *Lord's Prayer* was played in the city of York; in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise¹.' The play found so much favour that a gild of men and women was founded for the express purpose of keeping it up; among their rules (which contain the usual provisions for mutual help) some of the members were bound to ride or walk with the players through the streets during the play until it was ended, to ensure good order. Wiclif, who died in 1384, advocating the translation of the Bible, refers to 'þe paternoster in engliſsch tunge, as men seyen in þe play of York².' In 1389 they had no land nor goods 'save the proper-

¹ 'English Gilds,' by Toulmin Smith, p. 137, Preamble to ordinances of Gild of the Lord's Prayer.

² De officio Pastoralis, cap. 15. English Works, ed. F. D. Matthew, E. E. T. Soc. p. 429.

ties needed in the playing of the play,' and a chest to keep them in. The play itself is now lost, but as it held up the vices to scorn and the virtues to praise, there must have been several divisions or books, perhaps a separate play for each quality; the whole was called the 'play' of the Lord's Prayer, just as the whole collection of our Register was called the 'Corpus Christi play.' Canon Raine of York is the fortunate possessor of a compotus Roll¹ of this gild 'Oracionis domini,' dated Michaelmas, 1399, which shows that there were then over 100 members and their wives, and that they possessed rents and receipts amounting to £26 5s. 11½d. Many curious details are entered concerning 'expensis convivie,' reparations, &c., and the purchase of a quantity of cloth, bought to be sold again, every measure and the price paid being carefully set down; but the only gleaming as to the gild-play is that among 'debita vetera' scored off, John Downom and his wife had owed 2s. 2d. for entrance fee, 'sed dictus Johannes dicit se expendisse in diuersis expensis circa ludum Accidie ex parte Ric. Walker ijs. jd., ideo de predicto petit allocari.' In this play we may presume the vice of gluttony was 'held up to scorn.'

The gild of Our Lord's Prayer went the way of most other gilds at the dissolution, but their play-book seems to have remained in the hands of the Master of St. Anthony's gild (which escaped), for in 1558 it was performed in lieu of the Corpus Christi plays on that festival under care of the officers of St. Anthony's, though at the cost of the city². In 1572 the Master was ordered to bring the book to my Lord Mayor to be perused, amended, and corrected, after which the play was again performed with great state on the Corpus Thursday of the same year. But alas! on 30 July, 'my Lord Archbisshop of York [Grindal] requested to have a copie of the bookes of the Pater Noster play, whereupon it was agreed that His Grace shall have a trewe copie of all the said bookes even as

¹ My acknowledgments are due to Canon Raine for his kindness in putting this Roll into my hands.

² 'Armetson, peynter, shall have for peynting of certeyne canvas clothes for Pater Noster playe liij^s. iiij^d. of the money gathered of pageant silver.' 'Forasmoche as the money gathered of the pageant sylver will not amount to the chardge of Pater Noster play by iiij^{li}., it is agreed that my lord mayor shall goe over agayne and reasonably gather of every occupacion chardgeable to the same the sayd some behynde.' Minute Book, July 1558, quoted in Davies, p. 266 note.

they were played this yere.' His Grace was asked for the books in 1575, but they have not been heard of since¹.

In 1408 the gild of Corpus Christi was founded in order to do honour to the feast of that name by a procession, which rapidly became rich and popular²; it had nothing to do with the plays performed on Corpus Christi Day, which, as we have seen, were produced by the crafts (with the single exception of St. Leonard's Hospital); but in 1446³ William Revetor, a chantry priest, member and warden of the gild, bequeathed to the gild a play called *The Creed Play*, with the books and the banners belonging to it, to be performed through York every tenth year. The play-book must then have been old and long in use, as in 1455 it was so worn and imperfect that the officers of the gild had got it transcribed, and, according to the inventory of gild property made in 1465, it consisted of twenty-two quires (quaternos), whence we may judge that it was of considerable length. It was performed about Lammas tide every tenth year, and five such performances, beginning in 1483⁴ are recorded; the last of these, in 1535, superseded the usual Corpus Christi plays⁵, a proceeding to which the crafts in 1545 would not consent. The gild was abolished in 1547, but the books of the Creed play remaining in possession of the Hospital of St. Thomas, the city council tried in 1568 to have it performed again. It was then that the book was sent to Dean Hutton, who, in the letter before referred to, gave 'suerlie

¹ See Davies' Extracts, pp. 269, 271.

² See 'English Gilds,' p. 141. My father made a natural error (in which Drake preceded him, followed by Skaife and Klein) in confusing the procession of the gild and the Corpus Christi pageants together, and supposing them both to have been brought out by the gild. I take the above particulars as to the Creed play from Davies' Extracts, pp. 257-260, 267, 268, 272 and *note*, to which the reader is referred for fuller information, as well as to Skaife's edition of the Register of Corpus Christi, in which are printed the inventories of the gild. The properties used in the play are also given by Davies, p. 273.

³ Register of the gild of Corpus Christi, ed. by R. H. Skaife, Surtees Society, 1872, pp. 24, 294.

⁴ The performance in 1483 seems to have been an exceptional one, given on 7th. September, when Richard III came to York for his second coronation. 'Agreid that the Creid play shall be playd afore our suffreyne lord the kyng of Sunday next cumyng, upon the cost of the most onest men of every parish in thys Cite.' Davies, p. 171.

⁵ The Chamberlain's book for 27 Hen. VIII contains two lists of the contributions paid by the pageant-masters of thirty-five companies, though the Corpus play was not played.

mine advise that it shuld not be plaied,' and we hear of it no more.

Each of these two great ~~plays may~~, I think, undoubtedly be described in the term, 'ludus in diversis paginis,' applied to the Corpus Christi plays¹. There was also in York the universally-spread play of St. George, at Midsummer, with its procession²; but nothing is known of the local text of this, which was almost surely a single short play.

The plays just mentioned were brought out by or for their respective gilds, or afterwards under the care of the corporation. The Corpus Christi plays were brought out in York, as in every other English town where they are known, by the crafts or trade companies³, to which they seem to have been regarded as a peculiar adjunct. Archdeacon Rogers' words [died 1595] as to the Chester plays apply here exactly—'the actors and players were the occupacions and companies in this cittie, the charges and costs, thereof, which was greate, was theires also⁴.' His description of the pageant-scaffold, and of the manner of moving from street to street, performing in turn at each station, may be borne in mind while reading the following notes from the York records, which, if they do not add much that is quite new to our knowledge of the machinery and methods pursued, fill in the picture with several interesting details. It will be observed that they form a near parallel to the similar practices, especially as regards contributions to the pageants and the combination or discharge of crafts, which obtained at Coventry⁵. The control by the municipal officers over the whole of these entertainments comes out perhaps more prominently in the York documents than anywhere else, though there cannot be a doubt from the general relation of the craft gilds to the towns that this was really exercised everywhere.

The earliest notice of the Corpus Christi plays in York yet found is in 1378, when certain fines incurred by the Bakers were

¹ 'Quendum ludum sumptuosum in diversis paginis compilatum veteris et noui testamenti,' &c. Preamble to record touching W. Melton, see after, p. xxxiv.

² See Davies, p. 263.

³ There is some doubt about what plays the Coventry crafts produced.

⁴ Ormerod's Cheshire, ed. 1810, I. p. 300.

⁵ See Thos. Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries, 1825, pp. 8-12.

ordered to go, half to the city chamber, half 'a la pagine des ditz Pestours de corpore cristi.' (Book $\frac{A}{Y}$, fo. 9 v^o.) From this, as from the next notices, it is apparent that the plays had already been in use for many years; each craft had its assigned pageant to which the members contributed, a certain number of Stations in the city were appointed before which each play in turn was acted; the whole of the plays had to be got through in one day, therefore no craft must take their pageant anywhere else. In 1394 it was ordered by the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty assembled in the Gildhall that all the pageants should play in the places appointed of old time (*antiquitus assignatis*) and not elsewhere, viz. as it was proclaimed by the mayor, bailiffs, and their officers, and the crafts were to be fined if they did not conform¹. In 1397 Richard II was at the festival in York, when special preparations were made. He seems to have been placed at the head station at the gates of Holy Trinity, the porter of which received a fee of 4*d*.² In 1399 there was still trouble about the stations; the commons petitioned the council that, as they are at great cost about 'le juer et les pagentz de la iour de corpore cristi,' which were not performed as they ought to be on account of there being too many places, the number of these should be limited to twelve. Davies gives the list of these as ordered at this date³—probably it was an old order re-affirmed. The same places (described a little differently) are found in an order of 7 June, 1417, which I here copy from Drake⁴.

'For the convenience of the citizens and of all strangers coming to the said feast that all the pageants of the play called Corpus Cristi Play should . . . begin to play, first—

At the gates of the pryory of the Holy Trinity in Mikel-gate, next
At the door of Robert Harpham, next

¹ Book $\frac{A}{Y}$, fo. 15 v^o. and Davies, p. 230.

² Davies gives an interesting fragment of a Chamberlain's account from which these facts are learnt. The pagina with its painting, clothes, and new banner, and which required eight porters to move it, may refer to a special scaffold for the occasion; it cannot here be the play.

³ Book $\frac{A}{Y}$, fo. 17 v^o. Davies, pp. 231, 232.

⁴ Eboracum, Appx. xxxii.

At the door of the late John Gyseburn, next
 At Skelder-gate-hend and North-strete-hend, next
 At the end of Conyng-strete towards Castel-gate, next
 At the end of Jubir-gate, next
 At the door of Henry Wyman, deceased, in Conyng-strete, then
 At the Common Hall at the end of Conyng-strete, then
 At the door of Adam del Brygs, deceased, in Stayne-gate, then
 At the end of Stayn-gate at the Minster-gates, then
 At the end of Girdler-gate in Peter-gate, and lastly
 Upon the Pavement.'

In the same year 1417, according to Davies, this restriction was removed, the city allowed free trade in the matter, and ordered that 'those persons should be allowed to have the play before their houses who would pay the highest price for the privilege, but that no favour should be shown¹.' Whether the stations had been actually rented before this date is not seen; in 1478 we note a lease by the corporation of a point at the east end of Ouse bridge for twelve years, and the 'dimissio locorum ludi Corporis Christi,' or the 'Lesys of corpus cristy play' come to be not an infrequent entry in the Chamberlain's Accounts, and a source of income to the city². Davies gives a list of these for twelve places, temp. Hen. VIII, and another for sixteen places in 1554³. In 1519 I find a list of fourteen places let to various persons at rents varying from 12*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 8*d.*, 3*s.* 4*d.*, to 4*s.* 4*d.* In 1535 these leases brought in nothing because 'Creyd play was then played.'

Of the Proclamation referred to in the order of 1394 above, we have a copy entered by the town clerk, Burton, in 1415, immediately following the schedule of plays. The Mayor, as officer of the king's peace, had this duty, see similar proclamations at Bristol before festive occasions⁴; perhaps the latter part of the announcement may answer to the words of the bane or messenger preceding the Chester plays; in York, too, when the Pater Noster play was given on Corpus Christi day a special 'hayn or messenger' was twice sent round the city to announce it.

¹ Davies, p. 241.

² Just as at the present day the city of Leipzig lets the booths and the ground on which to erect them in certain places to individuals for the great annual fairs.

³ Extracts, pp. 241, 264.

⁴ English Gilds, p. 427.

'Proclamacio' ludi corporis cristi facienda in vigilia corporis cristi.

Oiez, &c. We comand of ye kynges behalue and ye Mair and ye shirefs of yis Citee yat no mann go armed in yis Citee with swerdes ne with Carlill-axes, ne none othir defences in distorbaunce of ye kynges pees and ye play, or hynderyng of ye processoun of Corpore Christi, and yat yai leue yare hernas in yare Ines, saufand knyghtes and sqwyers of wirship yat awe haue swerdes borne eftir yame, of payne of forfeiture of yaire wapen and inprisonment of yaire bodys. And yat men yat brynges furth pacentes yat yai play at the places yat is assigned yerfore and nowere elles, of ye payne of forfeiture to be raysed yat is ordayned yerfore, yat is to say xls. And yat menn of craftes and all othir menn yat fyndes torches, yat yai come furth in array and in ye manere as it has been vsed and customed before yis time, noght haueyng wapen, careyng tapers of ye pagentz. And officers yat ar keepers of pe pees of payne of forfeiture of yaire fraunchis and yaire bodyes to prison : And² all maner of craftsmen yat bringeth furthe ther pageantez in order and course by good players, well arayed and openly spekyng, vpon payn of lesying of C.s. to be paide to the chambre without any pardon. And that euery player that shall play be redy in his pagiaunt at convenyant tyme, that is to say, at the mydhowre betwix iijth and vth of the cloke in the mornynge, and then all oyer pageantz fast followyng ilk one after oyer as yer course is, without tarieng. Sub pena facienda camere vis. viiij^d.

The picture of these good folks up at half-past four on a summer morning ready to act their parts one after another reminds us of Ober-Ammergau, in strong contrast to the habits of the modern stage.

Up till 1426 the procession of Corpus Christi and the plays had both been taken on the same day, but in that year (it is entered on the records³) one William Melton of the Minor Friars coming to the city, in different sermons '*ludum populo commendabat, affirmando quod bonus erat in se et laudabilis valde;*' but for several

¹ This document has been printed by Sharp and Marriott, both from Drake, who, however, has many inaccuracies in this as in the schedule. It is here collated with the original in Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 245 v^o.

² From here to the end is in a different hand, and written over an erasure.

³ Book A, fo. 269. See Davies, p. 243. Drake gives a translation of the whole, Eboracum, Appx. xxix. Melton is styled '*sacre pagine professor,*' a description of his status like the familiar S.T.P., but Drake, having pageants in his head, translates it '*professor of holy pageantry.*'

reasons (probably because the sale of indulgences was affected by the non-attendance of the people at church) he induced the people to have the play on one day and the procession on the second, 'sic quod populus convenire possit ad ecclesias in festo.' The people, however, still kept the day of the festival for their play¹.

PAGEANTS AND THE PAGEANT-HOUSES. There is no doubt that at York, as at Coventry, the word pageant was used both for the travelling scaffold on which the play was performed, and for the representation. (Various forms of the word occur, *pachent*, *paiaunt*, *pagende*, *pagyant*, *padzhand*, *padgion*, *paidgion*, *padgin*.) 'Reparations to the pageant' are referred to not unfrequently². Several items for carpenter's work and for painting are found in 1397 (at the visit of Richard II): in 1500, 'the cartwryghts [are] to make iiij new wheles to the pagiaunt³.' We might have found much illustrative matter in the compotus rolls or account books of the various companies, but unfortunately very few of these are preserved, the Book of the Pewterers, 1599, and the Innholders Ordinary, 1608, do not refer to the play⁴. The Bakers' Accounts⁵ from 1584 down to 1835 have, however, been rescued: under date 1584 are the following items as to the pageant-scaffold:—

'Paid to the paidgion maisters for monye that they hadd laid furthe after the makinge vppe of accomptes concerning the playe as folowth

Item for ij Iron lamps for the padgion, *xd*.

Item for byrkes and Resshes to the padgion, *ijd*.

Item for ij gallands of ayle, *viiijd*.

Item to the laborer for taykinge the clothes vp and doune, and nayles, *iiijd*.

Item to *vjd*. laborers for puttinge the padgion, *ijs*.'

For St. George's play in 1554 there were payments 'for *vj* yerdes of canves to the pagyant,' and 'for payntyng the canves and pagyant.' There is nothing to show whether the clothes or canvas were used as adjuncts by way of scenery, or for draping some portions of the scaffold. On some parts of the machine were placed the arms of the city, who would not permit the crafts to set their signs instead,

¹ Davies, pp. 243, 244, and see *ib.* p. 77.

² See pp. xxv note, xl.

³ Davies, pp. 230, 240; 239.

⁴ I was told that an old compotus roll of the Mercers' company still exists, but I have been unable to get a sight of it.

⁵ In the private possession of Joseph Wilkinson, Esq., of York, who kindly lent me the volumes.

see the agreement for combination in 1422 before cited¹; and indeed the sign of the municipal authority over and recognition of the whole 'Play' was unmistakably given by the use of the banners with the city arms, which were set the previous evening at the stations where the players were to perform². In 1478 the city paid 'pro uno banef. Thome Gaunt pro ludo Corporis Cristi,' and to Margaret the sempstress 3*d*. 'pro emendacione vexillorum ludi Corporis Cristi,' both which were evidently public property³.

These big movable stages which cost money to make and repair had to be put away carefully while not in use, and the companies hired buildings for this purpose, the memory of which still lingers in the name Pageant Green⁴ (now the railway station), near to which there appear to have been several of these houses, in a place called Raton-rawe. Thus we hear of 'le pagent-howse pellipariorum' in 1420⁵; in 1502 'the cookes shall have sufficient and convenient roome for theyr pagiaunt with the pagiaunt house of the baxters;' and in 1585 the Bakers received 'paidgion rent' of the Pynners and Paynters, while they paid 'to the brigg maisters for the padgion howse' rent, items which continue in their accounts for many years⁶. Among 'fre rentes to be paid yearely' and other 'Rents due' to the corporation, entered in a book dated 1626, are found the following, substantial relics of the old play-loving days:—

'Of the Skinners for the pageante howse farme yerely due, xij*d*.
 Of the Walkers for an Outeshott, iiij*d*.
 Of the Tapiters for their pageante howse, xij*d*.
 Of the Tanners for the pageante howse, xij*d*.
 Of the Carpenters for their pageante howse, xij*d*.
 Of the Bakers for their pageante howse, xij*d*.
 Of the Cordiners for their pageante howse, xij*d*.
 Of the Cowpers for an outeshott, iiij*d*.'

¹ Page xxv, *note*.

² 1399. 'Et ordinatum est quod vexilla ludi cum armis ciuitatis liberentur per maiorem in vigilia corporis cristi, ponenda in locis vbi erit ludus paginarum, et quod vexilla ipsa annuatim in crastino corporis cristi repertentur ad eandem, ad manus maioris et camararie ciuitatis, et ibidem custodianur per totum annum.' Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 17 v^o. This ordinance was made at the time that the

stations were re-declared: see before, p. xxxii.

³ Davies, pp. 64, 65.

⁴ See 'Walks through the city of York,' by Rob. Davies, 1880, p. 130. It is remarkable that in his interesting paper on the Pavement, pp. 245-248, the writer does not allude to the performance of the plays there. See before, p. xxxiii.

⁵ Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 42 v^o.

⁶ Davies, p. 240.

THE PLAYERS. It will have been noted that the public Proclamation required the crafts to provide 'good players, well arayed, and openly spekyng.' It was a serious matter, and the credit of the city was at stake, no foretaste of Bully Bottom and of Shakespeare's ridicule warned the citizens of their future dis-esteem. It is hardly too much to say that the following law is one of the steps on which the greatness of the Elizabethan stage was built, and through which its actors grew up. It was ordained on 3 April, 1476, by the full consent and authority of the council, 'þat yerely in þe tyme of lentyn there shall be called afore the maire for þe tyme beyng iiij of þe moste connyng discrete and able players within this Citie, to serche, here, and examen all þe plaiers and plaies and pagentes thughoute all þe artificers belonging to Corpus Xⁱ Plaie. And all suche as þay shall fynde sufficient in personne and connyng, to þe honour of þe Citie and worship of þe saide Craftes, for to admitte and able; and all oþer insufficient personnes, either in connyng, voice, or personne to discharge, ammove, and avoide.

'And þat no plaier þat shall plaie in þe saide Corpus Xⁱ plaie be conducte and reteyned to plaie but twise on þe day of þe saide playe; and þat he or thay so plaing plaie not ouere twise þe saide day, vpon payne of xls. to forfēt vnto þe chaumbre as often tymes as he or þay shall be founden defaultie in þe same¹.'

The meaning of this last order is not clear, for each player would have to play as many times as there were stations; can it mean that no player might undertake more than two parts? At the end of the *Play of the Sacrament* (see after, p. lxviii;) the names of eleven players are given, with a note that 'IX may play it at ease,' showing that some must here have taken double work. In Bale's Kyng John, and in Preston's King Cambyses, several parts could be performed by one actor (Ward's Hist. of Eng. Drama, i. p. 105; Thos. Hawkins' Eng. Drama, vol. i. p. 249).

There was no lack of players to call in aid of examination; a hundred years before my lord Leicester's and the other itinerant noblemen's companies of Elizabeth's time so frequently visited the city², we find the players of Donnington, Wakefield, and London visiting York.

¹ Council Book, No. III, fo. 13 v^o.; Davies, p. 237.

² See Davies, p. 277.

1446. 'Item Ministrallis in festo Corporis Cristi, xxs.
 ludentibus in festo natalis domini, viij*d*.
 ludentibus in festo circumsisionis, xij*d*.
 iij ludentibus de Donyngton, xij*d*.
 j ludento de Wakefeld, vj*d*.'
1447. 'iiij ludentibus de London die dominica proxima post fest. Corp.
 Cristi, vjs. viij*d*.
 les ministrallis in festo Corp. Cristi, xvijs.
 ij ludentibus Joly Wat and Malkyn, ij*d*.' ¹

It will not be forgotten that the Towneley plays were performed in the neighbourhood of Wakefield.

EXPENSES OF THE PLAYS: PAGEANT-MASTERS. It has been seen that the crafts supplied the players and the pageants, and hired the pageant houses. To support these expenses each company appointed two 'pageant-masters,' whose duty it was to collect the contributions of members, spend, and account for them and the playing-gear, and look after the proper conduct of the play of their craft. The 'ordinances' of most of the crafts included one stipulating that members should pay to the support of their pageant, e.g. the Cutlers' in 1444 and earlier², the rate being often called 'pageant-silver,' while of fines incurred, half was also to go to the same fund. On the formation of a new company, or on the combination of old ones, even as late as 1572, it was laid down that the 'craft shall goo with their pageant throughe the citie as other occupacons and artificers doeth³.' The play in fact so wove itself into the economy of the companies that it became important to settle how much strangers and non-franchised men should pay towards it, and his pageant often became a test of what craft a man belonged to. For one trade was continually (in the natural course of change) encroaching upon another,

¹ From an account-book of classified payments, &c., marked 25 H. 6. The last item, which occurs twice, seems to refer to some inferior representation.

² Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fos. 40, 41. 'Padgin monnye' survived among the *Bakers* till 1771.

³ The *Plasterers*, Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 237. The '*Musicians* commonly called the *Mynstrells*' recorded their ordinances in 1561, choosing masters and two teachers of the 'said sciens or craft' like any other craft; the members also had to pay 'towards the supportation and bryngyng forth of their pageant.' Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 230. See after, p. 125.

which engendered jealousies and uncertainty when contributions towards a fixed liability such as the proper pageant came in question. All these difficulties, arbitruments, bye-laws revised and enrolled, were settled in the Mayor's court, hence their entry on the official records of the city. A few of these, given as shortly as possible, may be of interest.

1424, 31 March. *Plasterarii et tegularii domorum*. By arbitration before the mayor it was settled that each man using both trades should be 'in solvendo utrique pagine ipsarum artium;' every workman of the tilers to pay 'ambabus paginis,' 3*d*.¹ The same trade in 1572 ordered that every 'lyme-burner,' a foreigner, shall pay 4*d*. pageant-money.

The Barbours. Foreigners² who sell in the city shall be annually contributory to 'paginam barbitonsorum lumenque.' About 1476 from *Glovers* and sellers of 'ynglissh ware' there was to be collected yearly 'to the sustentacion and vphalding of the pagende of the for-saide crafte,' 'of a denysen ij*d*., and of a straunger iiij*d*.,' excepting men 'selling London ware' and members of the gild of Holy Trinity³.

Escriveners de Tixt. Davies prints some ordinances of this company without date, referring them to *temp.* Rich. II. In one of these the craftsman incurring a fine 'paiera xxs. desterlinges, cest assavoir xs. a la chaumbre du conseil et xs. al oeps de lour paygne et lumer appartenaunte a lour dit artifice⁴.' As 'Tixt-wryters, luminers, noters, turners, and florisschers,' they enrolled new ordinances in 1491; no priest having a salary of seven marks or more might exercise the craft; 'any forein vsing any part of the same craft that cumyth into this citie to sell any bukes or to take any warke to wurk shall pay to the vp-holding of their padgiant yerelie, iiij*d*.'⁵

¹ Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 249.

² *Ib.* fo. 72. 'Foreigner' is used in these extracts in the sense of a non-citizen.

³ Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 146 v^o.

⁴ *Memoirs of the York Press*, by Robert Davies. Westminster, 1868, *Introd.* pp. 1, 2.

⁵ Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 167; compare the above with No. 44 of Burton's list.

In 1485 the *Girdlers* ordered that all those 'of the church as other' who make things pertaining to their craft ('bokes, claspes, dog colers, chapes, girdilles,' &c.) shall pay double the rate due from a member of the craft towards bringing forth their pageant¹. This must have been directed against some poor monk or priest who tried to finish off his own book-covers.

The *Lynweuers*, however, by the arbitrament of 1517, were allowed to 'aske, clame, nor take no pageant money or pageant siluer of any foreign straunger that is not freman fraunchesed².'

The *Curryours* ordered that 'quilibet servicius in prima leuacione shoppe' should pay 3s. 4d. 'pro sustentatione pagine³.'

For the *Millers* it was ordered (probably before 1400) that all who 'follow the craft called "Mele-makers"' shall pay to the pageant of the millers as they should reasonably agree with the masters of the pageant⁴.

Another trade combination was that of the *Pynners and Wyre-drawers* in 1482, those that 'makes pynnes or draweth wyre, or maketh ffisshe-hukes or shobakilles⁵,' must join at the pageant of the Pynners⁶; while the following settlement of a discord shows the proportionate charges on master and journeyman, and how the chamberlains acted as temporary trustees.

21 Nov., 1517, *Skinners, &c.* :—

'At whiche day it was agreed that for a peace to be hade betwixt the Skynners and the vestment makers that from hensforth the vestment-makers shall pay yerly to the bryngyng furth of the Skynners pageant, euery maister viij*d.* & euery jenaman iiij*d.*, & no more, to be paide w^toute denye, yerly, to the chamberlayne handes affore the fest of Wytsonday, and then the skynners to resceyue it atte chamberlayne handes, and they not to be charged w^t the repparacons of there pageant⁷.'

Shipmen and Mariners. A 'concordia' was made at an early date between 'marinarios et piscenarios de Vsegate,'—'habentes batellos, de modo soluendi ad paginam nauis Noe, ad quam vtraque pars singulis annis fuit et est simul contributoria⁸.' And

¹ Council Book, Nos. II, IV, fo. 74.

² Minute Book 9, fo. 94 v^o.

³ Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 274.

⁴ Hist. MSS. Com. I. p. 109.

⁵ Shoe buckles.

⁶ Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 369 v^o.

⁷ Minute Book 9, fo. 93 v^o.

⁸ Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 52 v^o.

the Shipmen agreeing on their ordinances in the council chamber, 1479, ordered that a franchised man 'salyng as maister w^t a freman pay yerely ij*d.*, and he p^t salys as a felowe pay j*d.*, to the sustentacion and vpholding as well of the pageant of Noe, as of þe bringing furth and beryng of certan torches before the shryne of corpus xpi, yerely.' And to chuse searchers and pageant master on the 'secound sonday of clene lentyn¹.'

The ordinances of the *Marshals and Smiths* and of the *Armourers* throw light on the functions of the pageant masters, officers whom the *Bakers* continued to choose down to 1611 and 1656². The former, besides ordering them in 1409 to summon the craftsmen, in 1443 ordained 'pat every man of þe said craftes shal be preuy to þe receytes and expense of al money pat shal be receyued to þe said pageantes, as wele pageaunt-siluer as other. And pat þe pageant-maisters of both þe said craftes shal make þair rakenyng and gife accompt euery yere fro nowe furth, vpone Sononday next before Missomerday³.' The *Armourers* in 1476 agreed to meet yearly on the second Sunday after Corpus Christi day to choose their searchers and pageant-masters for the ensuing year; they also ordered 'that alle the maisters of the same crafte from nowe-furth yerely on Corpus Xpi day in þe mornyng be redy in thair owen propre personnez, euery one of thayme with ane honest wapyn, to awayte apon their pagende maisters and pagende at þe playnge ande settinge furth thair saide pagende, at þe firste place where they shall begyne. And so to awayte apon þe same thair pagende thurgh þ^e cite, to þ^e play be plaide as of þ^t same pagende⁴.'

The *Spuriers and Lorymers* in 1493 made a similar regulation, that all the masters of the craft 'shall attend vppon yer paiaunt from y^e maten of play be begune at y^e furst place vnto such tyme as y^e said play be played and finished thurgh the toun at y^e last playse⁵.' Returning to the pageant-masters, it is abundantly clear that they collected the pageant-silver and expended it, for example,

¹ Book $\frac{A}{V}$, fo. 294 v^o.

² Bakers' accounts, cited before.

³ See 'Ordinances of the Marshals and Smiths at York' in the *Antiquary*, March, 1885.

⁴ Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 146.

⁵ Council Book, No. VII, fo. 109 v^o.

the *Goldsmiths* declared in 1561 that they 'shall yerely make a dewe accompte of the money and of the playing geare vnto thocupation on St. Dunstan's even¹,' and the lyme-burners were to pay their money yearly when demanded by the pageant-masters (1572)².

Burton's list of 1415 and the Register give the *Ostlers* as playing the Coronation of our Lady. The following shows that there must have been a re-arrangement in 1483, when perhaps the new play of which a fragment is written at the end of the Register (see p. 514) was tried. Four men came before the mayor, 'and by the assent of all the Inholders of this seid Cite tuke upon them to bryng furth yerly duryng the term of viij yere then next folluyng the pagent of the Coronacion of our Lady perteyning to the said Inholders, and also to reparell the said paghant; so þt they þt holds Inys and haith no syns pay as wele, and as moche yerely to the reparacion of the said pagent, and brynging furth of the same, as the said Inholders þt haith syns doyth,' i.e. 4*d.* each³.

II.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE. It would be out of place here to enter into any disquisition on the history or origin of the religious drama, even in England, which have been treated by various writers⁴; the York Corpus Christi plays step in to a definite period when the drama was already in the hands of laymen and quite apart from liturgical service, although we perhaps get a few glimpses of the former con-

¹ Book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 229 v^o.

² See also the concord between the Marshals and Smiths in 1428: *Antiquary*, as before.

³ Council Book, No. V, 28 April, 1 Rich. III. The city agreed to aid the Innholders by 2*s.* a year, which is found in the Chamberlain's accounts of 1522 to have been paid.

⁴ It is enough to name the well-known works of Adolf Ebert, and J. L. Klein, for Italy, Spain, and Germany; Mone and Wilken for Germany; D'Ancona for Italy; Sepet and Petit de Julleville for France; Morley ('English Writers'), Collier, Ward, and some chapters in Warton for England. To which should be added 'Early Mysteries and Latin Poems of twelfth and thirteenth centuries,' by Thomas Wright, 1838, an important little volume; W. Marriott's 'Collection of English Miracle Plays,' Basel, 1838; Thomas Sharp's 'Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries,' Coventry, 1825; Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' chapter on the Coventry Mysteries in the fourth edition of his 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' and the first chapter of W. Kelly's 'Notices illustrative of the English Drama,' 1865.

nection with the church through the houses of St. Leonard and of Holy Trinity¹, through the music attached to the 46th Play, and possibly through the authorship of our plays. Compared with the remains of this kind of literature which still exist on the continent, our islands are poor indeed; and what we have has suffered by fragmentary treatment. The York cycle forms an important contribution to our stock; it is, as a whole, the most complete English collection, the only known full text that we are sure was played by the crafts at the Corpus Christi festival. It may be useful to gather up briefly the places in our country where religious plays are recorded to have been performed, and all the examples of such plays themselves which now remain, for comparison². We thus see that there must have been at least eight or ten cycles of plays dealing with 'matter from the Creation' till Domesday at greater or less length; in such cases as Dublin and Newcastle it is probable that the accounts are fragmentary, and that the names of some parts are lost. Candlemas, Whitsuntide, and the day of Corpus Christi were the favorite seasons, but most of these cycles seem to have been played at Corpus Christi festival³,—the Chester collection belonged to Whitsuntide. In France the day of Corpus Christi was celebrated with dumb shows, or *mystères mimés*, with the procession; their great dramatic cycles were performed at other seasons, and apparently not with the recurring regularity of ours; the municipalities took them up with zeal and vigour: but the plays do not seem to have become so closely a part of the life of the people as, for instance, in York⁴.

On the comparison of the cycles, the unity of design running through them becomes apparent. The subject was always taken from the biblical histories in due order, the greater part from the New Testament and the apocryphal legends connected with it, which were part of the religion and entered into the literature of the middle ages. We note, too, a sense of appropriate calling in the occupations to the subject of the particular play assigned

¹ See before, pp. xi, xii, xxi, xxxii.

² See Appendix II to this Introduction. Some other notices in topographic works and local records are likely to be found, though I have collected all known to me.

³ It is not known when the Cornish cycle was performed.

⁴ L. Petit de Julleville, '*Les Mystères*,' Paris, 1880, tom. i. pp. 198, 351-356.

to each, which must have had some original impulse. Jusserand and other writers have noticed this incidental fact, which is illustrated by the Dublin, Newcastle, and Beverley lists, as much as by any other. It may be studied in the York collection, which shows how, amid the shifting of crafts, this fitness was on the whole preserved.

The festival of Corpus Christi was instituted in 1264. The great poem *Cursor Mundi*, written early in the 14th century, by a native of the Durham district, was intended, he tells us, for the honour of Mary (lines 69-120, 23909-20); but whatever impulse sent it forth, it is impossible not to be struck with the general resemblance, in subject and arrangement, between the *Cursor Mundi* and the York cycle of Corpus plays¹. This offers a closer parallel to that poem than any of the other collections; first, because it is more perfect and comprehensive; secondly, because it is free from much of the coarse jocularity and popular incident which were introduced into the Towneley and Coventry plays. Several portions of the *Cursor* are as dramatic as the limits of a narrative in couplets would allow, e.g. the legend of Seth and Adam (ll. 1237-1432), the story of Joseph, the Harrowing of Hell (ll. 17849-18450), or the Death and Burial of Mary. The York plays, while cast in a poetic form with skill and power of a higher level than that of the *Cursor*, take up the course of the biblical history, more especially of the New Testament, on the same model. Comparison of the several series fills up some of the blanks and gaps which occur in one or other of them; for example, the seventh play at Beverley was on 'Adam and Seth,' in its right order, a subject which occurs in no other plays except the Cornish dramas 'Origo Mundi' and the 'Creation.' The Chester plays, 23 on Prophecies and the Fifteen signs of Doom preceding the end of the world, and 24 on Anti-Christ, are both unknown elsewhere among English plays, though found in the *Cursor*. On the other hand, reference to the *Cursor* helps to explain points but slightly touched in the plays, such as the incidents of Judas bursting at his death (see before, p. xiv, *Cursor*, ll. 16492-16516); and the prophecy of the Sibyl² in the Towneley play 7. The meaning of the 'Prologue

¹ Professor Ten Brink remarked on the influence of the *Cursor* on the mysteries, in 1877, 'Geschichte der Englischen Literatur,' p. 360.

² On the Fifteen Signs and the Sibyl see M. P. Meyer's 'Daurel et Beton,' Soc. des Anc. Textes Franç. 1880, p. xcvi, and references there given.

of prophets' or 'Processus prophetarum'¹, a play which occurs in the Chester, Towneley, and Coventry sets, also receives light from a comparison with the *Cursor*.

While the general conception of the *Cursor*, which embodied the popular belief of the time, must have had its influence on the composition of the Corpus plays, it must not be forgotten that the same ideas operated on the religious drama abroad. In France the cycles attained great dimensions; in Italy they were not so complete, but the separate plays were more important². In Germany the great extent and influence they reached may be judged, not only by the history of their great cycles, but by the relics which survive to our day in the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau of seventeen parts (founded in 1633), and that of Brixlegg in Tyrol³ of sixteen parts,*comprising the events from the Entry into Jerusalem to the Resurrection and Ascension. No doubt in other places too in Germany and Spain they yet may linger on.

DATE OF COMPOSITION: AUTHORSHIP. Although the date of composition of the York Plays is not known, it may, I believe, safely be set as far back as 1340 or 1350, not long after the appearance of the *Cursor*. The references to them mentioned before in 1378 and 1394, in the latter as 'of old time,' lead to this conclusion, no less than the style of language

¹ In York this subject forms a Prologue to Play XII. See p. 93.

² I have found nothing in the printed collections of *Sacre Rappresentazioni* resembling our York series. But among the Ashburnham MSS. now sold to Italy there is a fine MS. (Libri 1264), dated 1490, of an Italian play which, preceded by a long Latin poem on the twelve sibyls, begins with a prologue of prophets and the Procès de Paradis, and then, from the Annunciation to the Resurrection, goes through the whole bible and apocryphal story. The whole is written continuously, without break of *giornate*; full and frequent stage directions are given, and the actors are numerous. Several interesting developments might be noted, such as Herod's three sons, the ship with captain and sailors with whom the Magi sail to Herod, the bridging over the time between 'Jesu piccolo' and 'Jesu grando,' the appearance of Sculapio at the sickness of Lazarus, &c. We find here too the porter (named Merlin) who, as at York, denies entry to Judas. The play may be a compilation of others; it is not a mere joining of the separate plays printed by Signor D'Ancona, who has kindly pointed out to me such a one in MS. at Florence.

³ The writer of the preface to the little play-book of Brixlegg, in 1883, modestly points out the serious object of the players; and he claims that though the religious drama in Germany, even in the middle ages, did not attain such artistic perfection as in Spain, the culture of it has had most important effects in the spiritual education of the people.

and the metre in which they are written. The unknown author, whoever he was, possessed much skill in versification at that period when the old alliteration of the English, altered though it were from its earlier forms, was still popular, yet when the poet had found the charms of rime, and the delights of French verse allured him to take on new shackles while casting off the old. That he belonged to one of the religious houses of the North in the Yorkshire district may well be hazarded, on account of the knowledge of the scriptures, and especially the careful concordance of the narrative from the gospels shown in the plays. The Towneley plays are not only written in the same dialect, but five of them are the same as five of the York plays¹, with certain passages cut out or modified. If, as the editor of that collection suggests (pref. p. x), it is made up partly of compositions from other similar collections, the presence of these five taken from York is explained; as the style of the York collection does not vary to the same extent, this is more likely of the two to be the original source. As far as may be judged from the characteristic titles which are all that remain of the Beverley plays, that collection also resembled the York more than any other, and it is worth comparing the two together. The Beverley title often takes hold of what must have been the prominent feature to the vulgar eye rather than the subject, such as the 'Sleeping Pilate,' 'Deeming Pilate,' 'The Pynacle,' &c., which helps recognition of the York piece. If the text of the Beverley plays ever turns up, it may be tested in how many places one Yorkshire play-wright had influence.

As a help in the study of the York cycle of plays I subjoin a comparative table of the four English collections², adding a B to the York subjects to denote where the Beverley titles (which will be found in Poulson's Beverlac) seem to agree with them.

¹ See pp. 68, 156, 372, 396, 497, where the parallel passages are given for the sake of comparison and various readings. For the opportunity of collating these with the original MS. I have to thank the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly. The Surtees editor did not apparently take count of the losses the MS. has undergone, though he mentions some of them. The signature of the quires shows that 12 leaves at the beginning and 12 between the *Ascensio* and *Juditium*, besides others, were lost before it was put into the present old binding. The handwriting differs from that of the York MS. entirely, and is rather later, probably of the end of the fifteenth century. Like the York, it must be a copy from older originals.

² Appendix I to this Introduction.

SOURCES OF THE YORK PLAYS. These are indicated in the margin of each play¹. They follow pretty closely the biblical narrative, with however occasional deviations, as in the account of the ten plagues and in some of the quotations in the Prologue of Prophets in Play XII, which do not all agree with the Vulgate. In the subjects from the Old Testament no other apocryphal legends are introduced except those relating to Lucifer and the rebel angels. The exact source of these for our mediæval writers I cannot find, although it is known that they originated in the East among the Iranian legends. The allusion in Noah's words, that the world shall be burnt with fire, may be referable to the same source. M. James Rothschild has shown that the legend of the Fall of Lucifer, unknown to Jerome, was adopted by a Christian writer at the close of the fifth century².

The Old and New Testament portions are linked together by a series of prophecies relating to Mary and the Holy Child, all taken from the bible, suggested by Luke xxiv. 27 (Play XII). In other compositions of the kind the prophecies of a sibyl or sibyls as to Jesus are introduced; sometimes, as in the Towneley (9), Chester (6), and in the Italian play (Libri 1264) a story of Octavian the Emperor is added or interwoven with them. The York plays in this respect are more direct and simple, they contain nothing of the kind. Nor do we find, as in other places, much reference to the apocryphal legends (fully dealt with in the *Cursor*) of the birth and childhood of Mary, and of the Infancy of Jesus, the thirteenth play containing nearly all of this subject. Of this one the originals will be found in '*The Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew*,' '*History of Joseph the Carpenter*,' '*Protevangelium or Gospel of James*,' and '*Nativity of Mary*'³. For one point I have not found any authority, viz. the blossoming of Joseph's rod⁴, whereby he was marked out as the husband of Mary; all these works, instead, make a dove to proceed from the rod. Among other sources which may be taken into account as most surely affording inspiration to the writers of these

¹ The reader is requested to correct the marginal references to the versicles on pp. 483, 484, according to note 3, on p. 526.

² '*Mistère du Viel Testament*,' Vol. I, Introd. p. xlii.

³ The references are made to these books in Migne's '*Dictionnaire des Apocryphes*' and B. Harris Cowper's '*Apocryphal Gospels*.'

⁴ Play XIII. l. 32.

plays, is the *Speculum Humane Salvationis*, that very popular religious picture-book of the fourteenth century, the effects of whose influence on pictorial and sculptured art were far-reaching. Who can say indeed whether its curious four-fold groups of types and antitype, of subjects in Old Testament and legendary history brought to bear upon the events of the Sacred Scheme, as well as the similar representations of the earlier *Biblia Pauperum*, may not now be bearing fruit in the tableaux or *Vorbilder* of the Bavarian and Tyrolese plays? In a MS. of the *Speculum* of about 1380, with Italian paintings, at Paris¹, Joseph's rod is depicted like a small tree *full of flowers*, with a dove in the middle, 'Hic disponatur virgo Maria Josepho' written above; the reference Is. xi. 2 showing whence the idea sprang.

The apocryphal *Gospel of James* comes in Play XVII: thence the Bible is followed, with a mention of Anti-Christ in XXIII (p. 189), till in Play XXVIII. p. 251, the brilliant light from Jesus which strikes back the soldiers seems to have some other source than the fancy of the poet². In XXIX the incidents of Matthew are disarranged in order, as occasionally elsewhere. In Plays XXX, XXXI the *Gospel of Nicodemus* furnishes the Dream of Pilate's wife and other stories. The allusion to the legend of Pilate's name (p. 271) is from a variation of the Abgar-legend (Veronica and Vespasian) among the apocryphal gospels³. The story of the Squire who lets 'Calvary locus' (p. 318) and is cheated of his title-deeds, must be of English invention; but in the next Play (XXXIII), the Trial and Condemnation, much is taken from the '*Acts of Pilate*' (otherwise *Gospel of Nicodemus*), which narrates the miraculous bowing of the standards, &c. In Play XXXIV (p. 339) we have an allusion (the only one, I believe, in the plays) drawn from the fine legend of the Holy Tree, which, having sprung from a seed on Adam's tongue, appears in the histories of Moses, David, and Solomon, till it is finally cut down for the cross⁴; and

¹ MS. Arsenal, 593, fo. 8.

² Mrs. Jameson (*Hist. of our Lord in Art*) makes no reference to this incident. I have not besides been able to identify the allusion to Habakkuk, p. 116/137.

³ See article on Tischendorf's edition in the '*Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*,' Berlin, 1876, vol. 20. pp. 168, 186.

⁴ The tree-legend, with the oil of mercy, runs throughout the *Cursor*. See also a somewhat different version in Baring-Gould's '*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*,' pp. 378-384, and authorities mentioned by B. Harris Cowper, '*Apocryphal Gospels*,' p. ci.

on p. 343 is a reference to the Vernacle, the third Mary evidently acting as Veronica and showing the kerchief with the impression of the sacred face to the audience¹.

The account of the Crucifixion with its too great realism, the rearing of the cross and hammering of wedges and mortices, will be understood by anyone who has witnessed the actual ceremonies that take place on Good Friday in a Roman Catholic church².

For Play XXXVI (Death and Burial of Jesus) the Greek version of the *Gospel of Nicodemus* supplies many incidents; XXXVII, the Descent into Hell (or Harrowing of Hell) is founded on some chapters in the Latin version of the same book (before referred to), to which XXXVIII is also partly indebted. The next six plays follow the biblical narrative, with some inversion, and addition of extraneous matter in XLI, The Purification. The next three, on the Death, Assumption, and Coronation of Mary, find their origin in the two texts of *Transitus Mariæ*, the apocryphal legend, printed by Tischendorf³, and some versicles from the Song of Solomon. Interwoven passages of scripture and tradition form the groundwork of the final piece, The Judgment Day. It is a singular thing that for the Coronation of Mary there appears to be no written authority, not even in the Arab *Passing of Mary, of St. John*⁴, nor the Golden Legend; it is a tradition that has grown up as a corollary to the story of her Assumption—a beautiful ending to her history, which has worked itself into art⁵ and the drama. Though (as several Roman Catholic authorities have informed me) there never has been a church festival of the Coronation, the subject was

¹ See ll. 184-190, and before, p. xxv. I have omitted to note this in the margin.

² The rites which I saw in Malta, together with the pictured religious processions there, helped me vividly to realize much of these plays.

³ 'Apocalypses Apocryphæ,' Lipsiæ, 1866. That part of the story of the death of Mary which relates the bearing of her body to burial, and the attack upon the bier by the wicked Jew, whose arm thereupon became rigid, seems to have been a favourite; as seen in Burton's list the play was known by the name of the Jew, *Fergus*, the most prominent personage. Why or whence he had this name is a puzzle, but his appellations were various, in the Arab text *Japhia*; in Le Mystère de l'Assomption of 1518, *Isachar* (Migne's Dict. des Apoc. ii. p. 523; *ib.* Dict. des Mystères, p. 160); in *Transitus Mariæ* (Tischendorf's text A) he is *Reuben*; while Mrs Jameson (Legends of the Madonna, p. 318) calls him the high priest *Adonijah*. The *Cursor* (ll. 20719-63, and version in Part v. ll. 611-749) gives no name.

⁴ Migne, Dict. des Apocryphes, ii. 506.

⁵ Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Madonna, pp. 328, 329.

brought into at least two plays in England, at York and Beverley. My endeavours to identify the music inserted in Play XLVI have led me more particularly into this enquiry, with this result.

If, as is likely, these endeavours to trace the sources of the text be found defective, I must crave indulgence in a difficult field.

VERSE AND STYLE. The reader will judge for himself, but I believe that, far from meriting the hard words frequently poured on the rudeness of the early plays, these of York will be found to compare favourably in diction, and certainly so in verse, with the better specimens of Middle English Northern poetry. The great variety of metre in the collection, totally unlike the regular verse in which the French mysteries are uniformly written, points to their native growth, and the improbability of their having been translated or introduced from France. The following is a sketch-analysis of the metre. I must leave to those better versed than myself in the interesting study of historic metre to determine how much of it is due to the old Norse and English poetic tradition and how much to the newer Norman French influence¹. The old Northern poets, who cultivated the art of verse so carefully, undoubtedly left their mark on the Yorkshire composer. [The poetry cannot, it must be remembered, be scanned like Shakespeare or Chaucer, or even like the *Cursor*; it must, for the greater part, be read according to accent or stress, the intervening syllables, more or less in number, being slurred or read with a lighter touch. This sort of verse is much like the unbarred music of the same period. Attention may be drawn also to the manner in which the varied metre is adapted to the style of subject to be treated or to the personage speaking; for example, Deus and Jesus invariably speak in grave, dignified verse, while the long, pompous, mouth-filling lines, excessive in the alliterative stress, are put into the mouths of those who, like Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas, open a play and are meant to make an imposing impression. The original purpose was forgotten when Shakespeare jested at the alliteration and at Herod's brag.

¹ The best and clearest account of old Northern and Teutonic metre is that given by Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell in their splendid work '*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*,' vol. i. pp. 432-458. Bearing specially on the poetry of the plays, see pp. 433-4, and 450-1. On the mixed character of the verse in the Towneley and Coventry plays, see Schipper's '*Altenglische Metrik*,' pp. 226-231.

SKETCH-ANALYSIS OF METRES.

<i>Description of Stanza.</i>	<i>Rimes.</i>	<i>Style.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>
4-lines; of 4 accents...	abab		III.
6-line; 4 ll. of 4 acc., 2 tags.	aaa bab ...	Much iteration in some of these.	VI, XXII, XXXVIII, XLII.
7-line; 5 ll. of 4 acc., 2 tags.*	ababcb ...		XIV, XXI, XXV.
8-line; 4 ll. of 4 acc., 4 ll. of 3 acc.	abab cddc...	Alliterative; many weak endings.	I, XL, XLV.
8-line; 4 accents ...	Alternate ...	A little alliteration.	VIII.
8-line; 3 accents ...	ababcaac...		XIX.
8-line; 4 accents ...	Alternate ...	Partly alliteration.	XXXIX, XLIII, XLVIII.
9-line; 4 ll. of 4 acc., 5 ll. of 3 acc.	abab cdddc	Alliterative, with a few weak endings.	XXX. IV.
10-line; 2 triplets before a quatrain.	aabccbdbdb		XXXIV.
10-line; <i>ibid.</i>	aab aabcbcb		
10-line; quatrain before 2 triplets.	ababccb ccb	Partly alliteration.	XIII.
(Stanzas 9-16 of II lines.)	ababcbcd cdc		
11-line; 6 ll. of 4 acc., a tag; 4 ll. of 3 acc.	ababcbcdcdc		V.
11-line; 9 ll. of 4 acc., 2 tags.	ababbbcdcccd		VII.
11-line; 8 ll. of 4 acc., a tag, 2 ll. of 3 acc.	ababbbcbcd cd.	Alliterative (only two regular St.)	XVI.
12-line; 8 ll. of 4 acc., 4 ll. of 3 acc.	abababab c dcd.	Partly alliteration; iteration in XXXVII and XLIV.	X, XI, XII, XV, XVII, XX, XXIII, XXIV, XXVII, XXXV, XXXVII, - XLIV.
(In XV, ll. 36-85 are in 7-line stanzas, like above *.)		X irregular.	II.
12-line; <i>ibid.</i>	abababab c bcb.	Partly alliteration.	XXVIII.
12 line; <i>ibid.</i>	abababab c ddc.	Alliteration ...	XVIII.
12-line; 6 ll. of 4 acc., 2 ll. of 4 syllables, a tag, 3 ll. of 3 acc.	ababccdd efef.		XXXIII.
12-line; 4 ll. of 4 acc., 7 ll. of 3 acc., a tag.	ababcbcb d ccd.	Alliterative, with prevalence of weak endings.	XXXVI.
13-line; 9 ll. of 3 acc., 3 ll. of 2 acc., a tag.	ababbbcbcd eed.	Alliteration, with much iteration.	XLVI.
13-line; 8 ll. of 4 acc., 4 ll. of 2 acc., 1 l. of 3 acc.	ababbbcbcd eed.	Alliteration, with much iteration.	

SKETCH-ANALYSIS OF METRES (*continued*).

<i>Description of Stanza.</i>	<i>Rimes.</i>	<i>Style.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>
14-line ; 8 ll. of 4 acc., 6 ll. of 3 acc.	a b a b a b a b c d c c c d.	Partly allitera- tive.	IX, XXVI.
16-line ; irregular, the two last lines long with interwoven rimes.	8 lines, a b 8, c d c c c d e e.	Some allitera- tion.	XXXI.

In each of four plays mentioned above, XII, XIII, XV, XXX, two or more forms are found, changing in accordance with the subject.

XXXII comprises three forms of stanza, with alliteration and iteration.

XLVII is various, probably intended to be sung.

XXIX (alliterative) and XLI (of later date) are irregular.

Here then are twenty-two different forms of stanza. They are of two classes, (*a*) the alliterative, in which the metre is determined by accent or stress, not by the number of syllables or feet ; (*b*) determinable by accent or feet, the lines having usually a fixed number of syllables ; in this class the alliteration is nearly lost. Both kinds end in rime. Some of the stanzas are very complicated, chiefly in class (*a*). In XL and XLVI is that regular repetition (or iteration) of the last line of one stanza in the first line of the next, dear to the northern poets ; and there is a partial but decided iteration of link-words in the same manner in Plays VI, XIV, XXXII, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII.

In examining the end-rimes the original northern forms, which have often been altered by the later transcriber, account for differences that are not bad rimes or mistakes. Instances are *ropes* and *japes*, 286/387 ; *blowes* and *laues*, 293/19 ; *rude* and *stroyd*¹, 277/175 ; *unrude* and *hyde*, 423/67-9 ; *haylsing*, *kyng*, and *yenge*, 100/215, 132/161 ; *reste* and *thirste*, 256/63-5 ; *fore* and *were*, 185/14-6 ; *care* and *sore*, 278/201-5 ; *care* and *more*, 494/94-6 ; *alone* and *agayne*, 237/148-50 ; *handis* and *spende*, 353/122-4 ; and others. In *liste* and *tyle*, 291/533-7 ; *wiste* and *myght*, 290/502, we seem to have only assonance. *Law* when it rimes with *ay*, 285/361-3, should be *lay*, the Norman-French form, as often actually found.

The necessities which the alliterative style imposed caused not only the frequent use of certain phrases which became almost conventional, like 'keen and cold,' 'more and mynne,' 'mengis my

¹ See p. lxxiii.

mood,' 'rede by rawe,' &c., and the recurrence of the *cheville* or fill-gap (word or words used to fill up a line, such as *bedene, on high, not to layne*), but sometimes gave a distorted sense to a word in order to fit a rime or an accent. It is true that something must be allowed for the poetic twist of words, as well as for the turn or shade of meaning peculiar, first, to the northern dialect; second, to the period of middle English: but in a few cases nothing would explain the use of the word except the requirements of rime and alliteration. The glossary, in which I have had the valuable assistance of Dr. J. A. H. Murray, endeavours to solve these difficulties; while it offers a few conjectural meanings and suggestions in some cases where words appear to be corrupt.

It should be remarked that interjectional and vocative phrases are generally treated as prose, that is, they are outside the verse, which must be measured independently of them¹.

LANGUAGE. A few notes on the dialect, and the normal grammatic forms, will be found in Appendix III. It is unnecessary, therefore, for me to do more than point out several other peculiarities, such as the occasional suppression of the subject of the verb, pp. 277/178, 283/307, 297/146; the frequent use of the reflexive, e.g. *shames me*, p. 31, l. 62; *dress þe, mystris þe, melle þe*, p. 37, ll. 52, 54, 55; *me repentys*, p. 40, l. 15; *hym to for-fare*, p. 142, l. 140; the employment of the infinitive, as in *to sayne*, p. 59, l. 106; *to layne*, p. 116, l. 132, &c. Also the examples of aphetic words (to use Dr. Murray's useful coinage) i. e. words that, in poetry especially, are shortened by the loss of the first syllable; such are *stroy*, p. 41/28; *sente*, 49/124; *closed*, 94/29; *dure*, 95/66; *legge*, 131/147; *half*, 207/192; *cordis*, 208/226; *langis*, 215/442; *ray, paire*, 221/38, 224/114; *saie*, 274/99.

In the two pieces (IV and XLI), copied in 1558, are, as may be expected, a few variations, *fewle* for *fofle* or *foule*, 18/13; *hais* for *has* 19/42, 438/156; *aige* for *age*, *haith* for *halh*, 445/387; &c. Both language and metre of XLI show that it was composed at a later date than the rest.

Hye, 211/329; *hus*, 439/194; *herand*, 168/233; *arme* for *harme*, 105/101, show the mis-placed aspirate, rare in the northern dialect.

¹ For examples, see pp. 279, l. 210, 280, l. 255, 294, l. 62, 339, l. 60.

The French *beuwchires*, as *armes*, *belamy*, *boudisch*, *boyste*, and *duge peres*, common in Northern poetry, and elsewhere, appear to come in just as naturally as *dame*, *beuwe*, and other French words which do not now seem extraordinary. No doubt they were regarded as fine words, fit for poetry and exalted persons (though not confined to these last); compare, too, the *a-dieu* of Cayphas, 257/87, the *bene-venew* of Pilate, 282/281, and the address of Herod to Jesus, 297/146, 300/234.

GENERAL REMARKS. We are not told of how many stages the York pageants were made; no doubt some of the plays would require either two platforms or one stage and the street. But it is quite evident that sometimes two scenes were represented on the stage together; the alternate action of Moses and the Hebrews, Pharaoh and his men, must both have been seen by the audience (pp. 80-91); the management of the scenes in the 'Entry into Jerusalem' is only to be understood on this supposition (pp. 202, &c.); the scenes which took place in the high priest's and Pilate's halls, and before Herod, when Judas was denied by the porter, or when the prisoner was brought, depended for much of their effect on the double action being present together. Even in the later play of the Purification (pp. 436-444) it is probable that the Temple and Bethlehem were seen near together, to say nothing of Simeon's house. In the 'Descent of the Holy Spirit' two distinct scenes must have been apparent to the spectators on the stage at the same time (pp. 467-471). At Paris¹, in a MS. of the *Mistère de la Passion*, played at Valenciennes in 1547, there is a most curious picture of the stage then employed, drawn by one of the actors (H. Cailleau) himself, which helps us to realize how double and treble scenes were understood. The scenery was either painted or modeled at the back of the stage, with the name of each place written over it, beginning with Paradise at one end, Nazareth, the Temple, Jerusalem, the Palace, &c., intervening, till we arrive at Limbo and the indispensable Hell-mouth at the other. Towards the front at one side is a green tract for the sea, with a ship upon it. Our York

¹ Bib. Nat., MS. réservé Fr. 12536. Other pictures in the same MS. are very instructive to the student of these early dramas, e. g. on fos. 193, 294. A large model of the stage made from Cailleau's picture may be seen in the Bibliothèque of the Grand Opera, Paris.

stages, being movable, were by no means so ambitious or so advanced as this great stage where Arnoul Gréban's vast drama might be performed, but the germs of dramatic convention must have been well understood, even if the employment of 'le décor simultané'¹ had not begun.

What appear to be indications of a prompter may be noted on pp. 246, 285. The MS. of the Scriveners' Play is the only separate prompter's book now known². The actors, especially in going off the stage, sometimes addressed the audience directly; see evidences of this on p. 29, l. 15, p. 432, and at the end of XVII, XXI, and XXIV³. At the beginning, too, of Play XXII the Devil, entering with a bluster as usual, seems to be pushing aside some part of the audience as he enters, for there are but three other personages in the play.

As to the dress of the actors at York, we have remarkably little information; that the doctors in the Temple wore furred gowns (p. 168, l. 232) is the only indication I have noted.

An open-minded perusal of these plays will be enough to rebut the ignorant sneers that have been made (by Oliver, Warton, and others) against the earnestness or the capacity of the original dramatists of this order. Well-read in the bible, especially in the New Testament, and in the dependent legends allowed in those times, the imagination of this author had considerable play within his prescribed limits; a facile versifier (albeit aided by the conventional rules for his craft handed down from old time), he displayed not a little dramatic power in the arrangement of scenes with the means at his command (see especially Play XXV). Observant of human nature and sympathetic, his calls on the domestic affections are well worth notice, in the womanly weakness of Mary and the trustfulness of Joseph in the *Flight into Egypt*, outraged

¹ See the study by M. Franc. Sarcey in *Le Temps* for 6 Août, 1883. This picture has also been realized by M. M. Sepet, in chap. v. of his 'Drame chrétien au Moyen-âge,' Paris, 1878.

² Every craft must have had their own play-book, not only at York, but elsewhere; it was often referred to as the 'orygynall,' 'regynall' or 'new rygenale'; see before pp. 18, 29, and Sharp's Diss. on Cov. Mysteries, as to Coventry play-books, 36, 37 note, 48, and as to Bassingbourne, p. 34. The Goldsmiths of Newcastle mention 'oure playe-book.' Brand's Hist. ii. 371.

³ So in Gréban's *Passion*, at the end of the first day the actor speaks to the public, 'Demain retournez, sil vous plect,' ed. MM. G. Paris et Raynaud, Paris, 1878, p. 129.

motherly affection in the *Massacre of the Innocents*, parental distress between love and duty in *Abraham's Sacrifice*¹, in the dutiful relationship of children shown by Isaac, and the sons of Noah and Pilate. The figures of Mary and Jesus stand out with simplicity and dignity, in no way grotesque. These finer touches stand in relief to the brutality of the scenes connected with the Passion which were deemed necessary to heighten the effect of the Saviour's sufferings.

Like a true artist, the dramatist called up mirth over incidents harmless enough; he allowed Noah's wife to flout her husband, the Shepherd to sing with a cracked throat, and Judas to be covered with ridicule and abuse by the Porter. The Porter or Beadle, in fact, plays an important part in several plays (XXV, XXX, &c.). The people must have fun and show, noise and light. The principal personage in a play, whether he is wanted at the beginning or not, generally comes on the stage first, with a long speech, in the case of Noah, Abraham, Deus, and Jesus, with befitting gravity and seriousness; in the case of Satan, Pharaoh, Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas it is daring, pompous, and blustering, in that of Pilate tempered by a sense of benevolence and justice which runs through his actions. (This writer was surprisingly lenient to Pilate, and cannot have been tainted by the old legend of his gruesome fate.) We can picture the people expectant, listening with eyes and ears for the entry and the rant of the hero of the piece. Nor were the effects of music and light neglected; the Shepherds must have both heard singing and sung themselves (p. 120, l. 59); the music itself is actually written for Play XLVI, and in several places² we have stage directions for singing. The Transfiguration was accompanied by a cloud and a 'noys herde so hydously,' possibly for thunder³. Besides the star of Bethlehem bright lights were used at the Birth, Transfiguration, and Betrayal of Jesus, and in the Vision of Mary to Thomas⁴.

¹ For pathos and tenderness of treatment the play on Abraham and Isaac in a fifteenth century MS. recently disinterred by Dr. G. H. Kingsley, at Brome in Suffolk, exceeds all others on this subject yet known. See *Anglia*, Band vii. Heft 3 (1884), where it is printed and compared.

² Pp. 177, 218, 493, &c.

³ See pp. 190, 191.

⁴ It may be noted that, perhaps complying with a stage necessity, the principal actors generally lay down to rest or to sleep when an angel or a vision was to appear. See pp. 110, 137, 139, 483. Not so, however, on p. 119.

Touches of current life and usage here and there stand out amid the ancient story; the carpenters' tools and measurement used by Noah, as well as those employed at the Crucifixion; the bitter cold weather at the Nativity, telling of a truly northern Christmas; the quaint offerings of the shepherds; the ruin of the poor by murrain in the account of the Ten Plagues; the drinking between Pilate and his wife; the sleeping of Herod; and the excellent representation of a heavy manual job by a set of rough workmen in the Crucifixion (pp. 354-6). Illustrative too of English custom and forms of justice are the borrowing of the town beast (p. 203); Judas offering himself as bond-man in his remorse (p. 314); the mortgage of a property (raising money by wed-set, p. 318): and the trial scenes in Plays XXIX, XXX, XXXII, and XXXIII, in which Pilate 'in Parlament playne' (p. 308) vindicates the course of law, and puts down the eager malice of the accuser Caiaphas and the sharp pursuer Annas. Even Herod makes proclamation for the accusers to appear, and sympathizes with the oppressed,

'Sen þat he is dome [dumb], for to deme hym,
Ware þis a goode lawe for a lorde?' (P. 305.)

Note too the sturdy common morality that will not tell a lie (p. 414) and that scorns a traitor's baseness (pp. 230, 231).

Opportunity is improved in Play VII to enforce the necessity of tithes, and in XXI to inculcate the virtue of baptism, repeated in XLIII, stanza 17.

The value of the religious plays and players in leading up to what is called 'the regular drama' has not yet perhaps been fully recognized. Many allusions to them in old writers, Robert of Brunne, Chaucer, Langland, Heywood, &c. have been noticed. If Chaucer¹ and Shakespeare caught at Herod, Erasmus or his translator Udall remembered Pilate's voice, 'when he heard a certain oratour speaking out of measure loude and high, and altogether in Pilate's voice²,' and Sackville, in his Induction to the 'Mirror for Magistrates' describes the gloominess of Hell mouth. Reforming preachers very early began the crusade against them. Wiclif deprecates those 'þat kan best pleie a pagyn of the deuyl' at Christmas³; and an interesting witness to their effect and popularity is the

¹ Miller's Tale, ll. 3383-4.

² 'The Apothegmes of Erasmus,' Roberts' reprint 1877, p. 382.

³ 'English Works,' Early Eng. Text Soc. p. 206.

treatise or sermon against miracle plays¹, written in the fourteenth century, showing how men and women wept at the sights before them, and gave credence to many lies as well as truths by their means. Shakespeare, in his good humoured way, laughs at the alliteration, the craftsmen players, and the stage bombast all grown conventional and out of date, as he does at the Vice of the moralities², but he too was not ashamed to borrow one of their prominent characters. The study of the Janitor or Porter who appears twice, needs must with a great deal of knocking, always with a voluble tongue, in several plays of this series, will, I think, add conviction to Prof. Hales' suggestion³, that the idea of the Porter, and his action in *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 3, was an adaptation of an old familiar friend, although it happens that he does not appear here in the Harrowing of Hell. (Hell personified is the Porter in the *Cursor*, see ll. 18075-18148.) The Janitor in Play XXV is an important person, but not Shakespeare's model; it is in the Porters of XXVI (p. 226, to whom the Italian Porter, p. xxxv, *note 2*, is akin) and XXX (pp. 279, 280) that we may seek the likeness of their much discussed successor, with the knocking that accompanied him.

Ben Jonson could not get rid of the traditional entry when, as Prof. Ward points out, he sent his devil on to the stage with a bluster⁴. But by Prynne's days religious plays had indeed become 'ridiculous' if not incredible⁵.

TREATMENT IN EDITING. In this print the manuscript is rendered as faithfully as possible; the text is never altered without notice: but the corruptions which became apparent on a study

¹ Printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii. 42, and by Mätzner, *Altengl. Sprachproben*, 1869, Band I, Abth. II, 224.

² *Mids. N. Dream*, I, sc. 2, V, ll. 147, 148: *Hamlet*, III, sc. 2, 'out-herods Herod': *Hen. V*, IV, sc. 4, 'roaring devil.' *Twelfth N.*, IV, sc. 2 (song); 2 *Hen. IV*, III, sc. 2, l. 298, 'Vice's dagger.'

³ On the Porter in *Macbeth*. *New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, Part ii, 1874, pp. 264-66.

⁴ 'The Devil is an Asse,' Act i.

⁵ 'Histriomastix,' 1633, p. 117. Yet their relics lived on, e. g. the shows at Bartholomew's Fair in the beginning of last century, one of which ('a little Opera') gave fourteen scenes, six from the Old Testament, eight from the New, but avoiding the introduction of the Passion. Another had 'Noah's Ark with all the beasts, two by two, and all the Fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon the Trees.' See the original play-bills in 'Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne' by John Ashton, pp. 256, 257. And to our own day the old play of St. George survives among the Christmas mummers who still go about the country.

of the metre, rendered several suggestions necessary¹. This corruption of the text is worse in Plays XXVIII to XXXII than the rest, so much so that in a few parts it has been impossible to recognize the stanzas, whole lines, even groups of lines, being dropt out, others, or parts of others, displaced, and once or twice interlopers admitted. The stage directions, which are few, are usually clear, but in one or two cases they are so confused with the text that it is rendered doubtful². The ear of the copyist also misled him (see pp. 266, 279, 508). One source of difficulty was the exorbitant length of some of the lines, which led the copyist to divide them, irrespective of rime or of co-relative lines. I thought it better to leave these as they stand, but have coupled them with brackets as an indication of the verse. This system begins at page 219. Stray words occur in three places³, which seem to betray a lapse of memory or comprehension.

In MS. the name of the craft is written at the head of each play, but nothing else. I have supplied the titles, and have collected the persons of the play, added a marginal analysis, a few stage directions⁴, and the indications of scenes, which last, it is hoped, will aid the reader to a better idea of the representation. The numbering of the stanzas is also mine. Every play begins on a fresh page, but its lines run on continuously without blank or division. The only contractions used are þ^u; þ', þ^t, þⁱ, eue, p, p, f=ser or sir, Ihu, Jerlm; which, being few and simple, are extended in the ordinary type; H and v are rendered by // and r because in so late a MS. they have become merely conventional flourishes.

THE MUSIC has been set in modern notation by Mr. W. H. Cummings, who has kindly given it his careful attention, and has added a Note in explanation. A few words further upon the sources of these pieces I have set against his, and will now but add my warm acknowledgments to Mr. Cummings. I also wish to thank the Rev. S. S. Greatheed, Mr. H. Jenner of the British

¹ See pp. 119, 130, 135, 136, 209, &c. The word *hasted* should be *chasted*, p. 321, l. 33.

² See for the irregular or defective stanzas pages 33, 64, 109, 152, 174, 211, 213, 224, 227, 240, 244, 246, 249, 251, 254, 268, 270 *note* 3, 274, 275, 279, 285, 291, 305, 342, 412, 472.

³ Pages 291 *note*, 292/9, 342/148.

⁴ Among these the additions of the later hand have generally been followed; they were important, being written in the full tradition of the time.

Museum, the Rev. C. Wordsworth, and other correspondents, for most serviceable help in the enquiry into meaning and origin of both music and words. As the Sheremen and Taylors' play of Coventry, containing three English songs¹ (two sung by the shepherds, one by the women), the MS. of which was burnt in the disastrous fire at Birmingham in 1879, is the only one besides that has been found with music attached, the York play music is of the greater interest.

In conclusion, I sincerely wish that this work had fallen into more able hands than mine, but I can only hope that students will be indulgent to its shortcomings. Had all the difficulties of editing the manuscript (far greater than with a poem such as the *Cursor*) been apparent, when several years ago I formed the intention of undertaking it, they might have been sufficient to deter me; but, by the kind assistance of several friends, I believe that this interesting relic of our early literature and social life is now presented in a trustworthy and intelligible form. It is a grateful duty to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, of the British Museum, and M. Paul Meyer, of Paris, for much friendly help; to Professor Skeat, who has read over the proof-sheets of the text; to Professor A. W. Ward, of Manchester, who revised my suggestions of scenery and stage directions; and to Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the New English Dictionary, for valuable assistance with the Glossary, as well as other acts of friendship. My thanks are also due to Mr. J. Wilkinson, Town Clerk of York, for his courtesy and the ready access to the records of York accorded to me on occasion of two visits; to Mrs. Gutch, of York, and the Rev. Canon Raine, in materially aiding my enquiries; to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, Mr. H. Brigstocke Sheppard, and Mr. C. T. Martin; and to the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, for his notes upon the language. The use of MSS. granted by Lord Herries and Mr. Quaritch is acknowledged elsewhere. All and each have been animated by the true gild-spirit of mutual help; and if the reader is enabled by these pages to call up any life-picture of the art and literature so essentially a product of the people, maintained by means of the old English gild-spirit, to these modern brethren let him give honour due.

¹ Printed at the end of the play in Sharp's Dissertation, pp. 113-118. No mention is made of rubricated notes occurring in the MS. of those songs, which are written for three voices.

APPENDICES
TO THE
INTRODUCTION.

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I. COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENGLISH CYCLES OF RELIGIOUS PLAYS. (See p. xlvii.)

YORK.

(B = *Beverley*, see App. II.)

First six Plays, on the Creation, Fall of Lucifer, Adam and Eve, and Garden of Eden, Man's Disobedience and Fall. (B. five plays.)

7. *Sacrificium Cayme et Abell*. (B.)

8.9. Building of the Ark, Noah and his Wife, and the Flood. (B.)

10. Abraham's Sacrifice. (B.)

11. Departure of Israelites from Egypt; the ten plagues; and passage of Red Sea.

12. Prologue of Prophets, Annunciation and visit to Elizabeth. (B.)

13. Joseph's trouble about Mary.

14. Journey to Jerusalem, birth of Jesus. (B.)

15. The Angels and Shepherds. (B.)

16, 17. Coming of the three Kings to Herod, Adoration. (B.)

41. Purification. (B.)

18. Flight into Egypt. (B.)

19. Massacre of the Innocents. (B.)

20. Christ with the Doctors in the Temple. (B.)

21. Baptism of Jesus. (B.)

22. The Temptation. (B.)

23. The Transfiguration.

24. Woman taken in adultery: Lazarus. (B.)

TOWNELEY.

1. Creatio.

2. Mactatio Abel.

3. Processus Noe cum filiis.

4. Abraham.

5. Isaac. 6. Jacob.

7. Processus Prophetarum³.

8. Pharao.

9. Caesar Augustus (another prophecy of Christ).

10. Annunciatio.

11. Salutatio Elizabeth.

12. Prima Pagina Pastorum.

13. Secunda Pagina Pastorum.

14. Oblatio Magorum.

17. Purificacio Mariae.

15. Fugacio in Egyptum.

16. Magnus Herodus.

18. Pagina Doctorum.

19. Johannes Baptista.

31. Lazarus.

COVENTRY.

Prologue.

1. Creation.

2. Fall of man.

3. Cain and Abel.

4. Noah's Flood: [Lamach kills Cain].

5. Abraham's Sacrifice.

6. Moses and the two Tables.

7. The Prophets.

8. The Barrenness of Anna.

9. Mary in the Temple.

10. Mary's Betrothment.

11. The Salutation and Conception.

12. Joseph's Return.

13. The Visit to Elizabeth.

14. The Trial of Joseph and Mary.

15. Birth of Christ.

16. The Adoration of the Shepherds.

17. Adoration of the Magi.

18. The Purification.

19. Slaughter of the Innocents.

20. Christ Disputing in the Temple.

21. The Baptism of Christ.

22. The Temptation.

23. The Woman taken in Adultery.

24. Lazarus.

CHESTER.

Banes or Prologue.

1. The Fall of Lucifer.

2. The Creation and Fall, and death of Abel.

3. Noah's Flood.

4. The Histories of Lot and Abraham.

5. Balaam and his Ass.

6. The Salutation and Nativity: [with prophecies, Octavian and the Sibyl].

7. The Play of the Shepherds.

8. The three Kings come to Herod.

9. Offering of the three Kings.

11. The Purification.

10. Slaughter of the Innocents.

12. The Temptation, and the Woman taken in Adultery.

13. [Cure of blind man], Lazarus.

25. Entry into Jerusalem, (B.) blind, lame, and Zaccheus.	26. Entry into Jerusalem.	14. Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.
26. Conspiracy to take Jesus.	25. The Council of the Jews.	
27. The Last Supper. (B.)	27. The Last Supper.	
28. The Agony and Betrayal. (B.)	28. Betraying of Christ.	15. Christ betrayed.
29. Peter's denial, Jesus before Caiaphas. (B.)		
31, 32, 33. Trials before Herod (B.) and Pilate. (B.) ²	29. King Herod.	16. The Passion.
32. Remorse of Judas.	30. Trial of Christ.	
30. Dream of Pilate's Wife. (B.) ²	31. Pilate's Wife's Dream.	
34. Christ led up to Calvary.	32. Condemnation and Crucifixion of Christ.	
		17. The Crucifixion.
35. Crucifixion.	34. Burial of Christ.	
36. Mortification (B.): burial of Jesus. (B.)	33. The Descent into Hell.	18. The Harrowing of Hell.
37. Harrowing of Hell. (B.)	35. Resurrection [and part of Descent].	19. The Resurrection [and the three Maries].
38. Resurrection (B.): the three Maries.	36. The Three Maries.	
	37. Christ appearing to Mary.	
39. Christ appears to Mary Magdalene.	38. Pilgrim of Emaus [and incredulity of Thomas].	20. The Pilgrims of Emaus.
40. Travellers to Emmaus. (B.)		
	39. Ascension.	21. The Ascension.
42. Incredulity of Thomas.	40. Descent of the Holy Ghost.	22. The Emission of the Holy Ghost.
43. Ascension. (B.)		
44. Descent of the Holy Spirit.		23. Ezechiel [prophecies of the end of the world and 15 signs of Doom].
45. Death of Mary.		
46. Appearance of Mary to Thomas.		
	41. Assumption of the Virgin.	24. Antichrist.
47. Assumption and Coronation (B.) of Virgin.	42. Domesday.	25. Domesday.
48. The Judgment-day. (B.)		

Pilate is laid to bed, and 'Demying Pilate' to Play 33, in which Judgment on Jesus is given.

² The prophecies of Christ, plays V. 12, T. 7, 9, Cov. 7, Ch. 5, and of Domesday, Ch. 23, are combined in the Anglo-Norman (?) 'Drame d'Adam,' (A.D. 1150-1200), ed. V. Luzarche, Tours, 1854. See M. J. Bonnard's 'Traductions de la Bible en vers Franç. au moyen âge,' Paris, 1884, p. 120.

¹ The seventh Beverley play, 'Adam and Seth,' was probably on the subject of that legend which tells of Adam's old age, his sending Seth for the oil of mercy, and Seth's return with the three seeds which, sown under Adam's tongue, give rise to the holy trees. See *Cursor Mundi* for the best form of this legend, ll. 1237-1432; it also occurs in the Cornish plays *Origo Mundi* and *Creation of the World* (see App. II).

² 'Sleeping Pylate' of Beverley answers to Play 30 of York, in which

II.

LIST OF PLACES AND PLAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE following are the places and dates of performances (unless otherwise expressed), with the authorities for reference, distinguishing also whether a single play or a cycle, as far as known. An asterisk (*) denotes that a text remains, the editions being pointed out. The *Morals at Manningtree*, spoken of by Dekker, and express shows before royalty, as at Windsor or Bristol before Hen. VII, do not come within this list, except in the case of Winchester.

Dunstable, 12th century, (*St. Catherine*.) Mat. Paris, Vitæ S. Alb. Abb. Ed. Wats, 1684, p. 1007 (Gaufridi 16 abb. vita).

✓ **London**, 12th century, (miracle plays.) W. Fitzstephen's *Descriptio Londoniæ*, printed at end of Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1598, p. 480.

Cambridge, cir. 1350, (*Ludus filiorum Israel*.) Masters, Hist. of C. C. College, ed. 1753, vol. i. p. 5.

London, Skinner's Well, Clerkenwell, 1391, (*Passion of our Lord and Creation of World*, lasted three days, ? cycle.) Stow's Survey, ed. 1598, p. 69.

London, *ibid.* 1409, (lasted eight days, 'of matter from the creation of the worlde,' cycle.) Stow, Survey, ed. 1598, p. 69, Chronicle, ed. 1615, p. 337; Devon's Issues of the Exchequer, 11 July, 14 Rich. II, p. 244.

London, 1557, Grey Friars, (*Passion of Christ*, on Corpus Christi Day.) Strype, Eccl. Mem., ed. 1822, iii., Part ii. p. 6.

London, ? 14th and 15th centuries, Holy Trinity gild, St. Botolph without Aldersgate, (*Pageants of Holy Trinity, St. Fabyan, St. Sebastian, St. Botulf*, and 'the terement' [Burial of Christ],) Hone's Ancient Mysteries, pp. 81, 85.

Canterbury, temp. Hen. VI, (Play of Corpus Christi, by the crafts.) 'Burgmote Orders' of the City, fo. 5 b, cir. 1500, MS. now in the Cathedral Library. J. Brent's *Canterbury in the Olden Time*, 1860, pp. 38, 47; who speaks of '40 acts,' and appears to confound the play with the gild of Corpus Christi.

- Canterbury**, 1501-2, (*Three Kyngs of Coleyn*, on Twelfth Day.) Mr. J. B. Sheppard in Hist. MSS. Commission, 9th Report, p. 147. [The 'Pagent of St. Thomas,' *ib.* p. 148, appears to have been a show, not a play.]
- Winchester**, 1487, (*Christi descensus ad inferos*, ? played by alms-boys,) MS. Wulvesey¹, apud Winton, cited in Warton, ed. 1840, vol. ii. p. 394 ; see *ib.* iii. p. 267. (The late D. G. Rossetti quoted the 'Winchester Mysteries' on his picture, 'A Christmas Carol,' 1867, but I am informed that no authority for this is known. See Catalogue of the Burlington Fine Arts Club for 1883, p. 29.)
- Worcester**, 1467, ('Five pageants among the crafts ;' Corpus Christi.) Toulmin Smith's 'English Gilds,' 1870, p. 385 ; Municipal records, quoted in 'Outlines of Life of Shakespeare,' by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, 4th ed. 1884, pp. 390, 391.
- Sleaford**, 1477, Gild of Holy Trinity, ('Kyngyng,' i.e. *Three Kings of Cologne*, on Corpus Christi day, and *Play of the Ascension*.) Add. MS. 28,533, fos. 1 v^o, 2.
- Leicester**, 1477, (*Passion Play*.) Wm. Kelly's Notices illust. of the Drama from Leicester records, 1865, p. 27. See also Thos. North's Church of St. Martin, Leicester, 1866, pp. 114, 115, for indications of other plays in 1546 and 1571.
- Aberdeen**, 1442-1531, (Candlemas play, *Offerand of Our Lady* ; also Corpus Christi play, 9, 7, and 10 pageants named.) Extracts from the Council Register of the Burgh of Aberdeen ; Spalding Club, Aberdeen, 1844, pp. 9, 432, 445, 451.
- Edinburgh**, 1503, Warton II, 224 ; 1554, (12 Oct.,) Record of the City, quoted in Sharp's Dissert. on Coventry Plays, p. 142 ; (the 'Play-field' where performed), Arnot's Hist. of Edinburgh, 1779, p. 76.
- Bassingbourne**, Cambridgeshire, 1511, (*Play of St. George*.) Churchwardens' Accounts, quoted by Warton, ed. 1871, vol. ii. p. 233 ; and the *Antiquary*, vol. vii. 1883, p. 25.
- Bethersden**, Kent, 1522, (*Ludi beatæ Christinae*.) MS. Churchwardens' Accounts : for a copy of the items as to the play I am indebted to Rev. A. F. Smith, Vicar.
- Heybridge**, Essex, 1532. Churchwardens' Accounts, quoted in J. P. Collier's 'Five Miracle Plays,' 1836, Har. of Hell, p. 3.

¹ The Rev. F. T. Madge of the Cathedral Library, Winchester, tells me that all the Wulvesey MSS. are now in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

- Wymondham**, Norfolk, 1549. Holinshed, ed. 1587, fo. 1028.
- Reading**, 1498-1557, (*Three Kings* at Whitsontyde; *Resurrection* and *Passion Plays* at Easter and Palm Sunday; *Adam, Cayme*, *Corpus Christi* plays.) Churchwardens' Accounts, Hist. of St. Lawrence, Reading, by Rev. C. Kerry, 1883, pp. 233-238.
- Lincoln**, 1564, (Play of *Old Tobit*.) Inventory of properties, quoted in *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 54, p. 103.
- Shrewsbury**, 1574, (A Stage-play acted in the High Street,) *Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities*, 1840, p. 665.
- Tewkesbury**, 1578, 1585. Churchwardens' Accounts, cited in *Collier, Ann. of Stage*, ed. 1879, ii. 67.
- Witney**, Oxfordshire, 16th century, (*The Resurrection*; a dumb show,) *W. Lambarde's Dict. Angliæ Topographicum*, p. 459.
- Preston,**
Lancaster, } *Corpus Christi* plays, seen in reign of James I, by
Kendall, } Weever, 'Funeral Monuments,' p. 405.
- * **York**, about 1360-1579, (cycle of 48 plays, *Corpus Christi*.) The present volume. One play, *The Scriveners*, is also found in a separate MS., now at York Philosophical Society; printed by J. Croft in *Excerpta Antiqua*, York 1797, p. 105, and by J. P. Collier, in *Camden Miscellany*, vol. iv. (see after p. 455).
- York**, before 1384; *Play of Our Lord's Prayer*. MS. *Compotus Roll*, in possession of Canon Raine, *Wiclif's Works*, see before, pp. xxviii, xxix; 'English Gilds,' p. 137.
- York**, 1446; *Creed Play*, performed every tenth year by gild of *Corpus Christi*. *Davies and Skaife*, see before, p. xxx, *notes* 2, 3.
- Beverley**, 1407-1604, (cycle of 36 plays, *Corpus Christi*), 'Beverlac,' by Geo. Poulson, 1829, pp. 268-275, 278 (gives list and details). See also *Lansd. MS.* 896, fos. 133, 139-140.
- * **Wakefield**, or neighbourhood, Towneley collection, (cycle of 32 plays.) MS. undated, of 15th century, now in possession of Mr. B. Quaritch; ed. by Rev. J. Stevenson, *Surtees Society*, 1836. Also the third play is printed by E. Mätzner in *Altenglische Sprachproben*, Berlin, 1867, p. 360; the thirteenth in J. P. Collier's *Five Miracle Plays*, 1836; and the thirtieth by F. Douce for the *Roxburgh Club*, 1822.
- * **Coventry**, 1468¹, (cycle of 42 plays, *Corpus Christi*), *Cott. MS. Vesp. D. viii*, ed. by J. O. Halliwell, *Shakespeare Society*, 1841. Also

¹ I. e. date of the MS.

Dugdale, Mon. Angl. vol. vi. pt. 3, pp. 1534-44, prints the first five plays. T. Sharp, Dissertation on Cov. Myst. 1825, says that these were not the plays 'exhibited by the trading companies of the city,' p. 7. The tenth play is printed in Collier's Five Miracle Plays, 1836.

- * **Coventry**, 1534, date of MS. only. The Shearmen and Taylors' Play, viz. *Birth of Christ and Offering of the Magi, with the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents*. MS. formerly in possession of Mr. Thos. Sharp, then at Longbridge House in the Staunton collection, afterwards burnt in the fire at Birmingham, 1879. Printed in Dissert. Cov. Myst. pp. 83-114, with copies of the music. Also, The Weavers' Play, *The Presentation in the Temple and Disputation with the Doctors*; ed. by Thos. Sharp, for the Abbotsford Club, 1836. See also J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' 'Life of Shakespeare,' 4th ed. 1884, pp. 383-389.
- * **Chester**, ? 15th century, (earliest MS. 1591; cycle of 24 plays, Whitsuntide,) in five MS. originals; ed. Thos. Wright, Shakespeare Society, 2 vols. 1843, 1847. The prologue, third and tenth plays also ed. by J. H. Markland, Roxburgh Club, 1818. The twenty-fourth (*Ante-Christ*) also ed. in Collier's Five Miracle Plays, 1836. A fragment of the nineteenth play was recently found in an old book cover by Mr. C. W. Sutton of the Free Library, Manchester, and is printed in the Manchester Guardian, 19 May, 1883.
- * **Newcastle-on-Tyne**, 1426-1589, (cycle of plays, 16 known,) J. Brand's Hist. of Newcastle, 1789, vol. ii. pp. 370-372. The text of one play only, *Noah's Ark*, exists, printed by Brand, ii. 373-379, and by Hen. Bourne, History of Newcastle-on-Tyne, London, 1736, p. 139. See, too, Mackenzie, ii. pp. 664, 672, 674, 691, 696.
- * **Dublin**, 15th century, (cycle, 14 plays known; Corpus Christi,) Walter Harris, History of Dublin, London, 1766, pp. 142-148. The text of one play only, *Abraham and Isaac*, exists, MS. D iv. 18, Trinity College, Dublin (hand temp. Henry VI). Printed by Collier, Five Miracle Plays, 1836.
- * **Norfolk or Suffolk**, 15th century¹, (*Play of Abraham and Isaac*.) MS. at Brome Hall *penes* Sir Edw. Kerrison. Printed in *Anglia* (Halle) Band VII, Heft 3, 1884, pp. 316-337, also in Mr. Walter Rye's Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany, vol. iii. part i.

¹ Date of the MS.

- * **Croxton** (? the county, perhaps Norfolk), 1461¹. *The Play of the Sacrament*, MS. F iv. 20, Trinity College, Dublin; ed. by Prof. Whitley Stokes, Transactions of the Philological Society, 1860-1, Berlin, Appendix, pp. 101-152.
- * **Cornwall**, 14th century¹, (*Origo Mundi, Passio Domini Nostri, Resurrexio Domini Nostri*, three plays forming the complete cycle of subjects taken by Corpus Christi plays),² In Cornish. Ed. and trans. by Edwin Norris, 'Ancient Cornish Drama,' Oxford, 1859.
- * **Cornwall**, 1504¹, (*Life of St. Meriasek*,) Hengwrt MS. at Peniarth. In Cornish. Ed. and trans. by Prof. Whitley Stokes, London (Trübner), 1872.
- * **Cornwall**, 1611¹, but ? older, (*The Creation of the World*.) In Cornish. Ed. and translated by Prof. Whitley Stokes, for the Philological Society, Berlin, 1863.
- * Besides these, five other plays have been preserved, nothing being known of where they were performed. One of these is the oldest English play or dramatic poem, the famous *Harrowing of Hell*. MS. Harl. 2253, fo. 55 b, temp. Edw. II or Edw. III, in Southern dialect. Printed by Collier, 'Five Miracle Plays,' and separately by J. O. Halliwell, London, 1840. An imperfect copy, of the first half of 14th century, in the Auchinleck MS. (Edinburgh), fos. 35-37, was printed by D. Laing, in 'Owain Miles and other inedited fragments of ancient English poetry,' Edinburgh, 1837. See also 'Englische Studien,' vol. vii. part i. p. 182, and the references there given.

The others are, *The Burial of Christ* and the *Resurrection*, a group of two played at Easter; early 16th century¹; Bodl. MS. E. mus. 160; printed by Halliwell in 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ,' 1843, vol. ii. p. 124, and re-printed by New Shakspere Society, 1882, with 'Digby Mysteries.' *The Killing of the Children* [or Candlemas Day], *Conversion of St. Paul*, and *Mary Magdalene*, in two parts; ? 1480-90. Digby MS. 133 at Oxford. Ed. F. J. Furnivall, 'Digby Mysteries,' New Shakspere Society, 1882. Also edited by Thos. Sharp for the Abbotsford Club, 1836. The first of these was also printed by Hawkins, 'Origin of English Drama,' 1773, and by Marriott, 'English Miracle Plays,' Basel, 1838.

¹ Date of the MS.

² The Cornish plays do not include the Marian legends; on the other hand they treat the tree-legend pretty fully.

III.

NOTES ON THE DIALECT¹ AND GRAMMAR.

I. **The Dialect** in the main is that of Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*². The grammar of the Northumbrian may be found in the Introduction to Hampole. See also Hampole's Psalms, ed. Bramley³; and more particularly the 'Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland,' by Dr. J. A. H. Murray (Philological Society, 1873), pp. 5, 37-39, 150-230.

II. A Midland (literary) scribe has altered much both in the way of grammar and orthography; in neither case have the changes been methodically made. The Northumbrian, it is known, was influenced by the Midland where the two dialects were contiguous.

III. Comparison with Hampole's works, or with any good Northumbrian specimen, shows that wholesale changes have been made in the rhyme-endings as well as elsewhere. The great change is from *a* to *o*, *fro*, *moste*, p. 1; *onely*, p. 2; goes = gas, p. 3; cf. *wa-la-way* and *wo*, p. 5; but *ane* and *wa* are left, p. 5; cf. *oondis* = *aandes*, p. 116. In the rhyme lines the scribe has only partly altered these.

Thus, gone and mone rhyme with nane and -ane, p. 62.

Cf. gane with one tane with slone taste and most, p. 218.	} pp. 90, 91.		Cf. langis wrong thrang	} p. 215.
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Cf. go fro bothe broode made	} p. 7	}	with	{	ta ga ma alswa	}	p. 101, where all the a's are kept.
	} p. 16						

¹ Based on some remarks kindly supplied by the Rev. Dr. R. Morris.

² Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Richard Morris, for the Philological Society, Berlin, 1863.

³ The Psalms of David, with a translation and exposition in English by Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited from manuscripts by the Rev. H. R. Bramley. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1884. Hampole's work in the *Pricke of Conscience* is unalliterative verse in couplets; in the Psalter it is prose. Hampole was a Yorkshireman; he died Sept. 29, 1349.

Cf. more }
 -fore } p. 97, and others } with { bare }
 þore } in pp. 197, 198 } { sare } p. 103.
 wore } { care }
 } { mare }

Cf. more }
 fore } p. 54, with { sare }
 yore } { mare } p. 139.
 } { ayre=are }

Cf. wore, fore, p. 170, with ware, fare, p. 171.

So holde	} one o rhymes } with three } p. 99. a's.	So gone	} p. 106.
calde		-ane	
alde		hole	
talde		bale	
		wroþe	} p. 140.
		skathe	

The rhymes more, -fore, þore, wore, are for *mare*, *are* (= before), *þare*, *ware*.

In the Northern dialect *more* (being *mare*) does not rhyme with *-fore*.

Hence we get bad rhymes like—

werre	} p. 130 (see p. 139).	soo = swa	} p. 211.
-fore		to	
-more		stone = stane	} p. 212.
wore		done	
fare	} p. 170 (see p. 173).	fro = fra	} p. 214.
roppe = rape		too	
jape		} p. 178.	

P. 135. Here is a bad rhyme, which may easily be set right—

fende } *Boune* does not = *bounden* here though it does elsewhere ;
 boune } bale may be taken as gen. s. ; and *bende* = bond will be
 amende } the correct rhyme. (See O. E. Miscellany, p. 142 ;
 kende } Gamelyn, l. 831.)

On p. 140, *olde* rhymes with *belde* ; but *olde* does not = *alde*, old, but *elde* = age. So correct to *elde*.

Other bad rhymes are—

goo = ga	} p. 60.	come	} p. 154.
-too		home	
fone	} p. 65.	gome	
sone			
boone = bunden	} p. 157 (see bune, begunne, p. 262).		
sone = sone			
begonne = begunnen			

were } are } bere }	p. 238.	foune } boune }	p. 261.
honde = hande } ronne }	p. 261.	more } þere }	p. 302.

IV. Peculiarities of Orthography:—

(a) We find a double letter after a long vowel, as—cesse rhymes encrese, p. 127 ; encresse rhymes chase = encrese and chese, p. 186 ; esse—plese, p. 202 ; heppe—leppe = hepe and lepe, p. 150 ; latte—abatte = late and abate, p. 148 ; cf. wotte—gate = wate and gate, p. 148 ; cf. spakke—take, p. 186 ; late—watte, p. 182 ; hette—fete, p. 181 ; sette—ette = ete, p. 234 ; latte, gatte, hatte = late, gate, hate, p. 213 ; latt = layte, rhymes consayte, p. 208 ; fudde = fude, rhymes blude, p. 83 ; deffe = defe, p. 267/337 ; wiffe, liffe, p. 282/294, 299.

(b) *u* = *o*, fure and blure = fore and blore, p. 85 ; cf. mode and gud, hune and sone, p. 209.

(c) *ay* is written for *a* (modern *o*) ; layre, fayre, pp. 78, 79 ; fays = fas, p. 79. So bayle is written for *bale* ; *i* is omitted in *fraste*, p. 76 ; braype = brape rhymes wrope = wrape, p. 225.

(d) Note the senseless *e*'s in *wedde*, *cledde*, *bredde* = wed, cled, bred, p. 94, and many others.

(e) sight and wryte = site (sorrow) and write, p. 150.

(f) *y* = *e* ; cf. drygh and nygh, p. 298, for dreggh (see dergh for dreggh, p. 349/2) ; bryme = breme (fierce), and deme, p. 306.

(g) Occasional instances of *gh* for *w*, very common in Hampole—laugher = lawer, lower, p. 281/275 ; aughen = own, p. 100/202 ; saughe = saw, p. 129/86.

(h) There is a very corrupt rhyme on p. 293 ; to blowes (an inf., read 'to *blawe*') rhymes with lawes, knawe, and sawes. These *s*'s are all wrong.

V. Non-Northumbrian forms are—such for swilk, p. 186/21 ; which for whilk, p. 340/98 ; as for als ; erly for arly, p. 49/114 ; farrar = ferre, pp. 72, 73 ; sterres = sternes, p. 400 ; brayne for harnes (brains), p. 333 ; euyl for ill, p. 127 (see pp. 129, 133) ; sleeis = slas, p. 141/115 ; dong = dungen, p. 331/332 ; hande = hende, p. 190 (see the rhymes on pp. 339/79, 82 and 376/73, 75, also pp. 235/56, 424/114) ; sche = scho, sho, p. 194/17, 33. Churl, chorl for carl, korl, on account of the alliteration ? p. 280/242 (cf. 338/37) ; woll for will, p. 374/328 ; bretheren for brether, p. 347/37.

VI. Grammar:—

[The following are the normal forms of Northern Middle English.

NOUNS. The *plural* is formed in *is*, *ys*, *s*, occasionally in *es*. The few exceptions are pl. in *en*, as *eghen*, *eghne*, *oxen*, *shoon*, *fan*, or *fon*=foes; in *er*, *childer*; vowel-change, as *brether*, *fet*, *hend*, *men*, *ky*, *mys*; plural unchanged, as *schepe*, *swyne*, *dere*, *nowt*, *horse*.—The *genitive singular* ends usually in *es*, *s*, but often (especially when it had not *es* in O. E.) is quite uninflected; ‘*in a worme likenes*,’ 23/23, *syster sone*.

ADJECTIVES are uninflected for number, gender, or case. Relics of the O. E. genitive plural in *-ra* remain in *althermast*, *alderbest*, *allers*, *althers*, and with additional *-(e)s* in *bather(e)s*.—The *comparison* is often in *-ar(e)*¹, and *ast(e)*, *ast*, instead of *er* and *est*; the comparatives, *ferre*, *nerre* or *narre*, *werre* or *warre*, farther, worse, nearer, are also found.

The terminations *-lic*, *-like*, *-ly* interchange.

PRONOUNS. 1 *pers. s.*, *Ic*, *ik*, *I*; 3 *pers. f. sing.*, *sco*, *scho*, *sho*; pl. *þai*, *þaim*, *þam*. *Possessives*, *ur*, *our*, *owr*, *þour*, *þowre*, *yhowre*, *thair*, *thayr*; *ures*, *oures*, *þoures*, *thairs*. *Demonstratives*, *þa*, *þas(e)*, *tho*, *those*, *þir*, *þer*, *these*, *swilk*, *ilka*. *Qua*, *qhua*, *quhether*, *quhilk*, are Northern forms of the *interrogative*, but are not found in the plays.

VERBS. The inflexion of the *present indicative* is to be specially noted. It has two forms, the one used with the proper pronoun immediately preceding or following²:—

Sing. *Ic*, *I*, *syng(e)*,
þu synges,
he synges;

Pl. *we syng(e)*,
þe syng(e),
þai syng(e);

the other takes *-s* or *-es* throughout, when the subject is either absent, or is another word than the personal pronoun, e.g. a noun, relative, &c.:—

Sing. *I that synges*;

Pl. *we that synges*,

þe that synges.

þe briddes synges.

we ga hame and tas reste.

Past tense, and *past participle* of weak verbs end with *id*, *yd*, *ed*, *d*, *t*.

Past part. of strong verbs in *en*, *yn*, *in*, *n*.

Present or active part. in *and*, *ande*.

Gerund or verbal substantive in *ing*, *yng*.

The *imperative*, 2 *pers. pl.* ends in *is*, *ys*, *es*, *s*, when the pronoun is absent. *Gas hame!* *Ga þhe hame*.

¹ The bracket (signifies that the *e* is sometimes present, sometimes absent.

² Murray, *Dialect of Southern Counties of Scotland*, p. 212.

The chief PHONOLOGICAL peculiarities are,—

In certain cases *a* replaces the Southern *o*, as *gast, sang, stan, mare*¹.

<i>k</i>	„	„	<i>ch</i>	„ kyrke.
<i>f</i>	„	„	<i>v</i>	„ doufe, gif.
<i>sc</i>	„	„	<i>sh</i>	„ scryke (shriek).
hard <i>g</i>	„	„	soft <i>dg</i>	„ bryg.
<i>gh</i>	„	„	<i>w</i>	„ felagh, aghen.
<i>j</i>	„	„	<i>g</i>	„ jates.

ORTHOGRAPHICALLY, *ȝ* was retained for *y*, as in *ȝearn*.

It has been shown by Dr. Murray that in the Northern dialect *-i* or *-y* was added to another vowel simply to lengthen it (like silent *e* now), not to make a diphthong, *gaïs = gās* (*gaes, gase*), *dois = dōs* (*does, dose*), *hais = has* (*hase, haes*), *stroyd = strōd* (*strood*), *rois = rōs* (*rose*). This will often explain apparent difficulties of rhyme.

Specially Northern are *thethen, hethen, whethen*; *fra* = from, *til* = to, *intil* = into; *sall* = shall, *suld* = shuld; *what-kyn*, thus-gates, *sa-gates*, *no-gates*; *swilk, slyke* = such, *whilk* = which.

L. T. S.]

(1) The Midland scribe has introduced *-st* and *-th* for *-es* or *-s* (verb), see pp. 99/192, 104/51, 108/180, 162/139, 228/208, 229/225, 235/57, 260/149, 351/64.

(2) *Shall, shulde, sulde*, for *sall* and *salde*, *passim*; see *shalle* for *sall*, p. 15.

(3) *Aren* for *ere*, p. 63/235; *are* for *ere*, p. 70/29.

(4) *ȝei, ȝer, ȝem*, for *ȝai, ȝair, ȝar, ȝam, ȝaim*, *passim*; *tho* for *tha*, *thas* those; *hem* once, on p. 281 !!

(5) The contraction of the passive participles: *boune, foune, or bone, fone*, for *bunden, funden*, pp. 11, 56, 65, 98/155, 131/136, 135, 157, 261, 262, 263. This is common in modern northern dialects: sc. *bun'* for *bounden*, &c. See the bad rhymes, p. 261.

¹ Note that O.E. *ā* remained in the North, while in the 13th century it became *o* in the South; so in most of the other phonological changes, the North has the older forms.

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¹ This Index includes all the crafts named in this volume. The edition of *Liber Albus* referred to is the Latin one; Bardsley's *History of Surnames*, also consulted, contains several errors founded on Drake's misapprehension of the part taken by the crafts in the plays and the procession.

face dubber ne fuller tielx draps, et les vendent pur novels.'

Escriveners, xxvi, xxxix, 448, scribes, writers of text.

Feuers, xxii, smiths.

Fergus play, xxvii, xxviii, xlix *note*.

Fletchers, xxiii, 254, those who feathered arrows.

Founders, xx, 102, melters and moulders of metal (Lat. *funderere*, to pour).

Fullers, xx, 18.

Fuystours, xxvi, joiners, makers of saddle-trees and ? of pack-saddles.

Fyshers, 45.

Garthyner, xxi *note*, gardeners.

Gaunters, glovers, xx, 35.

Gilds of Lord's Prayer and Corpus Christi, xxviii-xxxi.

Girdlers, xxii, xl, 146, makers of small articles in metal work, see p. xl.

Glovers, xx, xxxix, 35.

Goldbeters, xxi.

Goldsmiths, xxi *note*, xlii, 125 *note*, 126.

Grammar of Northern dialect, lxxii; of these plays, lxix-lxxiii.

Hatmakers, xxii *note*, 433.

Hayresters, xxv, ? workers in horse-hair.

Horners, xxiii *note*, ? makers of horn ware.

Hosiers, xx, 68.

Hostilers, 491.

Innholders, xxvii *note*, xxxv, xlii, 491 *note*, 514.

Ironmongers, xv, xxii.

Italian play in MS., xlv *note*, xlvii, lviii.

Judas, lost play on, xxiv *note*.

Junours, xxvi, joiners; see Fuystours.

Kidberers, xxi *note*. Faggots or bundles of wood for firewood are called *kids* in Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire.

Laborers, xxiii *note*, 433.

Latoners, xxvi; makers of laten, a mixed metal, and laten vessels.

Leonard's, St., hospital of, xxi.

Lord's Prayer, play of, xxviii, xxix, xxxiii.

Lorimers, xxii, xli, 156, makers of the bit for horses.

Losses in the MS., xv.

Luminers, xxvi, xxxix ? illuminators.

Canon Raine reads xvi as *lumnners*, I read it *limners*, which is supported by *Liber Albus* (p. 715), 'lymnours.'

Lyme-burners, xxxix, xlii.

Lyn- or lynenweuers, xxiv *note*, xxvii, xl, linen-weavers.

Lytsteres, Littesteres, xxiv, 292.

Mariners, xl, 45.

Marshalls, xxi, xli, 138; men who shod and cured horses. See Ordinances 3, 4, 5 in *Antiquary*, March, 1885.

Masons, xxi, xxiii *note*, xxvii *note*, 123, 125 *note*, 433.

Melton, William, his sermons about the plays, xxxiv.

Mercers, xxvii, 497.

Midland scribe copied the plays, lxix.

Millers, xxv *note*, xl.

Monemakers, xxi.

Music in the plays, xvii, lix, lx, 517-527.

Mynstrells, xxxviii, 125 *note*.

Naylers, xxii, 146.

Omitted plays, xv, xxiv *note*, xxvii.

Orfeuers, xxi, goldsmiths.

'Originals,' xvii, lv *note*, 18, 29.

Ostillers, 491.

Pageants, xxxv.

Pageant houses, xxxvi.

Pageant-masters, xxxviii, xli.

Pageant-silver, xxix *note*, xxxviii.

Palmer, 421 *note*, 433 *note*.

Parchemyners, xx, 56, makers and sellers of parchment.

Pardoners, xxvi *note*.

Paris candles, xxiv *note*.

Paten-makers, xxii, makers of pattens for the feet.

- Payntours, xxvi, 349.
 Percula, Pilate's wife, 272 *note*.
 Pessoners, xx, *piscenarii*, xl, 45, fishermen, fishers.
 Pestours, xxxii, bakers.
 Pewterers, xx, xxxv, 102, makers of pewter and pewter vessels.
 Pilate, name of, xlviii, 271.
 Places in England where plays found, lxiv-lxviii.
 Plasterers, xix, xxxviii, xxxix, 8.
 Play, *ludus*, what included in the word, xxix, xxxi, xxxvii.
 Players, xxxvii, xxxviii.
 Plays omitted in Register, three, xv, xxvii, xxviii; suppressed or combined, xxii, xxiv *note*; produced by the crafts, not by Corpus Christi gild, xxx, xxxi; general style and characteristics, lvi; *see* Places.
 Plays (Corpus Christi), individual, named in city books, *Moses and Pharaoh*, x *note*; *Purification*, xxi *note*; *Judas*, xxiv; *Condemnacio Jesu Cristi*, xxv; *Fergus*, xxvii; *Navis Noe*, xl; *Coronacion of our Lady*, xlii; *Herod and the three Kings*, 125 *note*.
 Plummers, xxii.
 Porter in *Macbeth*, lviii.
 Potters, xxvii, 465.
 Pouchemakers, xxii.
 Proclamation of the plays, xviii, xxxiii.
 Prompter, lv, 246, 285.
 Prophets, prologue or play, xx, xlv, xlvii.
 Pulsters, xxvi, poulterers.
 Pynners, xxvi, xl, 349, makers of pins and other articles of wire.
 Questors, xxvi, ? pardoners.
 Reform of the play-book, xvi.
 Revetour, William, ii *note*, xxx.
 Rimes, corrupt or bad, causes of, lii, lxix, lxx.
 Ropers, xxv *note*.
 Sadillers, 372.
 Salse-makers = saucemakers, xxiv *note*, makers (?) of salt pickle (Bardsley, p. 371; Riley's *Memorials*, xxi).
 Sawiers, xxii.
 Scalers, xxiii.
 Scenes and scenery, liv, 83, 202.
 Scriveners' play, a separate MS., 455 *note*.
 Sellers, xxvi, 372, sadlers (Bardsley, p. 289 *note*, was led into error as to 'satellemakers' and 'satchels' by Drake).
 Shakespeare and the religious plays, lviii.
 Shermen, 337; those who shore the nap of cloth (*Liber Albus*, p. 724, trans., p. 630).
 Shethers, xxiii.
 Shipmen, *marinarii*, xx, xl.
 Shipwrights, xx, 40.
 Sibyl legend, xlii, xlvii.
 Skinners, xxiii, xxiv *note*, *pelliparii*, xxxvi, xl, 201.
 Sledmen, 421 *note*, 426, porters or carriers; no 'sleddman' may carry by cart, 'slede' nor horse what belongs to the porters to bear. Ordinances of the Porters, book $\frac{B}{V}$, fo. 153.
 Smiths, xli, 178.
 Social life, touches of, lvii.
 Spicers, xx, 93, sellers of spice and drugs = grocers. The 'spices' paid for in 1399 by the Gild of our Lord's Prayer, included 'puluere piperis, clowes, rasyns curant, dates, zucre, almondes, rys, zinziberis, rasyns malyk, fyges, maces.' Roll *penes* Canon Raine; *see* p. xxix.
 Sporiers, spurriers, xxii, xli, 156.
St. George's play, xxxi, xxxv.
 Stage-directions in MS. xvii; new, added, lix.
 Stations in York where plays performed, xxxii.
 Talliaunders, xxvi, taylors.
 Tannours, xix.
 Tapiters, Tapeners, xxiii *note*, xxvii *note*, 270, makers of tapestry, coverlets and (?) hangings — 'de omnibus pannis, tam coverlettes quam

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>tapettes.' Ordinances of the Tapis-
ters, book $\frac{A}{Y}$, fo. 282.</p> <p>Taylors, 456.</p> <p>Tielmakers, tilemakers, xxv, and <i>note</i>,
320.</p> <p>Tille-thekkers, xxi <i>note</i>, 112, tile-
thatchers.</p> <p>Tixt-writers, xxxix.</p> <p>Towneley Plays, xlvi and <i>note</i>, 68,
156, 372, 396, 501.</p> <p>Tree legend and oil of mercy, xlviii,
lxiii.</p> <p>Trinity Priory in Micklegate, xi, xii,
xxxii, xliii.</p> <p>Turners, xxv, xxxix.</p> <p>Tylers, xxi, xxxix, tilers of houses.</p> | <p>Veronica, xxv, xlix.</p> <p>Verrours, xxvi, glaziers.</p> <p>Vestment-makers, xxiii, xl.</p> <p>Vintners' play, xv, xxii.</p>
<p>Wadmen, xxvi, woad merchants.</p> <p>Water-leders, xxiii, xxiv, 307, water-
carriers.</p> <p>Wefferes, 480, weavers.</p> <p>Wevers of wollen, xxvii, 421 <i>note</i>, 480.</p> <p>Wolpakkers, xxvi.</p> <p>Wyne-drawers, xxvi, 421, carters or car-
riers of wine in the pipe or tun, Riley's
<i>Memorials</i>, p. xxi, <i>Liber Albus</i>, 706.</p> <p>Wyre-drawers, xl.</p>
<p>York liturgical books, 525, 527.</p> |
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THE PLAYS

PERFORMED BY

THE CRAFTS OF YORK.

I. THE BARKERS.

lf. 2.

The Creation, and the Fall of Lucifer.

(First quire is unsigned.)

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

DEUS.

PRIMUS ANGELUS SERAPHYN.

ANGELUS CHERABYN.

PRIMUS ANGELUS DEFICIENS, LUCIFER. } *Each changes into*
SECUNDUS ANGELUS DEFICIENS. } *diabolus in inferno.*

[SCENE I, *Heaven.*]

[**Deus.**] *Ego sum Alpha et O. vita via
Veritas primus et nouissimus.*

*Genesis i. 1-5.
Judē 6.*

1. I am gracyus and grete, god withoutyn begynnyng,
I am maker vnmade, all mighte es in me,
I am lyfe and way vnto welth wynnyng,
I am formaste and fyrste, als I byd sall it be.
My blyssyng o ble sall be blendyng,
And heldand fro harme to be hydande ¹,
My body in blys ay abydande
Vne[n]dande withoutyn any endyng.
2. Sen I am maker vnmade, and moste so of mighte,
And ay sall be endeles, and noghte es but I,
Vnto my dygnyte dere sall diewly be dyghte
A place full of plente to my plesyng at ply,

The attributes of
God.

4

8

The unending
creator shall
have a place to
delight him,

12

¹ MS. has *hyndande*.

And therewith als wyll I haue wrought
 Many dyuers doynges be-dene,
 Whilke warke sall mekely contene,
 And all sall be made euen of noghte. 16

but he inspires
 only his wor-
 thiest work.

3. But onely þe worthely warke of my wyll
 In my sprete sall enspyre þe mighte of me,
 And in þ^e fyrste, faythely, my thoughts to full-fyll,
 Baynely in my blyssyng I byd at here be 20
 A blys al-beledande abowte me ;
 In þe whilke blys I byde at be here
 Nyen ordres of aungels full clere,
 In louyng ay lastande at lowte me. 24

Nine orders of
 angels, to obey,
 with everlasting
 praise.

*Tunc cantant ang[eli]¹ Te deum [laudamus te dominum
 confitemur]¹.*

God grants the
 earth, to his
 faithfull servants.
 lf. 2 b.

4. Here vndernethe me nowe a nexile I neuene,
 Whilke Ile sall be erthe now, all be at ones
 Erthe haly and helle, þis hegheste be heuen,
 And that welth² sall welde sall won in þis wones. 28
 Thys graunte I 3owe mynysters myne,
 To-whils 3he ar stabill in thoghte ;
 And also to þaime þat ar noghte 31
 Be put to my presone at pyne. [To Lucifer :

God makes
 Lucifer chief of
 the powers next
 below him.

5. Of all þe mightes I haue made moste nexte after me,
 I make þe als master and merour of my mighte,
 I beelde þe here baynely in blys for to be,
 I name þe for Lucifer, als berar of lyghte. 36
 No thyng here sall þe be derand,
 In þis blis sall be 3hour beeldyng,
 And haue al welth in 3oure weledyng,
 Ay whils 3he ar buxumly berande. 40

¹ In the MS. these words are obliterated.

² MS. has *welthth*.

*Tunc cantant angeli, Sanctus sanctus sanctus, dominus deus
sabaoth.*

6. **Primus angelus seraphyn.** A ! mercyfull maker, full
mekill es pi mighte,
pat all this warke at a worde worthely has wroghte, ✓
Ay loved be pat lufly lorde of his lighte, 43
That vs thus mighty has made, pat nowe was righte noghte ;
In blys for to byde in hys blyssyng,
Ay lastande, in luf lat vs lowte hym,
At beelde vs thus baynely abowete hym,
Of myrthe neuermore to haue myssyng. 48
7. **Primus angelus deficiens Lucifere.** All the myrth pat es
made es markide in me,
pe bemes of my brighthode ar byrnande so bryghte,
And I so semely in syghte my selfe now I se, 51
For lyke a lorde am I lefte to lende in pis lighte,
More fayrear be far pan my feres,
In me is no poynte pat may payre,
I fele me fetys and fayre,
My powar es passande my peres. 56
8. **Ang. cherabyn.** Lord ! wyth a lastande luf we loue pe
allone,
pou mightefull maker pat markid vs and made vs,
And wroghte us thus worthely to wone in this wone¹,
Ther neuer felyng of fylth may full vs nor fade vs. 60
All blys es here beeldande a-boute vs,
To-whyls we are stabyll in thoughte
In pe worschipp of hym pat us wroghte
Of dere neuer thar vs more dowte vs. 64
9. **Prim. ang. defic.** O ! what I am fetys and fayre and
fygured full fytt !
pe forme of all fayrehede apon me es feste,

Job xxxviii. 7.

The angels praise
God.

If. 3.

' I am like a
lorde ! beauteous
and powerful.'

While we are
faithful we need
fear no harm.

' How elegant
and shining I
am !'

¹ MS. *wonnis*.

All welth in my weelde es, I wete be my wytte,
 þe bemes of my brighthede are bygged with þe beste. 68
 My schewyng es schemerande and schynande,
 So bygly to blys am I broghte,
 Me nedes for to noy me righte noghte,
 Here sall neuer payne me be pynande. 72

Pain will never
 pine me.

10. **Ang. seraphyn.** With all þe wytt at we welde we wyschip
 þi wyll,
 þu gloryus god þat es grunde of all grace,
 Ay with stedefaste steuen lat vs stande styll,
 Lorde ! to be fede with þe fode of thi fayre face. 76
 In lyfe that es lely ay lastande,
 Thi dale, lorde, es ay daynetethly delande,
 And who so þat fode may be felande
 To se thi fayre face es noght fastande. 80

Angels praise
 God with stead-
 fast voice.

lf. 3 b.

11. **Prim. ang. defec. Lucifer.** Owe ! certes ! what I am
 worthely wroghte with wyschip, i-wys!
 For in a glorius gle my gleteryng it glemes,
 I am so mightyly made my mirth may noghte mys, 83
 Ay sall I byde in this blys thorowe brightnes of bemes.
 Me nedes noghte of noy for to neuen,
 All welth in my welde haue I weledande,
 Abowne ȝhit sall I be beeldand,
 On heghte in þe hyeste of hewuen. 88

'How splendid
 and mighty I am,

I shall dwell in
 the highest
 heaven.'

Boasting and
 pride before
 a fall.

12. Ther sall I set my selfe, full semely to seyghte,
 To ressayue my reuerence thorowe righte o renowne,
 I sall be lyke vnto hym þat es hyeste on heghte ; 91
 Owe ! what I am derworth and defte.—Owe ! dewes ! all
 goes downe¹ !
 My mighte and my mayne es all marrande,
 Helpe ! felawes, in faythe I am fallande.
 Sec. ang. defec. Fra heuen are we heledande on all hande,
 To wo are we weendande, I warande. 96

The devils fall.

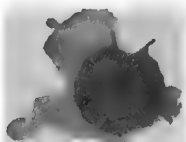
¹ Line 92 is cut into two lines in the MS.

[SCENE II, *Hell.*]

13. **Lucifer deiabolus in inferno.** Owte owte ! harrowe !
 helples, slyke hote at es here,
 This es a dongon of dole pat I am to-dyghte,
 Whare es my kynde be-come, so cumly and clere,
 Nowe am I laytheste, alas ! pat are was lighte. 100
 My bryghtnes es blakkeste and blo nowe ;
 My bale es ay betande and brynande,
 That gares ane go gowlande and gyrnande.
 Owte ! ay walaway ! I well enew in wo nowe ! 104
14. **Secundus diabolus.** Owte ! owte ! I go wode for wo, my lf. 4.
 wytte es all wente nowe,
 All oure fode es but filth, we fynde vs beforne,
 We pat ware beelled in blys in bale are we brent nowe,
 Owte ! on þe Lucifer, lurdan ! oure lyghte has þu lorne. 108
 þi dedes to þis dole nowe has dyghte us,
 To spill vs þu was oure spedar,
 For thou was oure lyghte and oure ledar,
 Þe hegheste of heuen hade þu hyght vs. 112
15. **Lucifer in inferno.** Walaway ! wa ! es me now, nowe es
 it war thane it was.
 Vnthyruandely threpe þhe, I sayde but a thoghte.
Secund. diab. We ! lurdane, þu lost vs.
Luc. in inf. þhe ly, owte ! alas !
 I wyste noghte þis wo sculde be wroghte. 116
 Owte on þhow ! lurdans, þhe smore me in smoke.
Secund. diab. This wo has þu wroghte vs.
Luc. in inf. þhe ly, þhe ly !
Secund. diab. Thou lyes, and pat sall þu by,
 We lurdans haue at þowe, lat loke. 120

'Oh ! it is so hot
 here ! my comli-
 ness is now black
 and blue.'

Lamentation of
 the devils who
 turn round and
 abuse Lucifer,
 their leader.



[SCENE III, *Heaven.*]

16. *Angelus cherubyn.* A ! lorde, loud be thi name þat vs
 þis lighte lente,

Sen Lucifer oure ledar es lighted so lawe
 For hys vnbuxumnes in bale to be brente,

Angels applaud
 the righteousness
 of God.

Thi rightwysnes to rewarde on rowe.

124

Ilke warke eftyr is wroghte

Thorowe grace of þi mercyfull myghte,

The cause I se itt in syghte,

If. 4 b.

Wharefore to bale he es broghte.

128

17. *Deus*¹. Those foles for paire fayre-hede in fantasyes fell,
 And hade mayne of mighte þat marked þam and made
 þam,

Those fools who
 fancied their
 power so reach-
 ing shall have
 no grace.

For-thi efter paire warkes were, in wo sall þai well,

For sum ar fallen into fylthe þat euermore sall fade þam,

And neuer sall haue grace for to gyrrh þam.

133

So passande of power tham thoght þam,

Thai wolde noght me worschip þat wroghte þam,

For-þi sall my wreth euer go with þam.

136

18. Ande all that me wyrshippe sall wone here, i-wys,
 For-thi more forthe of my warke wyrke nowe I will.

' Since the bad
 ones are marred
 I will make man
 in mine own
 image.'

Syn than þer mighte es for-marryde þat mente all o-mys,

Euen to myne awne fygyre þis blys to fulfyll,

140

Mankynde of moulde will I make ;

But fyrste wille I fourme hym before,

All thyng that sall hym restore,

To whilke þat his talents will take.

144

19. Ande in my fyrste making to mustyr my mighte,
 Sen erthe is vayne and voyde, and myrknes emel,
 I byd in my blyssyng zhe aungels gyf lyghte
 To þe erthe, for it faded when þe fendes fell.

' The earth grew
 dark when the
 fiends fell,

148

¹ *The* inserted, apparently later, before *deus*.

In hell sall neuer myrknes be myssande,

þe myrknes thus name I for nighte,

The day þat call I this lyghte.

My after warkes sall þai be wyssande ;

let there be light
and darkness,
152

20. Ande now in my blyssyng I twyne tham in two,

The nighte euen fro þe day, so þat thai mete neuer,

day and night.

But ather in a kynde courese þaire gates for to go,

Bothe þe nighte and þe day, does dewly ȝhour deyuer. 156 lf. 5.

To all I sall wirke be ȝhe wysshying,

This day warke es done ilke a dele,

And all þis warke lykes me ryght wele,

And baynely I gyf it my blyssyng.

160

Explicit ¹.

¹ Near the bottom of this page is written, in a later hand and ink than the text, the date 1583, enclosed in a scroll.

II. PLAYSTERERS.

The Creation, to the fifth day.

[PERSON OF THE PLAY.
DEUS.]

[SCENE, *The New World.*]

Deus. *In altissimis habito*, in the heghest heuyn my hame
haue I,

Gen. i. 6-25.

Eterne mentis & ego, withoutyn ende ay lastandly ¹

Sen I haue wrought pīre worldys wyde,

heuen and ayre and erthe also,

Although fools
aspired to the
godhead,

My hegh godhede I will noght hyde,

all yf sūme foles be fallyn me fro.

4

When þai assent with syn of pride,

vp for to trine my trone vnto,

they have fallen
into woe.

In heuen þai myght no le[n]gger byde,

but wyghtly went to wone in wo ;

And sen þai wrange haue wrought,

my likes to lat þam go,

To suffir sorowe on soght,

syne þai haue seruid so.

8

þare mys may neuer be amendid

sen þai a-sent me to forsake, .

¹ In the MS. this piece is written throughout in the long lines of sixteen or twelve syllables ; they are here divided for greater convenience. The same kind of stanza, with a slight diversity of rimes, will be found in twelve other plays (see Introduction), but they were usually written in the short lines.

For all þere force non sall þame fende
for to be fendys foule & blake.

They will be
black fiends for
ever.

And þo þat lykys with me to lende,
and trewly tent to me will take,
Sall wonne in welth withoutyn ende,
and all-way wynly with me wake.

12

þai salle haue for þare sele
solace þat neuer sall slake.

þis warke me thynkys full wele,
and more now will I make.

Syne þat þis world es ordand euyne,
furth well I publysch my powere,
Noght by my strenkyth but by my steuyn,
a firmament I byd apere; —

Heaven is created
with the firma-
ment to teach
the waters their
course.

16

Emange þe waterris lyght so leuyn,
þere cursis lely for to lere,
And þat same sall be namyd hewuyn,
with planitys and with clowdis clere.

þe water I will be set
to flowe bothe fare and nere,

And þan þe firmament,
in mydis to set þame sere;

20

þe firmament sal nough[t] moue,
but be a mene, þus will I mene,
Ouir all þe worlde to halde and houe,
And be you tow wateris be-twyne¹. —

The firmament
shall not move,
but divide the
waters above
and beneath.

Vndir þe heuyn, and als a-boue,
þe wateris serly sall be sene,
And so I wille my post proue,
by creaturis of kyndis clene.

24

þis warke is² to my pay
right well², withoutyn wyne¹, >

¹ *twyne* and *wyne* are intended to rime with *mene* and *clene*.

² MS. has *his* and *will*. See *his* in l. 62.

End of the
second day.

Þus sese þe secunde day
of my doyngys bydene.

Moo sutyll werkys asse-say I sall,
for to be set in seruice sere ;

' Let the dry
land appear,'
lf. 6.

Alle ye wateris grete and smalle
þat vndir heuyn eorðande here,

28

Gose to-gedir and holde yow all,
and be a flode festynde in fere,
So þat the erthe, bothe downe and dale,
in drynesch playnly may a-pere ;

Þe drynes ' lande ' sall be
namyd, bothe ferre and nere,

And þen I name þe ' se,'
geddryng of wateris clere.

32

' Let the earth
bring forth grass,'
herbs and trees,

Þe erthe sall fostyr and furthe bryng,
buxsumly as I wyle byde,

Erbys and also othyr thyng,
well for to wax and worthe to wede ;

Treys also þar-on sall spryng,
with braunchis and with bowis on-brede,

With flouris fayr on heght to hyng,
and fruth also to fylle and fede.

36

each ' yielding
fruit after his
kind, whose seed
is in itself,'

And þane I will þat þay
of þem selfe haue þe sede,

And mater þat þay may
be lastande furth in lede.

And all þer materis es in mynde,
for to be made of mekyl might,

that they may
bear many
bright buds.

And to be kest in dyueris kynde
so for to bere sere burgvns bright.

40

And when þer frutys is fully fynde,
and fayrest semande vnto syght,

Þane þe wedris wete and wynde
oway I will it wende full wyght,

The wet and
wind shall dis-
perse the seed,
that new roots
may grow.

And of þere sede full sone,
new rotys sall ryse vp right.

þe third day þus is done,
þire dedis er dewly dyght.

44

Now sene þe erthe þus ordand es,
mesurid and made by myn assent,
Grathely for to growe with gres,
and wedis þat sone away bese went,

Of my gudnes now will I ges,
so þat my werkis no harmes hent,

Two lyghtis, one more and one lesse,
to be fest in þe firmament ;

The more light to [the] day
fully suthely sall be sent,

þe lesse lyght all-way
to þe nyght sall take entent.

‘Two great
lights, the greater
48 light to rule the
day, the lesser
light to rule the
night,’

þir figuris fayre þat further sun ¹ -
þus on sere sydys serue þai sall,
The more lyght sall be namid þe son,
dymnes to wast be downe and be dale ;

52

Erbis and treys þat er by-gune,
all sall he gouerne, gret and smale,
With cald yf þai be closid or bun,
thurgh hete of þe sun þai sal be hale.

Als ye I haue honours
in alkyn welth to wale,

lf. 6 b.

So sall my creaturis
euir byde withoutyn bale.

56

þe son and þe mone on fayre manere,
now grathly gange in þour degre,
Als ye haue tane þoure curses clere
to serue furth loke ye be fre,

‘for signs, for
seasons, for days
and years.’

For ye sall set ² þe sesons sere,

¹ The MS. looks like *sum*.

² MS. *ye set*.

kyndely to knowe in ilke cuntre,
 Day fro day, and yere fro yere,
 by sertayne signes suthly to se. 60
 Þe heuyn sall be ouer hyld
 with sternys to stand plente.
 Þe furthe day his fulfillid;
 þis werke well lykys me.

He made the
 stars also.

'God created
 great whales,
 and other fish to
 swim with fins;
 greater and less;
 some mild, some
 fierce.

Now sen þir werkis er wroght with wyne,
 and fundyn furth be firth and fell,
 Þe see now will I set within 64
 whallis whikly for to dewell;
 And othir fysch to flet with fyne,
 sum with skale and sum with skell,
 Of diueris materis more and myn,
 in sere maner to make and mell;
 Sum sall be milde and meke¹,
 and sum both fers and fell,
 Þis world þus will I eke,
 syn I am witt of well. 68

Also winged fowl
 with feathers to
 fly from place to
 place and to
 alight.

Also vp in þe ayre on hyght
 I byd now þat þore be ordande,
 For to be foulis fayre and bright,
 dewly in þare degre dwelland²,
 With fedrys fayre to frast þer flight
 fro³ stede to stede where þai will stande,
 And also leythly for to lyght
 whore so þame lykis in ilke a londe. 72
 Þane fysch and foulis sere,
 kyndely I þow commande,
 To meng on þoure mannere⁴,
 both be se and sande.

¹ MS. has *meke and milde*, but it was evidently intended as above, to rime with *eke*.

² MS. *dewlland*.

³ MS. *for*.

⁴ MS. has *manener*.

Þis materis more 3itt will I mende,
 so for to fulfill my for-thoght,
 With diueris bestis in lande to lende
 to brede & be with bale furth brught :
 And with bestis I wille be blende
 serpentis to be sene vn-soght,
 And wormis vp-on þaire wombis sall wende,
 to wo in erth and worth to noght.
 And so it sall be kende
 how all þat eme is oght,
 Begynnyng mydes and ende
 I with my worde hase wrothe.
 For als I byde bus all thyng be,
 and dewly done als I will dresse ;
 Now bestys ar sett in sere degre
 on molde to moue, both more & lesse.
 Þane foulis in ayre, and fische in see,
 and bestis on erthe of bone and flesch,
 I byde 3e wax furth fayre plente,
 and grathly growes, als I 3ow gesse.
 So multeply 3e sall
 ay furth in fayre processe,
 My blyssyng haue 3e all ;
 the fift day endyd es.

The beasts are
 created, cattle,
 76 and every creep-
 ing thing.

80

' Be fruitful and
 multiply.'

lf. 7.

84

86

III. THE CARDMAKERS¹.

God creates Adam and Eve.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

DEUS.

ADAM.

EVE.]

[SCENE, *the World.*]

Gen. i. 26-31; ii. 7, 19, 21.

Five days' work
is finished,—
angels in heaven,

stars, moon, and
sun, trees, beasts,
and fishes.

DEUS. **I**N heuyn and erthe duly be dene
Of v. daies werke, evyn vnto þe² ende,

I haue complete by courssis clene;

Me thynketh þe space of þam wele spende. 4

In heuen ar aungels faire and bright,

Sternes and planetis þer³ courses to goo,

þe mone serues vnto þe nyghte,

The sonne to lighte þe day also. 8

In erthe is trees, and gresse to springe,

Beestes and foules, bothe grete and smale,

Fisshys in flode, all other thyng,

Thryffe and haue my blissynge alle. 12

This werke is wrought nowe at my wille,

But yitte can I here⁴ no beste see

That accordes by kyndly skylle⁵,

And for my werke myghte worshippe me. 16

¹ This play is written out twice, by different hands, on leaves 7-9 (which I call A), and 10, 11 (B), from which last the above is printed, as the best copy. Collations are given where words differ, but not for spelling.

² þe omitted in A.

³ þe in B.

⁴ here omitted in A.

⁵ kynde and skylle A.

For parfite werke ne were it none
 But oughte wer made þat myghte it ȝeme,
 For loue made I þis worlde alone,
 Therfore my loue shalle in it seme.

' But there is no
 beast who by rea-
 son of his nature-
 will worship me.

20

To keepe þis worlde bothe more and lesse
 A skylfull beeste¹ þan will y make,
 Aftir my shappe and my liknesse,
 The whilke shalle wirshippe to me take.

24 I will make a
 reasonable beast,

Of þe symplest parte of erthe þat is here
 I shalle make man, and for this skylle,
 For to a-bate his hautand² cheere,
 Both his grete pride and other ille ;

man, he shall be
 made of earth to
 28 abate his pride.

And also for to haue in mynde
 Howe symple he is at his makynge,
 For als febill I shalle hym fynde
 Qwen he is dede at his endynge.

32

For þis reasonne and skille allone,
 I shalle make man like vn-to me.
 Rise vppe, þou erthe in bloode and bone,
 In shappe of man, I comaunde þe.

Rise up, thou
 earth !
 36

A female shalte þou haue to feere,
 Here schalle y make of thy lefte rybbe,
 Allone so shall þou nought be heere,
 With-outyn faithfull freende and sibbe.

If. 20 b.

40

Takis nowe here þe goste of liffe,
 And ressayue bothe youre soules of me,
 Þis ffemalle take þou to þi wiffe ;
 Adam and Eue youre names shalle bee³.

Take the breath
 of life, man and
 woman both.'

44

¹ In A a later hand has written *wyght*.

² *haunttande* in B.

³ 'And leyd your lyves in good degre,
 Adam here make I the
 a man of mykyll myght
 Thys same shall thy subget be
 And Eue her name shall hight.'

These lines are written in the margin in an Elizabethan hand, to be inserted after line 44.

Adam. **A** LORD! ful mekill is þy myght,
 And þat is seene in ilke a side,
 Ffor nowe is here a joifull sighte,
 To see this worlde so longe and wide.

'What a joyful
 sight is this
 world!'

48

Many dyuerse thynges nowe here is,
 Of beestis and foules, bothe wilde and tame,
 ȝitte is non made to þi liknesse
 But we allone, a l loued be þy name.

52

Eue. **T**O swilke a lorde in alle¹ degree
 Be euer-more lastand louynge,

'We are made in
 God's likeness,
 praise him!'

þat to vs such a dyngnyte,
 Has geffynne before all other thyng,

56

And selcouthe thynges may we see heere,
 Of þis ilke worlde so longe and broode,
 With beestes and foules so many and seere,
 Blyssed be hee þat hase² vs made.

60

'What shall we
 do and where
 dwell?'

Adam. **A** BLISSED lorde! nowe at þi wille
 Sethen we are wrought, wouchesaffe to telle
 And also saie vs two vn-tille,
 Whatte we schalle do and where to dwelle?

64

Deus. **F**OR this skille made y you þis daye,
 My name to worschippe ay where;

'Love and
 praise me,

Louis me for-thy and loues me aye
 For my makynge, I aske³ no more.

wise 68

Bothe wyse and witty shalle pou bee,
 Als man, þat y haue made of nought,
 Lordshippe in erthe þan graunte y the,
 Alle thyng to serue þe þat is⁴ wrought.

72

thou shalt be
 lord of all,

dwell together
 in paradise.'

In paradise shalle ye same wonne,
 Of erthely thyng gete ȝe no nede,
 Ille and good bothe shalle ȝe konne,
 I shalle you lerne youre lyffe to leede.

76

If. ii.
 A ii.

¹ all þe degree in A. ² hase omitted in A. ³ aske in A. ⁴ I haue in A.

Adam. **A** LORD! sene we shalle do no thyng,
 But loue the for thy grette goodnesse,
 We shalle a-beye to þi gudnesse, to þi biddying,
 And fulfille it, bothe more and lees.

'We will obey,
 because

80

Eue. **H**YS syngne sen¹ he has on vs sette,
 Before al other thyng certayne,
 Hym for to loue we schal not lette,
 And worshippe hym with mighte and mayne.

he has set his
 sign upon us.'

84

Deus. **A**T heuene and erthe firste I be-ganne,
 And vj daies wroughte or y wolde reste,
 My werke is endid nowe at man[n]e,
 Alle likes me wele, but þis þe² beste.

The sixth day's
 work is ended
 with man.

88

My blissyng haue they euer and ay;
 Þe seuynte day shal my restyng be,
 Þus wille I sese, sothly to say,
 Of my doying in þis degree.

92

To blisse I schal you brynge,
 Comes forthe þe two with me,
 þe shalle lyff in likyng,
 My blissyng with you be. **Amen**³.

'Come with me,
 you two.'

96

¹ MS. has *sone*, but *sen* = *sythen* seems to be meant.

² Is in A.

³ At the end here was scribbled later the cue for the next piece, 'The Fullers paygant, Adam and eve this is the place. Deus.'

If. 11.
A ij 8.

IV. THE REGYNALL OF THE FULLERS' PAGYANT¹.

Gen. i. 26; ii. 8, 9, 15-17. *God puts Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.*

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

DEUS.

ADAM.

EUE.]

[SCENE, *Paradise.*]

'Here is Paradise for you to dwell in.

1. **Deus.** Adam and Eve, this is the place

That I haue graunte you of my grace

To haue your wonnyng in ;

✓ 1 Erbes, spyce, frute on tree,

4

2 Beastes, fewles, all that ye see,

Shall bowe to you, more and myn.

This place hight paradyce,

Here shall your joys begynne,

8

And yf that ye be wyse,

Frome thys tharr ye never twynne.

2. All your wyll here shall ye haue,

Lyvyng for to eate or sayff,

12

Fyshe, fewle, or fee,

And for to take at your owen wyll.

All other creatours also there-tyll

Your suggesttes shall they bee ;

16

wise
You may live as
you will, all
things are your
subjects.

¹ This piece is written in a hand of the end of the 16th century, the same which wrote the addition to the play of Cain and Abell ; see after, p. 37. The reason for this is found in a Chamberlain's Book of the City of York (vol. 4) under date of 1 Eliz., 1558 ; ' Item, payd to John Clerke for entryng in the Regyster the Regynall of the pagyant pertenynge to Craft of Fullars, which was never before registred, 12d.' *Regynall*, i. e. original ; cf. p. 29.

Adam, of more and lesse

Lordeship in erthe here graunte I the,
Thys place that worthy is,
Kepe it in honestye.

20

3. Looke that ye ȝem ytt wetterly,
All other creatours shall multeply,
Ylke one in tender hower.

Care for this
place intelli-
gently;

Looke that ye bothe saue and sett,
Erbes and treys for nothyng lett,
So that ye may endower

24 sow and set
for all.

To susteyn beast and man,
And fewll of ylke stature.

28

Dwell here yf that ye canne,
This shall be your endowre.

4. Adam. O Lord! lovyd be thy name,

For nowe is this a joyfull hame
That thowe hais brought vs to ;

32 A joyful home,
full of happiness.

Full of myrthe and solys saughe,
Erbes and trees, frute on to haugh, |
Wyth spysys many one hoo.

36

Loo ! Eve, nowe ar we brought
Bothe vnto rest and rowe,

lf. 12.
A iij.

We neyd to tayke no thought,
But loke a¹ well to doo.

40

5. Eve. Lovyng be ay to suche a lord,
To vs hais geven so great reward
To governe bothe great and small,

And mayd vs after his owen read,

44

. . . [line wanting, but no blank in MS.] . . .

Emonges these myrthes all.

Here is a joyfull sight

Where that wee wonn in shall ;

We love the, mooste of myght,

48

Great god, that we on call.

. ¹ Perhaps the original word was *ay*, as in line 41.

'Praise me and
do my bidding.

6. **Deus.** Love my name with good entent,
And harken to my comaundement,
And do my byddyng buxomly. 52

Eat not of the
tree of good
and ill,

Of all the Frute in parradyce,
Tayke ye therof of your best wyse,
And mayke you right merry ;
The tree of good and yll, 56
What tyme you eates of thys
Thowe speydes thy self to spyll,
And be brought owte of blysse.

all thyngs are
yours but this,

7. All thynges is mayd, man, for thy prowē,
All creatours shall to the bowe,
That here is mayd erthly ;
In erthe I mayke the Lord of all,
And beast vnto the shall be thrall ; 64
Thy kynd shall multeply.

✓

Therefore this tree alone,
Adam, this owte-take I,
The frute of it negh none, 68
For an ye do, then shall ye dye.

If. 12 b.

8. **Adam.** Alas ! Lorde, that we shuld do so yll,
Thy blyssed byddyng we shall fulfyll,
Bothe in thought and deyed ; 72

'We will not go
near it,

✓

We shall no negh thys tre nor the bugh,
Nor yit the fruyte that there on groweth,
There-with oure fleshe to feyd.

Eve. We shall do thy byddyng,
We haue none other neyd, 76

this forbidden
fruit shall hang,

✓

Thys frute full styll shall hyng,
Lorde, that thowe hays forbyd.

'Look that you
obey me,

9. **Deus.** Looke that ye doe as ye haue sayd,
Of all that there is hold you apayd,
For here is welthe at wyll ; 80

✓

Thys tre that beres the Fruyte of Lyfe,

- Luke nother thowe nor Eve thy wyf, 84
 Lay ye no handes there tyll,
 For-why [do my byddyng,]¹
 It is knowen bothe of good and yll,
 This frute but ye lett hyng 88
 Ye speyd your self to spyll. or be ruined.
10. For-thy this tree that I owt-tayke,
 Nowe kepe it grathly for my sayke,
 That nothyng negh it neyre ; 92
 All other at your wyll shall be,
 I owte-take nothyng but this tree, I except nothing
 To feyd you with in feare. but this tree.'
- Here shall ye leyd your lyffe 96
 With dayntys that is deare ;
 Adam, and Eve thy wyfe,
 My blyssyng haue ye here. 99

Fynys.

¹ Probably some such words are missing. The copyist, having got confused, put *for why* at the end of l. 85 near the margin, and *For-thy* at the end of l. 89 instead of at the beginning of l. 90, to which it evidently belongs.

V. THE COWPERS¹.

Man's disobedience and fall from Eden.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATHANAS.	DOMINUS.	EUA.
ADAM.		ANGELUS.]

[SCENE, *Paradise.*]

Gen. iii. 1-15,
17, 23.

Satan is troubled
at God's inten-
tion to take on
him the nature
of man,

Satanas incipit dicens,

FOR² woo my witte es in a were,
That moffes me mykill in my mynde,
The godhede pat I sawe so cleere,
And parsayued pat he shuld take kynde, 4
of a degree
That he had wrought, and I denyed pat aungell kynde
shuld it nozt be ; 7
And we were faire and bright,
Perfore me thoght pat he
The kynde of vs tane myght,
And per-at dedeyned me. 11
2. The kynde of man he thoght to take,
And theratt hadde I grete envye,
But he has made to hym a make, 14
And harde to her I wol me hye,
(that redy way)

instead of angels.

'I will hie to
man's mate,

¹ Many of the lines in the first five stanzas are written very confusedly in the MS.; they are corrected here, without indicating each one.

² *Diabolus* in margin.

That purpose proue to putte it by,

And fande to pike fro hym þat pray. 18

My trauayle were wele sette

Myght y hym so betraye,

His likyng for to lette,

And sone I schalle assaye. 22

3. In a worme liknes wille y wende,

And founde to feyne a lowde lesynge. [Calls.

in likeness of
a worm.

Eue, Eue !

Eua. Wha es þare ?

Satanas¹. I, a frende.

And for thy gude es þe comynge,

I hydir sought. 26

Of all þe fruyt that ye se hynge

In paradise, why eat ye noght ? 29

Eua. We may of tham ilkane

Take al þat vs goode þought,

Save a tree outt is tane,

Wolde do harm to neygh it ought. 33

4. Sat. And why þat tree ? þat wolde I witte,

He tempts Eve.

Any more þan all othir by ?

Eua. For oure Lord god forbeedis vs itt,

The frute þer of, Adam nor I

to neghe it nere, 38

And yf we dide we both shuld dye,

He saide, and sese our solace sere. 40

Sat. Yha, Eue to me take tente,

Take hede and pou shalte here,

If. 15.
A vj.

What þat the matere² mente,

He moved on þat manere. 44

5. To ete þer-of he you defende,

I knawe it wele, þis was his skylle,

By-cause he wolde non othir kende

Thes grete vertues þat longes þer-till. 48

¹ *Diabolus* in margin.

² MS. has *materere*.

For will þou see,
Who etes the frute of goode and ille
shalle haue knowyng as wele as hee.

Eve wants to
know who is
telling her this
tale.

Eua. Why what-kynne thyng art þou, 52
þat telles þis tale to me?

Sat. A worme þat wotith wele how 55
þat yhe may wirshipped be.

6. **Eua.** What wirshippe shulde we wynne ther-by?
To ete þer-of vs nedith it nought,
We have lordshippe to make maistrie
Of alle þynge þat in erthe is wrought.

Sat. Woman! do way! 60
To gretter state ye may be broughte,
and ye will do as I schall saye.

'We are loath to
offend God.'

Eua. To do is vs full lothe, 64
þat shuld oure god myspaye.

Sat. Nay, certis it is no wathe,
Ete it safely ye maye.

'You may eat.
there is no peril,
but much to
gain.'

7. For perille ryght þer none in lyes,
But worshippe and a grete'wynnyng, 68
For right als god yhe shall be wyse,
And pere to hym in all-kyn thyng.

Ay! goddis shalle ye be!

1 Of ille and gode to haue knawying, 72
For to be als wise as he.

'Is this truth?

Eua. Is þis soth þat þou sais?

If. 15 b.

Sat. Yhe! why trowes þou nozt me?
I wolde be no-kynnes wayes 76
telle nozt but trouthe to þe.

then I will trust
your word.'

8. **Eua.** Than wille I to thy techyng traste,
And fange þis frute vnto owre foode.

(*Et tunc debet accipere pomum.*)
X

Sat. Byte on boldly, be nought a-basshed,
And bere Adam to amende his mode,
And eke his blisse.

80 'Bite on boldly,
and take it to
Adam, to amend
his mood and his
happiness.'

(Tunc Satanas recedet.

Eua. Adam ! have here of frute full goode.

83

Ad. Alas ! woman, why toke þou þis ?

Owre lorde comaunded vs bothe
to tente þe tree of his.

86

Thy werke wille make hym wrothe,
Allas ! þou hast don a mys.

9. Eue. Nay Adam, greve þe nought at it,

And I shal saie þe reasonne why,

Eve tempts
Adam.

90

A worme has done me for to witte,

We shalle be as goddis, þou and I,

yf þat we ete

Here of this tree ; Adam, for-thy

94

lette noght þat worshippe for to gete.

For we shalle be als wise

als god þat is so grete,

wes

And als mekill of prise ;

98

forthy ete of þis mete.

10. Adam. To ete it wolde y nought eschewe,

Adam yields,

Myght I me sure in thy saying.

Eue. Byte on boldely, for it es trewe,

102

We shalle be goddis and knawe al thyng.

Adam. To wynnne þat name,

I schalle it taste at thy techyng.

and eats.

(Accipit et comedit.

Allas ! what haue I done, for shame ! 106

Ille counsaile woo worthe the !

A ! Eue, þou art to blame,

To þis entysed þou me,

me shames with my lyghame !

Suddenly they
are ashamed of
nakedness.

11. For I am naked as me thynke. 111

If. 16.
A vij.

Eue. Allas! Adam, right so am I.

Adam. And for sorowe sere why ne myght we synke,
For we haue greved god almyghty 114
þat made me man.

He reproaches
Eve.

Brokyn his bidyng bittirly,
allas! þat euer we it began.

Þis werke, Eue, hast þou wrought,
and made þis bad bargayne. 119

'Nay, blame me
not,

Eue. Nay, Adam, wite me nought.

Adam. Do wey, lefe Eue, whame þan?

the worm is to
blame,

12. **Eue.** The worme to wite wele worthy were,
With tales vntrewe he me be-trayed. 123

Adam. Allas! þat I lete at thy lare,
Or trowed þe trufuls þat þou me saide.
So may I byde,
For I may banne þat bittir brayde, 127
And drery dede þat I it dyde.

'I am ashamed
of our naked
shapes.'

Oure shappe for doole me defes,
where with þay shalle be hydde.

They take fig-
leaves.

Eue. Late vs take there fygge leues, 131
sythen it is þus be-tydde.

13. **Adam.** Ryght as þou sais so shalle it bee,
For we are naked and all bare,
Full wondyr fayne I wolde hyde me, 135
Fro my lordis sight, and I wiste whare,
where I ne roght. 137

[*The Lord calls.*

Dom. Adam! Adam!

Adam. Lorde!

Dom. Where art thou, yhare?

Adam. I here þe lorde and seys the noȝt. 139

Dom. Say, wheron is it longe
 þis werke, why hast þou wrought ?

'Why hast thou
 done this?'

Adam. Lorde, Eue garte me do wronge
 and to þat bryg me brought.

'Eve brought
 me to this
 breach.'

143

14. Dom. Say, Eue, why hast þou garte thy make
 Ete frute I bad þei shuld hynge stille,
 And comaunded none of it to take ?

lf. 16 b.

Eue. A worme lord, entysed me ther-till ¹,
 So wel away !

148

That euer I did þat dede so dill !

Dom. A ! wikkid worme, woo worthe þe ay,
 For þou on þis maner
 hast made þam swilke affraye ;
 My malysonne haue þou here,
 with all þe myght y may.

God curses the
 worm,

151

15. And on thy wombe þan shall þou glyde,
 And be ay full of enmyte
 To al man kynde on ilke a side,
 And erthe it shalle thy sustynaunce be
 to ete & drynke.

155

159

Adam and Eue, alsoo, yhe

and punishes
 man.

In erthe þan shalle ye swete and swynke,
 And trauayle for youre fode.

Adam. Allas ! whanne myght we synke,
 We that haues alle worldis goode,
 ful defly may vs thynke.

163

16. Dom. Now Cherubyn, myn aungell bryght,
 To middilerth tyte go dryve these twoo.

'Drive these two
 to middle-earth.'

Ang. Alle redy, lorde, as it is right,
 Syn thy wille is þat it be soo,
 and thy lykyng ².

168

¹ MS. has *ther-to*.

² Line 159 is inserted by a later hand.

[*To Adam and Eve.*‘Go out, you
two!’

Adam and Eue do you to goo, 171

For here may ȝe make no dwellyng,

of sorrow may
ye sing.’Goo yhe forthe faste to fare,
of sorowe may yhe synge.**Adam.** Allas! for sorowe and care! 175
owre handis may we wryng.*Et sic finis*¹.¹ These three words in a later hand.

lf. 17 b.
A viij. b.

Adam and Eve driven from Eden.

EUE.}

- Gen. iii. 16-19.*

‘ I am sent to the
wretches who
4 have lost the joy
of heaven.

8

12

16

¹ A line seems wanting here, and in each of stanzas 7, 8, and 11.

- I am sent to
warn you.
4. The fooles pat faithe is fallen fra,
Take tente to me nowe, or ye ga ;
Fro god of heuen vnto yow twa
sente am I nowe,
For to warne you what-kynne wa
is wrought for you. 20
5. **Adam.** For vs is wrought, so welaway ! 24
Doole endurand nyghte and day,
The welthe we wende haue wonnyd in ay
is loste vs fra.
For this myscheffe ful wele we may 28
euer mornynge ma.
- You, Adam,
made all this
trouble yourself.
6. **Ang.** Adam, þy selffe made al þis syte,
For to the tree þou wente full tyte,
And boldely on the frute gan byte 32
my lord for-bed.
- He blames his
wife.
- Adam.** Yaa, alas ! my wiffe pat may I wite,
for scho me red.
- 'You are punished
for believing
her tale.'
7. **Ang.** Adam, for þou trowyd hir tale, 36
He sendis þe worde and sais þou shale
lyffe ay in sorowe,
Abide and be in bittir bale,
till he þe borowe. 40
- 'Alas ! we had
immense bliss,
now we have
none.'
8. **Ad.** Allas ! wrecchis, what haue we wrought,
To byggly blys we bothe wer brought,
whillis we wer þare
We hadde i-nowe, nowe haue we noghte, 44
allas ! for care.
- If. 18.
B i.
9. **Eua.** Oure cares ar comen bothe kyne and colde,
With fele fandynge many folde,
Allas ! pat tyraunte to me tolde, 48
thurghoute his gyle,
That we shulde haue alle welthis in walde,
wa worthe þe whyle !

10. **Ang.** That while ye wrought vnwittely,
Soo for to greue god almighty,
And þat mon ye full dere abyē

or þat ye go.

And to lyffe, as is worthy,
in were and wo.

52 'For your un-
wise work

11. **Adam!** haue þis, luke howe ye thynke,
And tille with-alle þi meete and drynke
for euer-more.

56 you now shall
suffer.'

60

Adam. Allas! for syte why myght y synke,
so shames me sore.

12. **Eue.** Soore may we shame with sorowes seere,
And felly fare we bothe in feere,
Allas! þat euyr we neghed it nere,

þat tree vn-till.

With dole now mon we bye full dere,
oure dedis ille.

64

68

13. **Ang.** Giffe, for þou beswyked hym swa¹,
Trauell herto shalle þou ta,

Thy barnes to bere with mekill wa
þis warne I þe.

Buxom shalle þou and othir ma
to man ay be.

Eve shall bear
children with
sorrow.

72

14. **Eue.** Allas! for doole what shall y doo,
Now mon I neuer haue rest ne roo.

76

Adam. Nay, lo! swilke a tale is taken me too,
to traualle tyte,

Nowe is shente both I and shoo,
allas! for syte.

Adam shall
labour.

80

15. Allas! for syte and sorowe sadde,
Mournynge makis me mased and madde,

¹ A line written over this in later hand glosses it 'Eve, for þat you
begyld hym so.'

- 21.** Full wele y wote my welthe is gone,
Erthe, elementis, euer ilkane,
For my synne has sorowe tane,
his wele I see. 120
Was neuere wrecchis so wyлле of wane
as nowe ar wee.
- 22.** Eue. We are fulle wele worthy i-wis
'We are worthy this trouble.'
To haue þis myscheffe for oure mys,
124
For broght we were to byggely blys,
euer in to be.
Nowe my sadde sorowe certis is þis,
my silfe to see. 128
- 23.** Ad. To see it is a sytfull syghte,
They grieve at their nakedness.
We bothe þat were in blis so brighte,
We mon go nakid euery-ilke a nyght,
and dayes by-dene. 132
Allas! what womans witte was light!
How witless woman was!
þat was wele sene.
- 24.** Eue. Sethyn it was so me knyth it sore,
Bot sythen¹ that woman witteles ware,
136 lf. 19.
B. ij.
Mans maistrie shulde haue bene more
agayns þe gilte.
Ad. Nay, at my speche wolde pou never spare,
They accuse one another.
þat has vs spilte. 140
- 25.** Eue. Iff I hadde spoken youe oughte to spill,
Ye shulde haue taken gode tent pere tyll;
and turnyd my þought.
Ad. Do way, woman, and neme it nought,²
144
- 26.** For at my bidding wolde pou not be,
Adam's cowardly speech,
And therfore my woo wyte y thee,

¹ MS. *sēn*.

² Two lines seem to be missing here (though no blank); the stanza is irregular.

Thurgh ille counsaile þus casten ar we,
in bittir bale. 148
Nowe god late never man aftr me
triste woman tale.

27. For certis me rewes fulle sare,
That euere I shulde lerne at þi lare,
Thy counsaile has casten me in care,
bat þou me kende.

Eve acknowledges her fault.

Eue. Be stille Adam, and nemen it na mare,
it may not mende.

156

28. For wele I wate I haue done wrange,
And therfore euere I morne emange,
Allas ! the while I leue so lange,
dede wolde I be !

Ad. On grounden mon I never gladde gange,
withowten glee.

29. Withowten glee I ga,
This sorowe wille me sla, 164
This tree vn-to me wille I ta,
pat me is sende.
He pat vs wrought wisse vs fro wa,
whare-som we wende. 168

Finis.

VII. THE ORIGINALL PERTEYNYNG lf. 20.
B. iij.
TO THE CRAFT OF GLOUERES.

*Sacrificium Cayme and Abell.*¹

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ANGELUS.

CAYM.

ABELL.

BREWBARRET (later addition).]

[SCENE, ? *in the field.*]

Gen. iv. 8-15.

1. Ang. That Lord of Lyffe lele ay lastand,
Whos myght vn-measured is to meyne,
He shoppe þe sonne, both see and sande,
And wroughte þis worlde with worde, I wene.
His Aungell cleere, as cristall clene,
Here vn-to you þus am I sente

3

To Cain and Abel
comes an angel.

þis tide.

7

Abell and Cayme, þei both by-deyne,
To me enterly takis entent,
To meve my message haue I ment,
if þat ye bide.

11

2. Alle myghty god of myghtes moste,
When he had wrought þis world ² so wide,
No thyng hym þoughte was wroughte in waste
But in his blissyng boune to bide.
Neyne ordurs for to telle, þat tyde,
Of Aungeles bryght he bad þer be,
for pride.

15

There are nine
orders of angels
the tenth was
sent to hell.

¹ This title is in the MS.

² MS. *worlde*.

And sone þe tente part it was tried, 19
 And wente awaye, as was worthye,
 They heild to helle all þat meyne,
 þer-in to bide. 22

3. Þanne made he manne to his liknes,
 That place of price for to restore,
 And sithen he kyd him such kyndnes,
 Som-what wille he wirke þer-fore. 26

God asks tithes
 in return for his
 goodness to man.

The tente to tyne he askis, nomore,
 Of alle þe goodes he haues you sent,
 full trew.

To offyr loke þat ye be yore¹, 30
 And to my tale yhe take entent,
 For ilke-a lede þat liffe has lente,
 shalle you ensewe², 33

4. Abell. Gramercy! god of thy goodnes,
 That me on molde has marked þi man,
 I worshippe þe with worthynes, 36
 With alle þe comforte þat I can.
 Me for to were fro warkes wanne,
 For to fulfille thy comaundement,

If. 20 b.

Abel is very will-
 ing to obey.

þe teynd
 Of alle þe gode sen I be-ganne, 41
 Thow shalle it haue, sen þow it sent.
 Come, brother Cayme, I wolde we wente,
 with hert ful hende. 44

5. Cay. We! Whythir now in wilde waneand,
 Trowes þou I thynke to trusse of towne?
 Goo, iape þe, robard iangillande, 47
 Me liste noȝt nowe to rouk nor rowne.

Cain is angry.
 'What a wild
 idea! d'ye think
 I'll prepare home
 produce? I will
 not bow nor
 mutter.'

Abell. A! dere brothir, late vs be bowne
 Goddis biddying blithe to fulfille, 50
 I tell þe.

¹ This should be *yare*, ready, but is made *yore* to suit the rime. Frequent examples of this free use of *o* and *a* in the rimes occur in the volume.

² This line was first written 'So shalle you sewe.'

Caym. Ya ! daunce in þe devilway, dresse þe downe,
For I wille wyrke euen as I will.

What mystris þe, in gode or ille,

of me to melle þe? 55

6. **Ab.** To melle of þe myldely I may,
Bot goode brothir, go we in haste,
Gyffe god oure teynde dulye þis day,
He byddis vs þus, be nouȝt abassed.

Abel answers
mildly.

59

Cay. Ya ! deuell me thynkep þat werke were waste,
That he vs gaffe geffe hym agayne,

‘What need has
God for what he
gave us?’

to se.

Nowe fekyll frenshippe for to fraste,
Me thynkith þer is in hym sartheyne.

64

If he be moste in myghte and mayne,

what nede has he?

7. **Ab.** He has non nede vn-to þi goode,
But it wille please hym principall,
If þou, myldly in mayne and moode,
Grouche noȝt geue hym tente parte of all.¹

68 Willing gifts
please him.

.....
If shall be done evyn as ye bydd,
And that Anone.

71 lf. 21,
B v.

[*caret inde* to Mr. Cayme what shares bryng I.]

Brewb. Lo! Mr. Cayme, what shares bryng I,

lf. 21 b.

Evyn of the best for to bere seyð.

74 Cain's servant,
Strife-brewer,
brings corn.

And to the ffeylde I wyll me hye

To fetch you moo, if ye haue neyd.

Cayme. Come vp ! sir knave ! the devyll the speyd,
Ye will not come but ye be prayd.

78

¹ Here two leaves have been cut out, the two old lines at top of lf. 21 were erased and ll. 71, 72 written instead, with a reference to the back of lf. 21, where at the end of the original piece lines 73-98 were written, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. At the end of line 98 is the cue for the old lines 99, etc., which were intended to run on after the new lines.

✓ **Brewb.** O! maister Caym, I haue broken my to!

Cain invites him
to drink.

Cayme. Come vp, syr, for by my thurst,

Ye shall drynke or ye goo.

[*Enter Angel.*

Ang. Thowe cursyd Came, where is Abell?

82

Where hais thowe done thy broder dere?

Cayme. What askes thowe me that taill to tell?

For yit his keper was I never.

Ang. God hais sent the his curse downe,

86

Fro hevyn to hell, *maldictio*¹ *dei*.

Cain hits the
angel.

∫ **Cayme.** Take that thy self, evyn on thy crowne,
Quia non sum custos fratris mei,

To tyme.

A double curse,

Ang. God hais sent the his malyson,

90

And inwardly I geve the myne.

Cayme. The same curse light on thy crowne,

which Cain
returns,

And right so myght it worth and be,

For he that sent that gretying downe

94

The devyll myght speyd both hym & the.

Fowll myght thowe fall!

Here is a cankerd company,

Therefore goddes curse light on you all.

98

If. 21.
B v.

8. **Ang.** What hast þou done? be-holde and heere,

þe voice of his bloode cryeth vengeaunce.

Fro erthe to heuen, with voice entere,

þis tyde.

That god is greved with thy greuaunce

103

Take hede, I schalle telle þe tydandis,

þerfore abide.

The whole curse
upon Cain.

9. þou shall be cursed vppon þe grounde,

*God has geffyn þe his malisonne,

107

Yff þou wolde tyll þe erthe so rounde

No frute to þe þer shalle be founde.

¹ MS. *maladictio*.

Of wikkidnesse sen þou arte sonne,
 Thou shalle be waferyng here and þere,
 þis day. 112

In bittir bale nowe art þou boune,
 Out-castyn shal þou be for care,
 No man shal rewe of thy misfare,
 for þis affraie. 116

10. **Cay.** Allas! for syte, so may I saye,
 My synne it passis al mercie,
 For ask it¹ þe, lord, I ne maye,
 To haue it am I nouȝt worthy. 120
 Fro þe shalle I be hidde in hye,
 þou castis me, lorde, oute of my kyth
 In lande.
 Both here and there oute-caste am I,
 For ilke a man þat metis me with, 125
 They wille slee me, be ffenne or ffrith,
 with dynte of hande.

11. **Ang.** Nay, Cayme nouȝt soo, haue þou no drede,
 Who þat þe slees shalle ponnysshed be
 Sevene sithis for doying of þat dede;
 For-thy a token shal þou see, 131
 It shalle be prentyd so in þe,
 That ilke aman shalle þe knowe full wele.
Caym. Thanne wolle I ffa[r]dir flee
 f. 21 b.
 for shame. 135
 Sethen I am sette þus out of seill,
 That curse that I haue for to feill,
 I giffe you þe same. 138

¹ MS. has *askid*.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

NOE.]

Deus. **F**YRST qwen I wrought þis worlde so wyde,
Wode and wynde and watters wane,

4

And to my liknes made I man,
Lorde and syre on ilke-a side
Of all medill-erthe I made hym pan. 8

12

Syþn hays men wrought so wofully,
And synne is nowe reynand so ryffe,
þat me repentys and rewys for-þi
þat euer I made outhir man or wiffe. 16

Bot sen they make me to repente
 My werke I wroght so wele and trewe,
 Wyth-owtyn seys will noght assente,
 Bot euer is bowne more bale to brewe. 20
 Bot for ther synnes pai shall be shente,
 And for-done hoyly, hyde and hewe.

Of þam shall no more be mente,
Bot wirke þis werke I will al newe.

'I will re-new
this work,

24

Al newe I will þis worlde be wroght,
And waste away þat wonnys þer-in,
A flowyd a-bove þame shall be broght,
To stroye medilerthe, both more and myn.
Bot Noe alon lefe shal it noght¹,
To all be sownkyn for ther synne,
He and his sones, þus is my thoght,
And with þere wyffes away sall wyne.

a flood shall
destroy middle-
earth.

28

32

If. 23.
B vj.

[*To Noah.*] Nooe, my seruand, sad an cleyn,
For thou art stabill in stede and stalle,
I wyll þou wyrke, with-owten weyn,
A warke to saffe þi-selfe wyth-all.
Noe. O! mercy lorde, quat may þis meyne?
Deus. I am þi gode of grete and small,
Is comyn to telle þe of thy teyn,
And quat ferly sall eftir fall.

36

Noah shall work
to save himself
and his.

40

Noe. A! lorde, I lowe þe lowde and still,
þat vn-to me, wretche vn-worthye,
þus with thy worde, as is þi will,
Lykis to appere þus properly.

'Praise the Lord,
who shews him-
self to me.'

44

Deus. Nooe, as I byd þe, doo fulfill.
A shippe I will haue wroght in hye;
All-yf þou can litill skylle,
Take it in hande, for helpe sall I.

'You must make
a ship.'

48

Noe. A! worthy lorde, wolde þou take heede,
I am full olde and oute of qwarte,
þat me liste do no daies dede,
Bot yf gret mystir me garte.

'I am old, out
of condition for
working except
by necessity.'

52

Deus. Be-gynne my werke behoves þe nede,
And þou wyll passe from peynes smerte,

¹ Over *noght* is also written *not*.

'I will help you, men must be drowned,	I sall þe sokoure and the spede, And giffe þe hele in hede and hert.	56
but you and your sons shall be saved.'	I se suche ire emonge mankynde, þat of þare werkis I will take wreke, þay shall be sownkyn for þare synne, þer-fore a shippe I wille þou make. þou and þi sonnes shall be þere-in, They sall be sauyd for thy sake.	60
If, 23 b.	Therfore go bowdly and begynne Thy mesures and thy markis to take.	64
'I know nothing of ship-craft.'	Noe. A! lorde, þi wille sall euer be wrought, Os counsell gyfys of ilka clerk, Bot first, of shippe-craft can I right noght, Of ther makyng haue I no merke.	68
'I will instruct you.'	Deus. Noe, I byd þe hartely haue no þought, I sall þe wysse in all þi werke, And euen to itt till ende be wrought, Ther-fore to me take hede and herke.	72
Square some high trees, make them into boards,	Take high trees and hewe þame cleyne, All be sware and noght of skwyn, Make þame of burdes and wandes betwene, þus thrivandy and noght ouer thyn. Luke þat þi semes be suttily seyn, And naylid wele þat þei noght twyne, þus I deuyse ilk dele be-deyne, þerfore do furthe, and leue thy dyne.	76
nail them well together.	iiij C cubyttis it sall be long, And fyfty brode, all for thy blys, þe highte of thyrty cubittis strong, Lok lely þat þou thynke on pis. þus gyffe I þe grathly or I gang, þi mesures þat þou do not mysse, Luk nowe þat þou wirke noght wrang, þus wittely sen I þe wyshe.	80
These are the measurements,		84
do not miss them.'		88

Noe. A! blistfull lord, þat al may beylde,
 I thanke þe hartely both euer and ay,
 Fyfe hundreth wyntres I am of elde,
 Me thynk þer ȝeris as yestirday.
 Ful wayke I was and all vn-welde,
 My werynes is wente away,
 To wyrk þis werke here in þis feylde
 Al be my-selfe I will assaye.

92 'I am 500 years
 old, I was weak,
 lo! now I am
 strong.'

To hewe þis burde I will be-gynne,
 But firste I wille lygge on my lyne,
 Now bud¹ it be alle in like thynne,
 So put it nowthyr twynne nor twyne².
 Þus sall I iune it with a gynn,
 And sadly sette it with symonde fyne,
 Þus sall y wyrke it both more and myn[n]e,
 Thurgh techyng of god maister myne.

96 lf. 24.
 B. vij.
 He hews a board
 even,

More suttelly can no man sewe,
 It sall be cleyngked euer-ilka dele,
 With nayles þat are both noble and newe,
 Þus sall I feste it fast to feele.

100

104 joins it with a
 bolt and cement,

Take here a revette, and þere a rewe,
 With þer bowe þer nowe wyrke I wele,
 Þis werke I warand both gud and trewe,

clenches it with
 noble nails.

108

[*line wanting, but no blank in MS.*]

'Tis good work,
 but I have been
 at it 100 years,
 my strength fails.

112

Full trewe it is who will take tente.
 Bot faste my force begynnes to fawlde,
 A hundereth wyntres away is wente,
 Sen I began þis werk, full grathely talde,
 And in slyke trauayle for to be bente,
 Is harde to hym þat is þus olde.

116

But he þat to me þis messages sent,
 He will be my beylde, þus am I bowde³.

¹ must written over *bud* in a later hand.

² MS. has *twyne* nor *twynne*.

³ The original was *bowde*, the later hand makes the *w* into *u*.

'It is nearly
done, but it has
to be manned.

Deus. Nooe, þis werke is nere an ende, 120
And wrought right as I warned þe,
Bot yit in maner it must¹ be mende,
þerfore þis lessoun lerne at me.
For dyuerse beestis þer-in must¹ lende, 124
And fewles also in þere degree,
And for (þat²) þay sall not sam blende,
Dyuerse stages must¹ per be.

Fit it with stalls
and stages,
lf. 24 b.

And qwen þat it is ordand soo, 128
With dyuerse stawllys and stagis seere,
Of ilka kynde þou sall take twoo,
Bothe male and femalle fare in fere ;
Thy wyffe, thy sonnes, with þe sall goo, 132
And thare thre wyffes, with-owten were,
þere viij bodies with-owten moo,
Sall þus be sauēd on this manere.

Eight men and
women shall be
saved, no more.

Ther-fore to my bidding be bayne, 136
Tille all be herberd haste þe faste,
Eftir þe vij day sall it rayne
Till fowrty dayes be fully paste ;
Take with þe geere, sclyk os may gayne, 140
Tō man and beeste þare lyffes to laste.
I sall þe socoure for certayne,
Tille alle þi care away be kaste.

It shall rain forty
days; take gear
to keep life
together.

Noe. A ! lorde þat ilk a mys may mende, 144
I lowe þi lare, both lowde and stille,
I thanke þe both with herte and hende,
That me wille helpe, fro angrys hille.
Abowte þis werke nowē bus me wende 148
With beestys and fewlys my shippe to fille,
He þat to me þis crafte has kende,
He wysshe vs with his worthy wille. 151

'I praise thee
who shelterest
from anger.'

¹ Erased and re-written ; probably the old word was *bus*.

² *þat* late inserted and *e* in *same* erased.

IX. THE FYSSHERS AND MARYNARS. lf. 25. C iij.

Noah and his wife, the Flood and its waning.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

NOAH.	<i>Noe or Noye.</i>
NOAH'S WIFE.	<i>Vxor.</i>
THREE SONS OF NOAH.	<i>j^a filius, ij^a filius, iij^a filius.</i>
THREE DAUGHTERS OF NOAH.	<i>j^a, ij^a, iij^a filia.]</i>

[SCENE I, *The Ark in the forest where it was built.*]

*Gen. v. 28-31 ;
vii. 6-viii. 20 ;
ix. 8-17.*

1. Noye. **T**HAT Lord þat leues ay lastand lyff,
I loue þe euer with hart and hande,

That me wolde rewle be reasonne ryffe,

Sex hundereth yere to lyffe in lande.

4

Thre semely sonnes and a worthy wiffe

I haue euer at my steven to stande ;

Bot nowe my cares aren keen as knyffe,

By-cause I kenne what is commannde.

8

Thare comes to ilke contre,

3a, cares both kene and calde.

For god has warned me,

Þis worlde wastyd shalle be,

12

And certis þe sothe I see,

As forme¹ ffadres has talde.

2. My ffader Lamech who likes to neven,

Heere in this worlde þus lange gon lende,

16

Seuene hundereth yere seuenty and seuene,

In swilke a space his tyme he spende.

¹ MS. has *formed*.

Noah grieves for
the trouble that
is coming upon
every country.

Old Lamech
prayed for a son,
and got a pro-
mise which re-
joiced him.

He prayed to god with stabill steuene,
þat he to hym a sone shuld sende, 20
And at þe laste þer come from heuen
Slyke hettyng þat hym mekill amende;
And made hym grubbe and graue,
And ordand faste be-forne, 24
For he a sone shulde haue,
As he gon aftir crave;
And as god vouchydsaue
In worlde þan was I borne. 28

3. When I was borne Noye named he me, 30
And saide þees wordes with mekill wyne, ✓
'Loo,' he saide, 'þis ilke is he ✓
That shalle be comforte to man-kynne.' ✓ 32
Syr, by þis wele witte may ye, ✓
My ffadir knewe both more and mynne, ✓
By sarteyne signes he couthe wele see, ✓
That al þis worlde shuld synke for synne. ✓ 36
Howe god shulde vengeaunce take, ✓
As nowe is sene sertayne, ✓
And hende of mankynde make, ✓
That synne would nouzt for-sake 40
And howe þat it shuld slake, ✓
And a worlde waxe agayne. ✓

and make an end
of mankind.

If. 25 b.

4. I wolde god itt wasted were,
Sa þat I shuld nott tente þer-tille. 44
My semely sonnes and doughteres dere,
Takis þe entent vn-to my skylle.
1 fl. Fader we are all redy heere,
Youre biddying baynly to fulfille. 48
Noe. Goos calle youre modir, and comes nere,
And spede vs faste þat we nouzt spille.
1 fl. Fadir we shal nouzt fyne ✓
To youre biddying be done. 52

Sons and daugh-
ters,

go call your
mother. Make
haste !'

Noe. Alle þat leues vndir lyne,
Salle sone, son,¹ passe to pyne.

[SCENE II, *Noah's home, 1st son enters.*]

1 fil. Where are ye, modir myne?
Come to my fadir sone. 56 'Mother, come!

5. Vxor. What sais þou? sone?

1 fil. Moder, certeyne
My ffadir thynkis to flitte full ferre. 60 'My father is
flitting, hasten.'

He biddis you² haste with al youtre mayne.

Vnto hym, þat no thyng you marre. 60

Vxor. 3a! good sone, hy þe faste agayne,
And telle hym I wol come no narre. 'Tell him I won't
come.'

1 filius. Dame, I wolde do youre bidding fayne,
But yow bus wende, els bese it warre. 64 'You must, or
it will be worse.'

Vxor. ^{Worse} Werre! þat wolde I witte.
We bowrde al wrange, I wene.

1 filius. Modir, I saie you yitte,
My ffadir is bowne to flitte. 68

Vxor. Now, certis, I sall nouȝt sitte,
Or I se what he mene. 'I will go and
see what he
wants.'

[SCENE III, *The Ark, as before.*]

6. 1 filius. Fadir, I haue done nowe as ye comaunde,
My modir comes to you this daye. 72 If. 26.
C. iij.

Noe. Scho is welcome, I wele warrande,
This worlde sall sone be waste awaye. [Wife comes in.]

Vxor. Wher arte þou Noye?

Noe. Loo! here at hande,
Come hedir faste, dame, I þe praye. 76 'Come fast,
dame.'

Vxor. Trowes þou þat I wol leue þe harde lande,
And tourne vp here on toure deraye? 'D'ye think I'll
leave dry land
and come up
there?'

¹ MS. has *soner*.

² MS. has *þou*.

- Nay, Noye, I am nouȝt bowne
to fonde nowe ouer þere¹ ffellis, 80
- 'Children, get ready for town.
'Nay, you will drown,*
- Doo barnes, goo we and trusse to towne.
- Noe.** Nay, certis, sothly þan mon ye drowne.
- Vxor.** In faythe þou were als goode come downe,
And go do som what ellis. 84
- it has rained nearly forty days.'*
7. **Noe.** Dame, fowrtȝ dayes are nerhand past,
And gone sen it be-gan to rayne,
On lyffe salle noman lenger laste
Bot we allane, is nought to layne. 88
- 'Noah, you are silly. I go home again.'*
- Vxor.** Now Noye, in faythe þe fonnes full faste,
This fare wille I no lenger frayne,
þou arte nere woode, I am agaste,
Fare-wele, I wille go home agayne. 92
- 'Woman, are you mad?'*
- Noe.** O! woman, arte þou woode?
Of my werkis þou not wotte,
All þat has ban or bloode
Salle be ouere flowed with þe floode. [*Detains her.* 96
- 'Let me go! Hallo!'*
- Vxor.** In faithe, þe were als goode
to late me go my gatte.
8. We owte! herrowe!
- If. 26 b.*
- Noe.** What now! what cheere?
- Vxor.** I wille no na[r]re for no kynnes nede. 100
- 'Hold her, sons.'* ✓
- Noe.** Helpe! my sonnes to holde her here,
For tille her harmes she takes no heede.
- 'Mother, be happy,*
- 2 **filius.** Beis mery, modir, and mende youre chere,
This worlde beis drowned with-uten drede. 104
- Vxor.** Allas! þat I þis lare shuld lere.
- Noe.** þou spilles vs alle, ille myght þou speede!
- stay with us.'*
- 3 **filius.** Dere modir, wonne with vs,
þer shal no-þyng you greue. 108
- 'I must go home to pack my things.'*
- Vxor.** Nay, nedlyngis home me bus,
For I haue tolis to trusse.

¹ MS. has *yere*.

Noe. Woman, why dois þou þus,
To make vs more myscheue?

9. Vxor. Noye, þou myght haue leteyn me wete,
Erly and late þou wente þer outte,
And ay at home þou lete me sytte,
To loke þat nowhere were wele aboutte.

114 You might have
let me know
what you were
doing, Noah.'

Noe. Dame, þou holde me excused of itt,
It was goddis wille with-owten doutte.

118 'Excuse me,
dame.'

Vxor. What? wenys þou so for to go qwitte?

Nay, be my trouthe, þou getis a clowte.

[Strikes him. 'D'ye think to
go quits?']

Noe. I pray þe, dame, be stille.

Thus god wolde haue it wrought.

Vxor. Thow shulde haue witte my wille,
Yf I wolde sente þer tille,
And Noye, for þat same skylle,

124 You should have
asked my leave
at first.'

þis bargan sall be bought.

10. Nowe at firste I fynde and feele
Wher þou hast to þe forest soght,
þou shuld haue tolde me for oure seele
Whan we were to slyke bargane broght.

128 If, 27.
C v.

Noe. Now, dame, þe thar noȝt drede adele
For till accounte it cost þe noght,
A hundereth wyntyr, I watte wele,
Is wente sen I þis werke had wrought.
And when I made endyng,

132

'I worked at it
100 years, God
gave me orders.'

God gaffe me mesore fayre

Of euery-ilke a thyng,
He bad þat I shuld bryng
Of beestis and foules ȝynge,

137

Of ilke a kynde, a peyre.

11. Vxor. Nowe, certis, and we shulde skape fro skathe,
And so be saffyd as ye saye here,
My commodrys and my cosynes bathe,
þam wolde I wente with vs in feere.

142 'If we are to be
saved, my gossips
and cousins also
should come.'

Noe. To wende in þe watir it were wathe,



The wife mourns
for her friends,
but her children
comfort her.

Loke in and loke with-outen were. 146

Vxor. Allas ! my lyff me is full lath,
I lyffe ouere lange þis lare to lere.

1 filia. Dere modir, mende youre moode,
For we sall wende you with. 150

Vxor. My frendis þat I fra yoodē
Are ouere flowen with floode.

2 filia. Nowe thanke we god al goode
That he has grauntid grith. 154

12. 3 filia. Modir, of þis werke nowe wolde ye noȝt wene,
That alle shuld worthe to watres wan.

If. 27 b.

The daughters,
full of wonder,
ask questions.

2 filia. Fadir, what may þis meruaylle mene?
Wher-to made god medilerth and man? 158

1 filia. So selcouthe sight was never non seene,
Sen firste þat god þis worlde began.

'Shut the doors!
—This sorrow is
sent on account
of sin.

Noe. Wendes and spers youre dores be-dene!
For bettyr counsell none I can. 162

Þis sorowe is sente for synne,
Therfore to god we pray,
þat he oure bale wolde blynne.

3 filius. The kyng of al man-kyinne
Owte of þis woo vs wyne,
Als pou arte lorde, þat maye.

13. 1 filius. Ȝa ! lorde, as pou late vs be borne
In þis grete bale, som bote vs bede. 170

Sons, take care
of the cattle ;

Noe. My sonnes, se ȝe, myd day and morne
To thes catelles takes goode hede.

women, feed the
fowls, as long as
we live thus.

Keppes þam wele with haye and corne ;
And, women, fanges þes foules and feede,
So þat þey be noȝt lightly lorne, 175
Als longe as we þis liffe sall lede.

2 filius. Fadir, we ar full fayne
Youre biddyng to fulfille.

Ix monethes¹ paste er playne

Sen we wer putte to peyne.

180

3 filius. He þat is most of mayne,

May mende it qwen he wyll.

14. Noe. O! barnes, it waxes clere aboute,

þat may 3e see ther wher 3e sitte.

Children, it is
growing clear.
184

1 filius. I, leffe fadir ye loke þare owte,

Yf þat þe water wane ought 3itt.

'Dear father, see
if the water
wanes.'

Noe. That sall I do with-owten dowte,

For be the wanyng may we witte.

If. 28.
C vi.
188

A! lorde, to þe I love and lowte,

The catteraks I trowe be knytte,

Beholde, my sonnes al three,

The cataracts
are knit together,
the clouds are
gone.

þe clowdes are waxen clere.

192

2 filius. A! lorde of mercy free,

Ay louyd myght þou be.

Noe. I sall assaye þe see,

How depe þat it is here.

196

15. Vxor. Loved be that lord þat giffes all grace,

þat kyndly þus oure care wolde kele.

Noe. I sall caste leede and loke þe space,

Howe depe þe watir is ilke a dele. [*Casts the lead.*]

Noah finds the
water is fifteen
cubits deep.
200

Fyftene cobittis of highte itt hase

Ouere ilke a hille fully to feylle,

Butte beese wel comfote in þis casse,

It is wanand, þis wate² I wele.

204

Ther-fore a fowle of flight

Full sone sall I forthe sende

To seke if he haue sight,

Som lande vppon to light,

208

þanne may we witte full right,

When oure morn yng sall mende.

¹ It is difficult here (and in line 217) to see what date the author meant, unless Ix be a mistake for xi; eleven months would agree with Gen. viii. 5 and 6. But nine agrees with l. 251, 217

² MS. has *watir*.

'The raven is strong, wise, and crabbed. Go forth.

16. Of all þe fowles þat men may fynde,
 The Raven is wighte, and wyse is hee. 212
 þou arte ful crabbed and al thy kynde,
 Wende forthe þi course I comaunde þe,
 And werly watte andyþer þe wynd,
 Yf þou fynde awdir lande or tree. [*Sends forth the raven.* 216
 Ix monethes here haue we bene pyned,
 But when god wyll, better mon bee.

1 filia. Þat lorde þat lennes vs lyffe,
 To lere his lawes in lande, 220
 He mayd bothe man and wyffe,
 He helpe to stynte oure striffe.

3 filia. Oure cares are kene as knyffe,
 God graunte vs goode tydand. 224

If. 28 b.
 This bird is a long time, he must have found food on land ;

- 17 1 fil. Fadir, þis foule is forthe full lange,
 Vppon sum lande I trowe he lende,
 His foode þefore to fynde and fange,
 That makis hym be a fayland frende. 228

Noe. Nowe sonne, and yf he so forthe gange,
 Sen he for all oure welthe gōn wende,
 Then be he for his werkis wrange
 Euermore weried with-owten ende. 232
 And sertis for to see

He shall be cursed.

Whan oure sorowe salle sesse,
 A nodyr foule full free
 Owre messenger salle be, 236
 þou doufe, I comaunde þe,

I will send the dove, a faithful bird.

Owre comforte to encesse.

18. A faithfull fewle to sende art þow,
 Of alle with-in þere wauus wyde, 240
 Wende forthe, I pray þe, for owre prowē,
 And sadly seke on ilke a side
 Yf þe floodes be falland nowē,
 þat þou on þe erthe may belde and byde ; 244

Byng vs som tokenyng þar we may trowe
What tydandes sall of vs be-tyde. [*Sends forth the dove.*]

2 filia. Goode lorde! on vs þou luke,
And sesse oure sorow sere, 248

Sen we al synne for-soke

And to thy lare vs toke.

3 filia. A twelmothe bott xij weke
Have we be houerland here.

19. **Noë.** Now barnes, we may be blithe and gladde,
And lowe oure lord of heuenes kyng,
My birde has done as I hym badde,
An olyue braunche I se hym brynge.

The dove brings
an olive branch.

256

Blyste be pou fewle þat neuere was fayd,
That in thy force makis no faylyng,
Mare joie in herte never are I hadde,
We mone be saued, now may we synge!
Come hedir my sonnes in hye,

260 lf. 29.
C vij.
' Now rejoice !

I see here certaynely¹
 þe hillis of hermonye¹,
 I see the hills
 of Armenia.'

264

1 filius. Lovyd be pat lord for-thy
That vs oure lyffes hase lente ^z.

20. **Vxor.** For wrekis nowe þat we may wynne,
 Oute of þis woo þat we in wore, 268
 But Noye, where are nowe all oure kynne,
 And companye we kn[e]we be-fore. 'Where are all
 our kindred?'

Noe. Dame, all ar drowned, late be thy dyne,
And sone bei boughte per synnes sore.

Gud lewyn latte vs be-gynne
 Let us begin living well.'

He was greved in degre,
And gretely moved in mynde,

¹ These two lines are one in the MS.

² Added in margin, in later hand, *Tunc content Noe & filii sui, etc.*

For synne as men may see, 277

Dum dixit penitet me.

Full sore for-thynkyng was he

That euere he made mankynde.

21. That makis vs nowe to tole and trusse, 282
But sonnes he saide, I watte wele when,

The rainbow a
token to all
Christian men.

Arcum ponam in nubibus,

He sette his bowe clerly to kenne,

As a tokenyng by-twene hym and vs

In knowlage tille all cristen men, 286

That fro pis worlde were fynyd þus,

With wattir wolde he neuere wastyd þen.

þus has god most of myght,

A sign in the air.

Sette his senge full clere 290

Vppe in þe Ayre of heght ;

The rayne-bowe it is right,

As men may se, in sight,

In seasons of þe yere¹.

'Sir, then we
may take it that
this world will
last for ever?'
If. 29 b.

22. 2 fil. Sir, nowe sen god oure souerand syre 295

Has sette his syne þus in certayne,

Than may we wytte þis worldis empire

Shall euermore laste, is noȝt to layne. 298

Noe. Nay, sonne, þat sall we nouȝt desire,

For and we do we wirke in wane,

'No, the world
will be burned
with fire one day,

For it sall ones be waste with fyre,

And never worþe to worlde agayne. 302

Vxor. A ! syre owre hertis are feere for þes sawes

That ȝe saye here,

That myscheffe mon be more.

but not yet for
many 100 years.

Noe. Beis noȝt aferde þerfore, 306

ȝe sall noght lyffe þan yore,

Be many hundereth yhere.

23. 1 filius. Fadir, howe sall þis lyffe be ledde, 310
Sen non ar in þis worlde but we ?

¹ This line inserted later.

Noe.	Sones, with youre wiffes 3e salle be stedde,	
	And multiplye youre seede salle 3e.	Go forth, multiply, and work.'
	3oure barnes sall ilkon othir wedde,	
	And worshippe god in gud degre ;	314
	Beestes and foules sall forthe be bredde,	
	And so a worlde be-gynne to bee.	
	Nowe travaylle salle 3e taste	
	To wynne you brede & wyne,	318
	For alle pis worlde is waste ;	
	The3 beestes muste be vnbraste,	
	And wende we hense in haste,	
	In goddis blissyng & myne.	322

X. THE PARCHEMYNERS AND BOKEBYNDERS.

Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ABRAHAM.

PRIMUS FAMULUS.

ISAAC.

SECUNDUS FAMULUS.]

ANGELUS.

Gen. xvii; xvi.
1-3, 15; xxi. 5,
33; xxii. 1-19, 23;
xxiv. 2-4.

[SCENE, *Abraham's abode in Beersheba.*]

1. Abr.

G RETT god, þat alle þis world has wrought,
And wisely wote both gud and ille,

I thanke hym thraly in my thought

Of alle his laue he lens me tille. 4

That þus fro barenhede has me broghte,

A hundereth wynter to fulfille,

Thou graunte me myght so þat I mowght

Ordan my werkis aftir þi wille. 8

For in þis erthely lyffe

Ar non to god more boune,

Then is I and my wyffe

For frenshippe we haue founne. 12

2. Vn-to me tolde god on a tyde,

Wher I was telde vnder a tree,

He saide my seede shulde multiplye¹,

Lyke to þe gravell of þe see, 16

And als þe sternes wer strewed wyde,

So saide he þat my seede shuld be;

' I am 100 years
old,

and have found
great friendship.'
Gen. xviii. 8, 10.
God's promises
to Abraham.

¹ The late hand added a *d*, to make a rime with *tyde*.

- And bad I shulde be circumcicyd,
 To fulfille þe lawe ; þus lernynde he me. 20
 In worlde wher-for we wonne
 He sendes vs richeys ryve,
 Als ferre as schynes þe sonne,
 He is stynter of stryve. 24
 Abram ¹ first named was I,
 And sythen he sette a syllypp ma,
 And my wiffe hyght Sarae
 And sythen was scho named Sara. 28
 3. But Sara was vncertan thanne
 That euere oure seede shulde sagates ȝelde,
 Be-cause hir-selfe sho was barrane,
 And we wer bothe gone in grete eelde. 32
 But scho wrought as a wyse woman,
 To haue a barne vs for to beelde,
 Hir seruand prevely scho wan
 Vn-to my bedde my wille to welde. 36
 Sone aftir þan be-felle
 When god oure dede wolde dight,
 Sho broght forthe Esmaell,
 A sone semely to sight. 40
 4. Than aftirward when we waxed alde,
 My wyffe sche felle in feere for same,
 Oure god nedes tythynges tyll vs talde,
 Wher we wer in oure house at hame, 44
 Tille haue a sone we shulde be balde,
 And Isaak shulde be his name,
 And his seede shulde springe many falde.
 Gyff I were blythe, who wolde me blame?
 And for I trowed þis tythyng,
 That god talde to me þanne,
 The grounde and þe begynnyng
 Of trowthe þat tyme be-ganne. 52

A syllable added
to his name.

Sara was barren.

lf. 30 b.
Her servant bore
Ishmael.

A son was pro-
mised to Sara.

' If I were glad,
who would blame
49 me?

¹ The MS. has *Abraham*.

I owe much to
God.

5. Nowe awe I gretely god to yeelde,
That so walde telle me his entente,
And noght gaynestandynge oure grete eelde,
A semely sone he has vs sente. 56

My seemly son
is now strong.¹

Now is he wight hym-selfe to welde,
And fra me is all wightnes wente,
Ther-fore sall he be my beelde. 59
I owe hym þat þis lane has lente,
For he may stynte oure stryve,
And fende vs fro alle ille,
I love hym as my liffe,
With all myn herte and will. 64

6. **Ang.** Abraham! Abraham!

Abr. Loo I am here.

'I bring you
a message, take
Isaac to the land
of Vision, and
sacrifice him.'
lf. 31.
D ij.

Ang. Nowe bodeword vnto þe I brynge,
God wille assaye þi wille and cheere,
Giffe þou wille bowe tylle his byddyng ;
Isaak, þi sone, þat is the dere, 69
Whom þou loues ouer ¹ alle thyng,
To þe lande of Vyssyon wende in feere,
And there of hym þou make offering.
I salle þe shewe fulle sone, 73
The stede of sacrifice,
God wille þis dede be done,
And perfore þe avise. 76

'This is a strange
thing.

7. **Abr.** Lord god, þat lens ay lastand light,
This is a ferly fare to feele,
Tille haue a sone semely to sight,
Isaak, þat I loue full wele, 80
He is of eelde, to reken right,
Thyrty ȝere and more sum dele,
And vnto dede hym buse be dight,
God has saide me so for my seele. 84

My son is more
than thirty years
old.

¹ MS. has *our*.

And biddis me wende on all wise
To þe lande of Vysionne,
Ther to make sacryfice
Of Isaak þat is my sone.

88

8. And þat is hythyn thre daies iornay,
The ganeste gate þat i gane goo,—
And sertis, I sall noght say hym nay,
If god commaunde my self to sloo.

Mount Moriah
is three days'
journey hence.

92

Bot to my sone I will noght saye,
Bot take hym and my seruantis twoo,
And with our Assee wende forthe our waye,
As god has saide, it sall be soo.

'I will say no-
thing to Isaac,
but go.

[*Enter Isaac.*

Isaak, sone, I vnderstande
To wildirnesse now wende will we,
Tharefore to make oure offerand,
For so has god comaunded me.

97 My son, we go
to make offering.

100

9. **Isaac.** Fadir, I am euere at youre wille,
As worthy is with-owten trayne,
Goddis comaundement to fulfille
Awe all folke forto be fayne.

104

Abr. Sone, þou sais me full gode skille,
Bott all þe soth is noȝt to sayne,
Go we sen we sall þer-tille

lf. 31 b.

I praye god send vs wele agayne.

108

Isaac. Childir, lede forthe oure Asse,

[*To the two servants.* 'Lead forth the
ass with wood.'

With wode þat we sall bryne,

Euen as god ordand has,

To wyrke we will be-gynne.

[*They set out.*

10. **1 Fam.** Att youre bidding we wille be bowne,

113

What way in worlde þat ȝe wille wende.

2 Fam. Why, sall we trusse ought forthe a towne

In any vncouth lande to lende?

'Shall we go out
of town to a
strange land?

116

1 Fam. I hope tha haue in pis sessoune,

Fro god of heyn sum solayce sende.

2 Fam. To fulfille yt is goode reasoune,

And kyndely kepe þat he has kende.

120

'I do not know
what they intend.'

1 Fam. Bott what þei mene certayne,
Haue I na knowlage clere.

'Never mind.'

2 Fam. It may noght gretely gayne,
To move of swilke matere.

124

'No, don't trouble
yourselves as to
what we do.'

11. Abr. No, noye you noght in no degre
So for to deme here of oure dede,
For als god comaunded so wirke wille we,
Vn-tille his tales vs bus take hede.

128

1 Fam. Alle þos þat wille his seruandis be,
Ful specially he wille thaym spede.

Young men, I
praise the Lord.'

Isaac. Childir, with all þe myght in me.
I lowe that lorde of ilke a lede,
And wirshippe hym certayne,
My wille is euere vnto.

132

lf. 32.
D iiij.

2 Fam. God giffe you myght and mayne
Right here so for to doo.

136

'Son, if God
willed it, I would
die for him.'

12. Abr. Sone, yf oure lord god almyghty,
Of my selfe walde haue his offerande.
I wolde be glade for hym to dye,
For all oure heele hyngis in his hande.

'So would I.'

Isaac. Fadir, for suth, ryght so walde I,
Leuer þan lange to leue in lande.

141

Abr. A! sone, thu sais full wele, for-thy
God geue þe grace grathely to stande.

'Young men,
abide here.'

Childir, bide 3e here still; [*To the servants.*

No ferther sall 3e goo.

146

For 3ondir I se þe hill

That we sall wende vntoo.

148

13. Isaac. Kepe wele our Asse and all oure gere,
To tyme we come agayne you till. [*Exeunt Isaac & Abr.*

[SCENE II, *The land of Vision, near Mount Moriah.*]

- Abr.** My sone, þis wode behoues þe bere,
Till pou come high vppon yone hill. Isaac carries the
wood up the hill,
152
- Isaac.** Fadir, þat may do no dere
Goddis comaundement to fullfyll;
For fra all wathes he will vs were,
Whar-so we wende to wirke his wille. 156
- Abr.** A ! sone, þat was wele saide,
Lay doune þat woode euen here,
Tille oure auter be grathide,—
sets it down,
14. And, my sone, make goode cheere. 160
- Isaac.** Fadir, I see here woode and fyre,
Bot wher-of sall oure offerand be ?
and asks, where
is the offering ?
If. 32 b.
- Abr.** Sertis, son, gude god oure suffraynd syre
Sall ordayne it in goode degre. 164
- For sone, and we do his dessyre,
Full gud rewarde thar-fore gette wee.
In heuyn ther mon we haue oure hyre,
For vnto vs so hight has hee. 168
- Ther-fore sone, let vs praye,
To god, bothe pou and I,
That we may make þis daye
Oure offerand here dewly. 172
15. Grete god ! þat all þis worlde has wrought,
And grathely gouernes goode and ill,
Thu graunte me myght so þat I mowght
Thy comaundementis to full-fill. 176
- And gyffe my flessche groche or greue oght,
Or sertis my saule assentte þer-till,
To byrne all that I hydir broght,
I sall noght spare yf I shulde spille. 180
- Isaac.** Lorde god ! of grete pouste,
To wham all pepull prayes,

Graunte bothe my fadir and me
To wirke þi wille all weyes ! 184

16. But fadir, nowe wolde I frayne full fayne,
Whar-of oure offerand shulde be grathid ?

' Son, thou must
bear this bitter
turn.'

Abr. Sertis, sone, I may no lengar layne,
Thy-selfe shulde bide þat bittir brayde. 188

Isaac. Why ! fadir, will god þat I be slayne ?

Abr. ʒa, suthly sone, so has he saide.

Isaac is pleased
to obey.

Isaac. And I sall noght grouche þer agayne,
To wirke his wille I am wele payed ; 192
Sen it is his desire,

I sall be bayne to be

Brittynd and brent in fyre,

And þer-fore morne noght for me. 196

If. 33.
D iiii.

' I must do it.'

17. **Abr.** Nay, sone, this gatis most nedis be gone,
My lord god will I noght gayne-saye,
Nor neuer make mornys nor mone,
To make offerand of þe this day. 200

Isaac. Fadir, sen god oure lorde all-ane
Vowchesaffe to sende when ʒe gon praye

A sone to you, when ye had nane,
And nowe will that he wende his waye, 204

' Father, offer me
gladly,

Therfore faynde me to fell

Tille offerand in þis place,

But firste I sall you telle

My counsaile in þis case. 208

but my flesh will
dread, I may
oppose you.

18. I know myselfe be cours of kynde,
My flessche for dede will be dredande,
I am ferde þat ʒe sall fynde
My force youre forward to withstande. 212

Therefore bind
me fast, while
I am in the mind ;

Ther-fore is beste þat ye me bynde
In bandis faste, boothe fute and hande,
Nowe whillis I am in myght and mynde,
So sall ʒe saffely make offerrande. 216

For fadir, when I am boune,
 My myght may not avayle,
 Here sall no fawte be foune
 To make youre forward faylle.

220

19. For þe ar alde and alle vnwelde,
 And I am wighte and wilde of thought.

Abr. To bynde hym þat shuld be my beelde !
 Outtane goddis will, þat wolde I noght.

then you can
 offer safely, for
 you are old and
 weak, I am
 strong.
 'Bind him who
 should be my
 support !

224

But loo ! her sall no force be felde,
 So sall god haue that he has soght.

Fare-well ! my sone, I sall þe zelde
 Tylle hym þat all this world has wroght.

[*Binds him.*

lf. 33 b.

Nowe kysse me hartely, I þe pray,
 Isaak, I take my leue for ay.

229 Kiss me, farewell!

My blissyng haue pou enterly,

Me bus þe mys !

232 bless you ! I
 must lose you.

And I beseke god all-mychty

He giffe þe his.

Thus aren we samyn assent,

Eftir thy wordis wise,

236

Lorde god ! to þis take tente,

Ressayue thy sacrifice.

20. This is to me a perles pyne,
 To se myn nawe dere childe þus boune !

Me had well leuer my lyf to tyne

Than see þis sight, þus of my sone.

It is goddis will, it sall be myne,

Agaynste his saande sall I neuer schone ;

244

To goddis cummaundement I sall enclyne,

but I bow to
 God's will.

That in me fawte non be foune.

Therfore my sone so dere,

If pou will any thyng saye,

248

Thy dede it drawes nere,

Fare-well, for anes and ay.

- ‘Father, I pray
you
21. **Isaac.** Now, my dere fadir, I wolde you praye,
Here me thre wordes, graunte me my bone! 252
Sen I fro this sall passe for ay,
I see myn houre is comen full sone.
In worde, in werke, or any waye
That I haue trespassed or oght mysdone, 256
For-giffe me fadir, or I dye þis daye,
For his luffe pat made boþe sonne and mone.
Here sen we two sall twynne,
Firste god I aske mercy, 260
And you in more and myne,
This day or euere I dy.
22. **Abr.** Now my grete god, Adonay!
That all þis worlde has worthely wrought, 264
For-gyffe the sone, for his mercye,
In worde, in worke, in dede, and thoght.
Nowe sone, as we ar leryd
Our tyme may not myscarie¹. 268
- ‘Farewell, my
flesh grows fear-
ful, take your
sword, you tarry
too long.’
- Isaac.** Nowe fare wele, all medilerth,
My flesshe waxis faynte for ferde;
Nowe fadir, take youre swerde,
Me² thynke full lange 3e tarie. 272
23. **Abr.** Nay, nay sone, nay, I the be-hete,
That do I noght, with-uten were,
Thy wordis makis me my wangges to wete,
And chaunges, childe, ful often my cheere. 276
Ther-fore lye downe, hande and feete,
Nowe may pou witte thyn oure is nere.
- ‘Thy words wet
my cheeks, lie
down!’

¹ Lines 267, 268 are written as one in the MS. There seem to be some lines wanting here, both to the sense and to complete the stanza, which is more irregular than any other in this play. (Four others, stanzas 2, 19, 24, 25, are irregular.) In the margin two new lines in a late hand seem to have been suggested to remedy this:

‘*Abr.* Nowe haue I chose whether I had lever
My nowne swete son to slo or greve my
God for ever. Hic caret.’

² MS. has 3e.

Isaac. A! dere fadir, lyff is full swete,
The drede of dede dose all my dere.

As I am here youre sone,

To god I take me till,

Nowe am I laide here bone,

Do with me what 3e will.

280 ' Father, life is
sweet,

284

but I am ready
now.

24. For fadir, I aske no more respete,
Bot here a worde what I wolde mene,
I beseke 3ou or þat 3e smyte,
Lay doune þis kyrcheffe on myn eghne.
Than may 3oure offerand be parfite,
If 3e wille wirke thus as I wene.

288 Lay a kerchief
over my eyes.

And here to god my saule I wite,

And all my body to brenne bydene.

292

Now fadir be noght myssyng,

But smyte fast as 3e may.

Now, smite fast.'

Abr. Fare-wele, in goddis dere blissyng,

And myn, for euer and ay.

296 ' Farewell, in
God's blessing.'

That pereles prince I praye

Myn offerand here till haue it,

My sacryfice þis day,

I praye þe lorde ressayue it.

300

25. **Ang.** Abraham! Abraham!

Abr. Loo! here I wys.

lf. 34 b.

Ang. Abraham, abyde, and halde þe stille.

Sla noght thy sone, do hym no mysse,

Take here a schepe thy offerand tyll, [*A sheep comes in.*

304 ' Slay not thy
son! here is a
sheep.'

Is sente þe fro the kyng of blisse.

That faythfull ay to þe is fone,

He biddis þe make offerrand of þis,

Here at this tyme, and saffe thy sone.

308

They praise God,

26. **Abr.** I lowe þat lord with herte entier,

That of his luffe þis lane me lente,

To saffe my sone, my darlyng dere,

And sente þis schepe to þis entente,

312

and offer the
sheep instead.

That we sall offir it to the here,
So sall it be as pou has mente.
My sone, be gladde and make goode cheere,
God has till vs goode comforte sente ; 316
He will noght pou be dede,
But tille his lawes take kepe,
And se, son, in thy stede,
God has sente vs a schepe. 320

27. **Isaac.** To make oure offerand at his wille

All for oure sake he has it sente.
To lowe þat lorde I halde grete skyll,
That tulle his menþe þus has mente. 324
This dede I wolde haue tane me till,
Full gladly lorde, to thyn entent.

Abr. A! sone, thy bloode wolde he noght spill,
For-thy this shepe thus has he sente. 328

' Son, I am glad,
Let us go home.'

And sone I am full fayne
Of our spede in þis place,
Bot go we home agayne, /
And lowe god of his grace. [going. 332

28. **Ang.** Abraham ! Abraham !

* **Abr.** Loo ! here in dede.

Harke sone ! sum saluyng of our sare.

God's reward to
Abraham,
If. 35.
D vj.

Ang. God sais pou sall haue mekill mede
For thys goode will þat pou in ware, 336
Sen pou for hym wolde do þis dede,
To spille thy sone and noght to spare ;
He menes to multiplie youre seede,
On sides seere, as he saide are ; 340
And yit he light you this,
That of youre seede sall ryse,
Thurgh helpe of hym and his
Ouere hande of all enmys. 344

29. **Luk** 3e hym loue, þis is his liste,
And lelly lyff eftir his laye,

For in youre seede all mon be bliste,
That ther bese borne be nyght or day.

348 'Live loyally,
God will ever
be with you.'

If ȝe will in hym trowe or triste,
He will be with ȝou euere and aye.

Abr. Full well wer vs and we it wiste,
Howe we shulde wirke his will alwaye.

352

Isaac. Fadir, pat sall we frayne

At wyser men þan wee,

And fulfille it fulfayne,

'We will ask
how to do his
will from wiser
men than we.'

In dede eftir oure degree.

356

30. **Abr.** Nowe sone, sen we þus wele hase spede,

That god has graunted me thy liffe,

It is my wille þat þou be wedde,

And welde a woman to thy wyffe;

360

So sall thy sede springe and be spredde,

In the laweȝ of god be reasoun ryffe.

I wate in what steede sho is stede,

That þou sall wedde, withowten stryffe.

364 Isaac shall wed
Rebecca, daugh-
ter of Bethuel.

Rabek þat damysell,

Hir fayrer is none fone,

The doughter of Batwell,

That was my brothir sone.

368

lf. 35 b.

31. **Isaac.** Fadir, as þou likes my lyffe to spende,

I sall assente vnto the same.

Abr. One of my seruandis sone sall I sende

Vn-to þat birde to brynge hir hame.

372

The gaynest gates now will we wende.

[*Coming back finds the servants.*]

My barnes, yee ar noght to blame

ȝeff ȝe thynke lang þat we her lende;

Gedir same oure gere, in goddis name,

376

And go we hame agayne.

'We go home
now quickly.'

Euyn vnto Barsabe,

God þat is most of mayne

Vs wisse and with ȝou be.

380

XI. THE HOSEERS.¹

*The departure of the Israelites from Egypt, the
ten plagues, and the passage of the Red Sea*².

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

REX PHARAO. DEUS. MOYSES.
PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS CONSOLES (i.e. king's officers).
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS ET TERTIUS PUERI (i.e. Jews).
PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS EGYPTII.

[SCENE I, *Pharaoh's court.*]

1. **Rex.** O PEES, I bidde þat noman passe,
But kepe þe cours þat I comaunde,
And takes gud heede to hym þat hasse
Youre liff all haly in his hande. 4
Kyng Pharo my fadir was,
And led þe lordshippe of this lande,

Pharaoh pro-
claims his might
and power,

Incipit Pharao.

- Pharao.** Peas, of payn that no man pas,
But kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that has
Youre helthe alle holy in hys hande; 4
For kyng Pharro my fader was,
And led thys lordshyp of thys land,

Towneley
Mysteries (Sur-
tees Society,
1836), p. 55.

¹ In the MS. many of the verses in this piece are written in the old 16-syllable length, with a red line to mark the break at the inner rime, and some are written in two lines as in modern usage. The lines being inconveniently long, and the diversity misleading, all the lines are here broken and printed in the usual 8-syllable verse. The eighth Towneley play runs parallel to this, and is printed at the foot.

² The passages in Exodus on which this play is founded are, chap. i. ver. 7-16; ii. 23; iii. 1-15; iv. 1-6, 31; vii. 19-x. 27; xii. 29-31; xiv. 5-31.

- I am hys hayre as elde will asse,
 Euere in his steede to styrre and stande. 8
 All Egitte is myne awne,
 To lede aftir my lawe,
 I will my myght be knawen,
 And honnoured als it ¹ awe. 12
2. Ther-fore als Kyng I commaunde pees
 To all þe pepill of þis Empire,
 That noman putte hym fourthe in prees,
 But þat will do als we desire. 16
- And of youre sawes I rede you sees,
 And sesse to me, youre sufferayne sire,
 That most youre comforte may encrease,
 And at my liste lose liffe and lyre. 20
- i Cons. My lorde, yf any were
 þat walde not wirke youre will,

I am hys hayre as age wylle has,
 Ever in stede to styr or stand. 8
 Alle Egypt is myne awne
 To leede aftir my law,
 I wold my myghte were knowne
 And honoryd, as hit awe. 12
 Fulle low he shalle be thrawne
 That harkyns not my sawe,
 Hanged hy and drawne,
 Therfor no boste ye blaw;
 Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse, 13
 To alle the people of thys empyre.
 Looke no man put hym self in preasse,
 Bot that wylle do as I desyre, 16
 And of youre wordes look that ye seasse.
 Take tent to me, youre soferand syre,
 That may youre comfort most increasse,
 And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre. 20

Primus Miles. My Lord, if any here were,
 That wold not wyrk youre wylle,

¹ MS. repeats *as it*.

- And we wist wilke thay were,
 Ful sone we sall paym spill. 24
3. **Rex.** Thurgh-oute my kyngdome wolde I kenn,
 And konne tham thanke þat couthe me telle,
 If any wer so weryd þen
 That wolde aught fande owre forse to fell. 28
- A sort of men
 called Jews mul-
 tiply too fast in
 Goshen.
- ii **Con.** My lorde, þar are a maner of men,
 That mustirs grete maistris þam emell,
 The Jewes þat wonnes here in Jessen
 And er named the childir of Israell. 32
- They multiplye so faste,
 þat suthly we suppose
 Thay are like, and they laste,
 Yowre lordshippe for to lose. 36
- What tricks are
 they doing ?
4. **Rex.** Why, devill, what gawdes haue they begonne ?
 Er þai of myght to make a frayse ?
 i **Cons.** Tho felons folke, Sir, first was fonn
 In kyng Pharo þoure fadyr dayse ; 40
- 'They came in
 your father's day.
- Thay come of Joseph, Jacob sonn,
-
- If we myghte com thaym nere,
 Fulle soyn we shuld theym spylle. 24
- Pharao.** Thrughe out my kyngdom wold I ken,
 Aud kun hym thank that wold me telle,
 If any were so waryd men
 That wold my fors down felle. 28
- Secundus Miles.** My Lord, ye have a manner of men
 That make great mastres us emelle ;
 The Jues that won in Gersen,
 Thay are callyd chyldyr of Israel. 32
- Thay multiplye fulle fast,
 And sothly we suppose
 That shalle ever last,
 Oure lordshyp for to lose. 36
- Pharao.** Why, how have thay syche gawdes begun ?
 Ar thay of myght to make sych frayes ?
- Primus Miles.** Yei, Lord, fulle felle folk ther was fun
 In kyng Pharao, youre fader's, dayes 40
 Thay cam of Josephe, was Jacob son,

That was a prince worthy to prayse,
And sithen in ryste furthe are they run,

Now ar they like to lose our layse. 44

Thay sall confounde vs clene,

Bot if þai sonner sese.

Rex. What devill ever may it mene,

þat they so fast encrese? 48

5. ii **Cons.** Howe they encrese, full wele we kenn,

lf. 36 b.

Als oure elders be-fore vs fande,

Thay were talde but sixty and ten

Whan þei enterd in to þis lande.

Sithen haue they soionerd here in Jessen

Foure houndereth ȝere, þis we warande,

Now are they noumbered of myghty men,

Wele more þan thre hundereth thowsande, 56

With-owten wiffe and childe,

And herdes þat kepes ther fee.

Rex. So myght we be bygillid,

But certis þat sall noght be, 60

He was a prince worthy to prayse,

In sythen in ryst have thay ay ron;

Thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse, 44

Thay wylle confound you cleyn,

Bot if thay soner seasse.

Pharao. What, devylle, is that thay meyn

That thay so fast increse? 48

Secundus Miles. How thay increse fulle welle we ken.

As oure faders dyd understand;

Thay were bot sixty and ten

When thay fyrst cam in to thys land, 52

Sythen have sojernerd in Gersen

Four hundred wynter, I dar warand;

Now are thay nowmbred of myghty men

Moo then ccc thousand, 56

Wythe outen wyfe and chyld,

Or hyrdes that kepe thare fee.

Pharao. How thus myghte we be begyled?

Bot shalle it not be; 60

From 70 they
have in 400 years
increased to
52 300,000 strong
men.

'We will destroy
them with cun-
ning.

We have heard
that a man should
grow among them
who should
ruin us.'

'Kill their men
children.

We will bid
them to bondage,
and keep them
low.'

6. For with qwantise¹ we sall þam qwelle,
þat þei sall no farrar sprede.

i Cons. Lorde, we have herde oure ffadres telle,
Howe clerkis, þat ful wele couthe rede, 64
Saide, a man shulde wax þam emell,
That suld for-do vs and owre dede.

Rex. Fy on þam ! to þe devell of helle !
Swilke destanye sall we noght drede. 68

We sall make mydwayes to spille þam,
Whenne oure Ebrewes are borne,
All þat are mankynde to kille þam,
So sall they sone be² lorne. 72

7. For of the other haue I non awe,

Swilke bondage sall we to þam bede,
To dyke and delfe, beere and drawe,
And do all swilke vn-honest dede. 76

Þus sall þe laddis be holden lawe,
Als losellis ever thaire lyff to leede.

For wythe quantyse we shalle thaym quelle,
So that thay shalle not far sprede.

Primus Miles. My Lord, we have hard oure faders telle, 63
And clerkes that welle couthe rede, 64
Ther shuld a man walk us amelle
That shuld fordo us and oure dede.

Pharao. Fy on hym, to the devylle of helle, 68
Sych destyny wyll we not drede;
We shalle make mydwyfes to spyllle them,
Where any Ebrew is borne,
And alle menkynde to kyllle them,
So shalle they soyn be lorne. 72
And as for elder have I none awe.
Syche bondage shalle I to theym beyde,
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,
And to do alle unhonest deyde; 76
So shalle these laddes be holden law,
In thraldom ever thare lyfe to leyde.

¹ MS. has *qwantile*.

² MS. has *by*.

ii **Con.** Certis, lorde, þis is a sotell sawe,
So sall þe folke no farrar sprede. 80

Rex. Yaal helpes to halde þam doune;
þat we no fantnyse ¹ fynde.

i **Cons.** Lorde, we sall ever be bowne,
In bondage þam to bynde. 84

[SCENE II, *near Mount Sinai.*]

8. **Moyses.** Grete god! þat all þis grounde be-gan,
And governes euere in gud degree,
That made me Moyses vn-to man, lf. 37.
And saued me sythen out of þe see. E j. 88
Kyng Pharo he comaunded þan
So þat no sonnes shulde saued be,
Agayns his wille away I wan,
Thus has god shewed his myght in me. 92
Nowe am I here to kepe,
Sett vndir synay syde, I now keep
bishop Jethro's
sheep, under
Sinai.

Secundus Miles. Now, certes, thys was a sotelle saw,
Thus shalle these folk no fartherẽ sprede. 80'

Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
Look I no fayntnes fynde.

Primus Miles. Alle redy, Lord, we shalle be bowne,
In bondage thaym to bynde. 84

Tunc intrat Moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.

Moyses. Gret God, that alle thys world began,
And growndyd it in good degre,
Thou mayde me, Moyses, unto man,
And sythen thou savyd me from the se, 88
Kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,
Ther shuld no man chyld savyd be;
Agans hys wylle away I wan;
Thus has God showed hys might for me. 92
Now am I set to kepe,
Under thys montayn syde,

¹ MS. has *fantynse*.

The bisshoppe Jetro schepe,

So bettir bute to bide.

[*Sees the burning bush.*

9. A! mercy, god, mekill is thy myght, 97

What man may of thy meruayles mene,

I see a marvel,
a burning bush !'

I se 3ondyr a ful selcouth syght,

Wher-of be-for no synge was seene.

100

A busk I se yondir brennand bright,

And þe leues last ay in like grene,

If it be werke of worldly wight,

I will go witte with-owten wene.

104

God speaks to
him out of the
bush.

Deus. Moyses! come noght to nere,

Bot stille in þat stede dwelle,

And take hede to me here,

And tente what I þe telle.

108

10. I am thy lorde, with-outyn lak,

To lengh þi liffe euen as me list,

And the same god þat som tyme spak

Byschope Jettyr shepe,

To better may betyde;

96

A, Lord, grete is thy myght!

What man may of yond mervelle meyn?

Yonder I se a selcowth syght,

Syche on in warld was never seyn;

100

A bush I see burnand fulle bryght,

And ever elyke the leyfes ar greyn,

If it be wark of warldely wyght,

I wylle go wyt wythoutyn weyn.

104

Deus. Moyses, Moyses!

Hic properat ad rubum, et dicit ei Deus,

Moyes com not to nere,

Bot styлле in that stede thou dwelle,

106

And harkyn unto me here;

Take tent what I the telle.

108

Do of thy shoyes in fere,

Wyth mowth as I the melle,

The place thou standes in there

Forsoth, is halowd welle.

I am thy Lord, withouten lak,

10

To lengthe thi lyfe even as I lyst,

I am God that som tyme spake

- Vn-to thyne elders als þei wiste ; 112
 But Abraham and Ysaac,
 And Jacob, saide I, suld be bliste,
 And multiplye and þam to mak,
 So þat þer seede shulde noght be myste. 116
 And nowe kyng Pharo,
 Fuls þare childir ful faste
 If I suffir hym soo,
 Þare seede shulde sone be past. 120
11. Go, make þe message haue I mende
 To hym þat þam so harmed hase,
 Go, warne hym with wordes hende,
 So þat he lette my pepull passe, 124
 That they to wildirnesse may wende,
 And wirshippe me als whilom was.
 And yf he lenger gar them lende,
 His sange ful sone sall be, ' alas ! ' 128
-
- To thyn elders, as thay wyst ; 112
 To Abraham, and Isaac,
 And Jacob, I sayde shulde be blyst,
 And multytude of them to make,
 So that thare seyde shuld not be myst. 116
 Bot now thys kyng, Pharao,
 He hurtys my folk so fast,
 If that I suffre hym so,
 Thare seyde shuld soyne be past ; 120
 Bot I wylle not so do,
 In me if thay wylle trast
 Bondage to brynge thaym fro.
 Therfor thou go in hast,
 To do my message have in mynde 121
 To hym, that me syche harme mase ;
 Thou speke to hym wythe wordes heynde,
 So that he let my peple pas 124
 To wyldernes, that they may weynde
 To worshyp me as I wylle asse.
 Agans my wylle if that thay leynd,
 Ful soyn hys song shalle be, alas. 128

He is afraid.

Moyses. A! lord syth, with thy leue,
 þat lynage loves me noght,
 Gladly they walde me greve,
 . And I slyke boodword brought.

132

12. Ther-fore lord, late sum othir fraste
 þat hase more forse þam for to feere.

Deus. Moyses, be noght a-baste,
 My bidding baldely to bere,
 If thai with wrang ought walde þe wrayste
 Owte of all wothis I sall þe were.

136

'They will not
 heed me without
 a token.'

Moyses. We! lord, þai wil noght to me trayste,
 For al the othes þat I may swere.
 To neven slyke note of newe
 To folke of wykkyd will,
 With-uten taken trewe,
 They will noght take tente þer-till.

140

144

If. 37 b.

13. **Deus.** And if they will noght vndirstande,
 Ne take heede how I haue þe sente,

Moyses. A, Lord! pardon me, wyth thy leyf,
 That lynage luffes me noght,
 Gladly thay wold me greyf,
 If I syche bodworde broght.
 Good Lord, lette som othere frast,
 That has more fors the folke to fere.

132

Deus. Moyses, be thou nott abast,
 My bydyng shalle thou boldly bere;
 If thay with wrong away wold wrast,
 Outt of the way I shalle the were.

136

Moyses. Good Lord, thay wylle not me trast
 For alle the othes that I can swere;
 To never sych noytes new
 To folk of wykkyd wylle,
 Wyth uten tokyn trew,
 Thay wylle not tent ther-tylle.

140

144

Deus. If that he wylle not understand
 Thys tokyn trew that I shalle sent,

Before the kyng cast downe thy wande,
& it sall seme as a serpent.

'Cast down thy
wand, it shall
148 seem a serpent.

Sithen take the tayle in thy hande,

And hardely vppe þou itt hente,

In the firste state als þou it fande.

So sall it turne be myn entent.

152

Hyde thy hande in thy barme,

And serpent it sall be like,

Sithen hale with-outen harme,

þi syngnes sall be slyke.

Hide thy hand
in thy bosom, it
shall turn to a
serpent,' [error,
see *Exod.* iv. 6,
and l. 154 below.]
156

14. And if he wil not suffre than

My pepull for to passe in pees,

I sall send vengeaunce ix or x.,

To sewe hym sararre, or I sesse.

Nine or ten
plagues.
160

Bot þe Jewes þat wonnes in Jessen

Sall noyt be merked with þat messe,

Als lange als þai my lawes will kenne

þer comfort sal I euere encresse.

164

MoySES. A! lorde, lovyd be thy wille,

'I will go.

Afore the kyng cast down thy wand,

And it shalle turne to a serpent.

148

Then take the taylle agane in hand,

Boldly up look thou it hent,

And in the state thou it fand

Thou shal it turne by myne intent;

152

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,

And as a lepre it shal be lyke,

And hole agane with outen harme;

Lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.

156

And if he wylle not suffre then

My people for to pas in peasse,

I shalle send venyance IX or ten,

Shalle sowe fulle sore or [I] seasse.

160

Bot ye Ebrewes, won in Jessen,

Shalle not be merkyd with that measse;

As long as thay my lawes wylle ken

Thare cormforthe shalle ever increasse.

164

MoySES. A, Lord, to luf the aght us well

þat makes thy folke so free,
 I sall tell þam vn-till
 Als þou telles vn-to me. 168

15. But to the kyng, lorde, whan I come,
 And he ask me what is thy name,
 And I stande stille þan, defe and dum,
 How sall I be withouten blame? 172

But if the king
 ask thy name?

The answer.

Deus. I saie þus, *ego sum qui sum*,
 I am he þat I am the same,
 And if þou myght not meve¹ ne mum,
 I sall þe saffe fro synne & shame. 176

Moyeses. I vndirstande þis thyng,
 With all þe myght in me.

'I will be thy
 protection.'

Deus. Be bolde in my blissyng,
 Thy belde ay sall I be. 180

16. **Moyeses.** A! lorde of lyffe, lere me my layre,
 þat I pere tales may trewly tell,

That makes thi folk thus free,
 I shalle unto thaym telle 167
 As thou has told to me. 168
 Bot to the kyng, Lord, when I com.
 If he aske what is thy name,
 And I stand styll, both deyf and dom,
 How shuld I skake withoutten blame? 172

Deus. I say the thus "*Ego sum qui sum*,"
 I am he that is the same;
 If thou can nother muf nor mom
 I shalle sheld the from shame. 176

Moyeses. I understand fulle welle thys thyng,
 I go, Lord, with alle the myght in me.

Deus. Be bold in my blyssyng,
 Thi socoure shall I be. 180

Moyeses. A, Lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
 That I may truly talys telle;

¹ MS. has *meke*.

Vn-to my frendis nowe will I fayre¹,
 Þe chosen childre of Israell.
 To telle þam comforte of ther care,
 And of þere daunger þat þei in dwell.

‘I will go to my
 friends to comfort
 them.’
 184

[SCENE III, *Moses and the Hebrews.*]

[**Moses**]. God mayntayne you & me euermare,
 And mekill myrthe be you emell.

188

i puer. A! Moyses, maistir dere,
 Oure myrthe is al mornynge,
 We are harde halden here
 Als carls vndir þe kyng.

‘We are slaves,

192

17. ii puer. Moyses, we may mourne and myne,
 Þer is no man vs myrþes mase,
 And sen we come al of a kynne,
 Ken vs som comforte in þis case.

Give us some
 comfort.’

196

Moyes. Beeths of youre mornynge blyne,
 God wil defende you of your fays,

To my freyndes now wylle I fare,
 The chosyn childre of Israelle,
 To telle theym comforth of thare care,
 In dawngere ther as thay dwelle.
 God manteyn you evermare,
 And mekylle myrthe be you emelle.

184

Primus Puer. A, master Moyses, dere!
 Oure myrthe is alle mowmyng;
 Fulle hard halden ar we here,
 As carls under the kyng.

188

192

Secundus Puer. We may mowrn, both more and myn,
 Ther is no man that oure myrth mase,
 Bot syn we ar alle of a kyn
 God send us comforth in thys case.

196

Moyes. Brethere, of youre mowmyng blyn;
 God wylle delyver you thrughe his grace,

¹ *Will I fayre* written in later hand, correcting the original word *fayne*, which is crossed through.

'God will deliver
you from this
woe.'

Oute of þis woo he will you wynne,
To plesse hym in more plener place.
I sall carpe to þe kyng,
And fande to make you free.

200

If. 38.
E ij.

iii puer. God sende vs gud tythyngis,
And all may with you be.

204

[SCENE IV, *At Pharaoh's court.*]

18. **Moyses.** Kyng Pharo! to me take tent!

Rex. Why, what tydyngis can þou tell?

'God sends for
his folk.'

Moyses. Fro god of heuen þus am I sente,
To fecche his folke of Israell,
To wildirnesse he walde thei wente.

208

'Go to the devil!
I do not care
for you.'

Rex. 3aa! wende þou to þe devell of hell,
I make no force howe þou has mente,
For in my daunger sall þei dwelle.
And faytour, for thy sake,
þei sall be putte to pyne.

212

Out of this wo he wylle you wyn,
And put you to youre pleassyng place.
For I shalle carp unto the kyng,
And fownd fulle soyn to make you free.

200

Primus Puer. God grant you good weyndyng,
And evermore with you be.

204

Moyses, Kyng Pharao to me take tent.

Pharao. Why, boy, what tythynges can thou telle?

Moyses. From God hym self hyder am I sent
To foche the chyldre of Israelle;
To wyldernes he wold thay went.

208

Pharao. Yei, weynd the to the devylle of helle,
I gyf no force what he has ment,
In my dangere, herst thou, shalle thay dwelle;
And, fature, for thy sake,
Thay shalbe pent to pyne.

212

- Moyses.** Panne will god vengeaunce take
On þe and on al þyne. 216 Moses threatens
God's vengeance.
19. **Rex.** Fy on the! ladde, oute of my lande!
Wenes þou with wiles to lose oure laye?
Where¹ is pis warlowe with his wande,
Pat wolde þus wynne oure folke away? 220 'Who is this
wizard?'
- ii **Cons.** It is Moyses, we wele warrand,
Agayne al Egipte is he ay.
Youre fadir grete faute in hym fande,
Nowe will he marre you if he may. 224 'Moses, who will
injure you.'
- Rex.** Nay, nay, pat daunce is done,
Pat lordan leryd ouere late.
- Moyses.** God biddis þe graunte my bone,
And late me go my gate. 228 'God bids thee
grant my petition.'
20. **Rex.** Biddis god me? fals lurdayne, þou lyes;
What takyn talde he, toke þou tent?
- Moyses.** Ȝaa! sir, he saide þou suld despise
Botht me & all his comaundement. 232
-
- Moyses.** Then wylle God venyance take
Of the, and of alle thyn. 216
- Pharao,** On me? fy on the lad, out of my land!
Wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?
Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand
That thus wold wyle oure folk away? 220
- Primus Myles.** Yond is Moyses, I dar warand,
Agans alle Egypt has beyn ay,
Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand;
Now wylle he mar you if he may. 224
- Pharao.** Fy on hym! nay, nay, that dawnce is done;
Lurdan, thou loryd to late.
- Moyses.** God bydes the graunt my bone,
And let me go my gate. 228
- Pharao.** Bydes God me? fals loselle, thou lyse!
What tokyn told he? take thou tent.
- Moyses.** He sayd thou shuld dyspyse
Bothe me, and hys commaundement; 232
-

¹ MS. has *when*.

Behold his token
in my wand.

In thy presence kast on this wise
My wand he bad by his assent,
And pat pou shulde þe wele avise,
Howe it shulde turne to a serpent. 236
And in his haly name,
Here sal I ley it downe,
Loo! ser, se her þe same.

If I take the
serpent by the
tail it becomes
a wand again.

Rex. A! ¹ dogg! þe deuyl þe drowne! 240
21. Moyses. He saide pat I shulde take þe tayle,
So for to proue his poure playne,
And sone he saide it shuld not fayle
For to turne a wande agayne. 244
Loo! sir, be-halde!

'Hallo! he is
clever! but they
shall not go.'

Rex. Hopp illa hayle!
Now certis þis is a sotill swayne.
But þis boyes sall byde here in oure bayle,
For all þair gaudis sall noght þam gayne; 248
Bot warse, both morne and none,
Sall þei fare for thy sake.

Forthy, apon thys wyse,
My wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
How it shuld turne to oone serpent. 236
And in hys holy name
Here I lay it downe;
Lo, syr, here may thou se the same.
Pharao. A, ha, dog! the devylle the drowne! 240
Moyes. He bad me take it by the taylle,
For to prefe hys powere playn,
Then sayde, wythouten faylle,
Hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn. 244
Lo, sir, behold.
Pharao. Wyth yl a haylle!
Certes this is a sotelle swayn,
Bot thyse boyes shalle abyde in baylle, 247
Alle thi gawdes shalle thaym not gayn;
Bot wars, both morne and none,
Shalle thay fare, for thi sake.

¹ MS. has *Al*.

Moyses. God sende sum vengeaunce sone,
And on þi werke take wrake.

lf. 38 b.

252 Vengeance
comes.[*Moses retires: enter Egyptians* ¹.

22. **i Egip.** Allas ! allas ! þis lande is lorne,
On lif we may no lenger lende.

ii Egip. So grete myscheffe is made sen morne,
þer may no medycynē vs amende.

256

Cons. Sir kyng, we banne þat we wer borne,
Oure blisse is all with bales blende.

'We curse the
time we were
born.'

Rex. Why crys you swa, laddis ? liste you scorne ?

i Egip. Sir kyng, slyk care was neuere kende.

260

The water turned
to blood (1st
plague).

Oure watir þat was ordand
To men and beestis fudde,
Thurghoute al Egipte lande
Is turned to rede blude ;

264

23. Full vgly and ful ill is it,
þat was ful faire and fresshe before.

Moyses. I pray God send us venyance sone,
And on thi warkes take wrake.

252

Primus Miles. Alas, Alas ! this land is lorne !
On lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;
Syche myscheffe is fallen syn morne,
Ther may no medsyn it amend.

256

Pharao. Why cry ye so ? laddes, lyst ye skorne ?

259

Secundus Miles. Syr kyng, syche care was never kend,
In no mans tyme that ever was borne.

Pharao. Telle on, belyfe, and make an end.

Primus Miles. Syr, the waters that were ordand
For men and bestes foyd,
Thrughe outt alle Egypt land,
Ar turnyd into reede bloyde :
Fulle ugly and fulle ylle is hytt,
That bothe fresh and fayre was before.

261

264

¹ Two scenes appear to be presented at once, with Moses and his Jews at one side, Pharaoh and his Egyptians at the other: frequent communications going on between the two. It seemed best to mark these movements by white spaces in the text, though there is no such discontinuance, or any direction, in the MS.

Rex. This is grete wondir for to witte,
Of all þe werkis þat ever wore. 268

ii Egip. Nay, lorde, þer is anothir ȝitt,
That sodenly sewes vs ful sore,
For tadys and frosshis we may not flitte,
Thare venym loses lesse and more. 272

(2) Toads and
frogs.

(3) Swarms of lice.

i Egip. Lorde, grete mysyes bothe morn and none
Bytis vs full bittirlye,
And we hope al by done
By moyses, oure enemye. 276

24. i Cons. Lord, whills we ¹ with þis menyhe meve,
Mon never myrthe be vs emange.

' We shall never
be happy while
these folk are
here.'

Rex. Go, saie we salle no lenger greve ; [Aside.
But þai sall neuere þe tytar gang. 280

ii Egip. Moyses, my lord has grauntyd leve
At lede thy folke to likyng lande,
So þat we mende of oure myscheue.

If. 39.
E. iij.

Deceitful mes-
sage from
Pharaoh,

Pharao. O, ho ! this is a wonderfulle thyng to wytt,
Of alle the warkes that ever were. 268

Secundus Miles. Nay, Lord, ther is anothere yit,
That sodanly sowys us fulle sore ;
For todes and froskes may no man yfit,
Thay venom us so, bothe les and more. 272

Primus Miles. Greate mystes, sir, ther is bothe morne and noyn,
Byte us fulle bytterly ;
We trow that it be done
Thrughe Moyses oure greate enmy. 276

Secundus Miles. My Lord, bot if this menyne may remefe
on never myrthe be us amang.

Pharao. Go, say to hym we wyll not grefe,
Bot thay shalle never the tytter gayng. 280

Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord geffys leyfe 281
To leynd thi folk to lykyng lang,
So that we mēnd of oure myscheue.

¹ MS. has *ve*.

Moyes. I wate ful wele þar wordes er wrang, 284 which Moses
 That sall ful sone be sene, does not believe.
 For hardely I hym heete
 And he of malice mene.
Mo mervaylles mon he mett. 288

25. **i Egip.** Lorde, alas ! for dule we dye, [*To the king.*
 We dar not loke oute at no dore.

Rex. What deuyll ayles yow so to crye?

ii Egip. We fare nowe werre þan euere we fure¹. 292 Plagues of (4)
 Grete loppis ouere all þis lande þei flye, flies,
 That with bytyng makis mekill blure.

i Egip. Lorde, oure beestis lyes dede and dry, (5) Murrain.
 Als wele on myddyng als on more; 296
 Both oxe, horse, and asse,
 Fallis dede doune sodanly.

Rex. Ther-of no man harme has
 Halfe so mekill as I. 300 The king may
 have harm,

26. **ii Cons.** ȝis, lorde, poure men has mekill woo but the poor have
 much woe.

Moyes. Fulle welle, I wote, thyse wordes ar wrang 284
 Bot hardely alle that I heytt. 286
 Fulle sodanly it shalle be seyn, 285
 Uncowth mervels shalbe meyt 288
 And he of malyce meyn. 287

Secundus Miles. A, Lord, alas, for doylle we dy. 289
 We dar look oute at no dowre.

Pharao. What, ragyd the dwylle of helle, alys you so to cry?

Primus Miles. For we fare wars then ever we fowre; 292
 Grete loppys over alle this land thay fly,
 And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,
 And in every place oure bestes dede ly. 295

Secundus Miles. Hors, ox, and asse, 297
 Thay falle downe dede, syr, sodanly. 298

Pharao. We, lo, ther is no man that has
 Half as myche harme as I. 300

Primus Miles. Yis, sir, poore folk have mekyll wo,

¹ MS. has *fare*.

To see þer catell be out cast,
 The Jewes in Jessen faren noȝt soo,
 They haue al likyng in-to last. 304

Another deceitful
 message.

Rex. Go, saie we giffe þam leue to goo
 To tyme there parellis be ouer past ; [Aside.
 But, or thay flitte over farre vs froo,
 We sall garre feste þam foure so fast. 308

ii Egip. Moyses, my lord giffis leue
 Thy men for to remewe.

If. 39 b.

Moyses. He mon haue more mischeff
 But if his tales be trewe. 312

Plagues of (6)
 boils and blains.

27. **i Egip.** We! lorde, we may not lede this liffe.

Rex. Why! is ther greuaunce growen agayne?

ii Egip. Swilke pou[d]re, lord, a-pon vs dryffe,
 That whare it bettis it makis a blayne. 316

(7) Hail and fire :
 (the vines cannot
 thrive.) Ps. cv. 33.

i Egip. Like mesellis makis it man and wyffe ;
 Sythen ar they hurte with hayle and rayne,
 Oure wynes in mountaynes may not thryve,
 So ar they threst and thondour slayne. 320

To se thare catalle thus out cast.
 The Jues in Gessen fayre not so,
 Thay haue lykyng for to last. 304
Pharao. Then shalle we gyf theym leyf to go 305
 To tyme this perelle be on past,
 Bot, or thay flytt oght far us fro,
 We shalle them bond twyse as fast. 308
Secundus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffes leyf
 Thi meneye to remeve.
Moyses. Ye mon hafe more myschefe
 Bot if thyse talys be trew. 312
Primus Miles. A, Lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.
Pharao. What, dwylle, is grevance grofen agayn?
Secundus Miles. Ye, sir, sich powder apon us dryfys,
 Where it abides it makes a blayn; 316
 Meselle makes it man and wyfe,
 Thus ar we hurt with haylle and rayn.
 Syr, unys in montanse may not thryfe,
 So has frost and thoner thaym slayn. 320

- Rex.** How do thay in Jessen ;
 þe Jewes, can ȝe aught say ?
ii Egip. Þis care nothyng they ken,
 þay fele no such affray. 324
- 28. Rex.** No, devill ! and sitte they so in pees ?
 And we ilke day in doute and drede.
i Egip. My lorde, þis care will euere encrese
 Tille Moyses have leve þam to lede. 328
i Cons. Lorde, war they wente þan walde it sese,
 So shuld we save vs and oure seede,
 Ellis¹ be we lorne ; þis is no lese.
Rex. Late hym do fourth ! þe devill hym spede ! 332
 For his folke sall no ferre
 Yf he go welland woode.
ii Cons. Þan will itt sone be warre,
 ȝit war bettir þai ȝoode. 336
- 29. ii Egip.** We ! lorde, new harme is comon to hande. Plagues of (8)
locusts
Rex. No ! devill ! will itt no bettir be ?
i Egip. Wilde wormes is laide ouere al this lande,
-
- Pharao.** Yei, bot how do thay in Gessen,
 The Jues, can ye me say ?
Primus Miles. Of alle these cares no thyng thay ken,
 Thay feylle noghte of our affray. 324
Pharao, No ? the ragyd, the dwylle, sytt thay in peasse ?
 And we every day in doute and drede ?
Secundus Miles. My lord, this care will ever encrese,
 To Moyses have his folk to leyd ; 328
 Els be we lorne, it is no lesse, 331
 Yit were it better that thai yede.
Pharao. Thes folk shall flyt no far, 333
 If he go welland wode.
Primus Miles. Then wille it sone be war,
 It were better thay yode. 336
Secundus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.
Pharao. Yei, dwille, wille it no better be ?
Primus Miles. Wyld wormes ar layd over all this land,
-

¹ MS. has *Ellis*.

If. 40.
E. iiij.

Of (g) darkness,

and (ro) pestilence
[not death of
first-born].

'Let them go,
wavering is of
no use.'

þai leve no frute ne floure on tree ; 340

Agayne þat storme may no thyng stande.

ii **Egip.** Lord, ther is more myscheff thynke me,

And thre daies hase itt bene durand,

So myrke þat non myght othir see. 344

i **Egip.** My lorde, grete pestelence¹

Is like ful lange to last.

Rex. Owe ! come þat in oure presence ?

Than is oure pride al past. 348

30. ii **Egip.** My lorde, þis vengeaunce lastis lange,

And mon till Moyses haue his bone.

i **Cons.** Lorde, late þam wende, els wirke [we] wrang,

It may not helpe to hover na hone. 352

Rex. Go, saie we graunte þam leue to gange,

In the devill way, sen itt bus be done,

For so may fall we sall þam fang,

Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre. 340

Secundus Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand ;

And mekylle more mervelle thynk me,

That thise iij dayes has bene durand

Siche myst, that no man may other se. 344

Primus Miles. A, my Lord !

Pharao. Haghe !

Secundus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn ;

It is like ful long to last. 346

Pharao. Pestilence? in the dwilys name!

Then is oure pride over past. 348

Primus Miles. My lord, this care lastes lang.

And wille to Moyses have his bone ;

Let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,

It may not help to hover ne hone. 352

Pharao. Then wille we gif theym leyf to gang ;

Syn it must nedes be doyn ;

Perchauns we salle thaym fang

¹ *Pestilence* is inserted in a later hand ; ll. 345, 346 are one line in the MS.

- And marre þam or to-morne at none. 356
- i **Egip.** Moyses, my lorde has saide,
þou sall haue passage playne.
- Moyes.** And to passe am I paid,
My frendes, bees nowe fayne ; 360
31. For at oure will now sall we wende,
In lande of lykyng for to lende.
- i **puer.** Kyng Pharo, that felowns fende,
Will haue grete care fro this be kende, 364
Than will he schappe hym vs to shende,
And sone his Ooste aftir vs sende.
- Moyes.** Beis noght aferde, god is youre frende,
Fro alle oure fooes he will vs fende. 368
- þarfore comes furthe with me,
Haves done, and drede yow noght. •
- ii **puer.** My lorde, loved mott þou bee,
þat þus fro bale has brought. 372
32. iii **puer.** Swilke frenshippe never before we fande. If. 40 b.

- And mar them or to morne at none. 356
- Secundus Miles.** Moyses, my lord he says
Thou shalle haue passage playn.
- Moyes.** Now haue we lefe to pas,
My freyndes, now be ye fayn ; 360
Com furthe, now salle ye weynd
To land of lykyng you to pay.
- Primus Puer.** Bot kyng Pharao, that fals feynd, 363
He will us eft betray ;
Fulle soyn he wille shape us to sheynd, 365
And after us send his garray.
- Moyes.** Be not abast, God is oure freynd, 367
And alle oure foes wille slay ;
Therfor com on with me,
Have done and drede you noght. 370
- Secundus Puer.** That Lord blyst might he be,
That us from baylle has broght.
- Primus Puer.** Sicke frenship never we fand ; 373

'The Red Sea is
near, we must be
slaves.'

But in þis faire defaultys may fall,
þe rede see is ryght nere at hande,
þer bus vs bide to we be thrall. 376

'The sea shall
stand on either
side as a wall.'

Moyses. I sall make vs way with my wande,
For god hase sayde he saue vs sall;
On aythir syde þe see sall stande,
Tille we be wente, right as a wall. 380

'We pass easily.'

Therefore have 3e no drede,
But faynde ay god to plesse.
i puer. þat lorde to lande vs lede,
Now wende we all at esse. 384

33. **i Egip.** Kyng Pharro, ther folke er gane.

Rex. Howe nowe! es ther any noyes of newe?

ii Egip. The Ebrowes er wente ilkone.

Rex. Now sais pou þat? **i Egip.** Þer talis er trewe. 388

'Harness horse
and chariots in-
stantly, follow
me.'

Rex. Horse harneys tyte, þat þei be tane,
þis ryott radly sall þam rewe,

Bot yit I drede for perells alle,
The Reede See is here at hand.
Ther shal we hyde to we be thralle. 376

Moyses. I shalle make my way ther with my wand,
As God has sayde, to sayf us alle;
On ayther syde the see mon stand,
To we be gone, right as a walle. 380
Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde,
Lo fownd ye now youre God to please.

Hic pertransient mare.

Secundus Puer. O, Lord! this way is heynd;
Now weynd us all at easse. 384

Primus Miles. Kyng Pharao! thyse folk ar gone. 385

Pharao. Say, ar ther any noyes new?

Secundus Miles. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, ever-ichon.

Pharao. How says thou that?

Primus Miles. Lord, that taylle is trew. 388

Pharao. We, out tyte, that they were tain;
That ryett radly shall thay rew,

- We sall not sese or they be slone,
 For to þese we sall þam sew. 392
 Do charge oure charyottis swithe,
 And frekly folowes me.
- ii **Egip.** My lorde we are full blithe,
 At youre bidding to be. 396
34. ii **Cons.** Lorde, to youre bidding we er boune,
 Owre bodies baldely for to bede,
 We sall noght byde, but dyng þam doune,
 Tylle all be dede, with-uten drede. ' We'll kill them all.' 400
- Rex.** Hefe vppe youre hartis ay to Mahownde,
 He will be nere vs in oure nede. ' Lift up your hearts to Mahomet !'

[SCENE V, *The Red Sea.*]

- Owte ! ay herrowe ! devill, I drowne ! Hallo ! I drown !
- i **Egip.** Allas ! we dye, for alle our dede.
- i **puer.** Now ar we wonne fra waa, and saued oute of þe see. If. 41.
 Cantemus domino, to god a sange synge wee. E. v. 406

Finis.

-
- We shalle not seasse to thay be slayn,
 For to the see we shall thaym sew ; 392
 So charge youre chariottes swythe,
 And ferstly look ye folow me.
- Secundus Miles.** Alle redy, lord, we ar fulle blythe
 At youre byddyng to be. 396
- Primus Miles.** Lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne
 Oure bodys boldly for to beyd,
 We shalle not seasse, bot dyng alle downe,
 To alle be dede withouten drede. 400
- Pharao.** Heyf up youre hertes unto Mahowne,
 He wille be nere us in oure nede ;
 Help, the raggyd dwylle, we drowne !
 Now mon we dy for alle oure dede. 404

Tunc merget eos mare.

- Moyeses.** Now ar we won from alle oure wo,
 And savyd out of the see ; 402

Lovyng gyf we God unto,
Go we to land now merely.

Primus Puer. Lofe we may that Lord on hyght,
And ever telle on this mervelle;
Drownyd he has kyng Pharaο myght,
Lovyd be that Lord Emanuelle.

Moyses. Heven, thou attend, I say in syght,
And erthe my wordys; here what I telle.
As rayn or dew on erthe doys lyght
And waters herbys and trees fulle welle,
Gyf lovyng to Goddes mageste,
Hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew,
Honowred be he in trynyte,
To hym be honowre and verteu. Amen.

[*Explicit Pharaο.*]

XII. THE SPICERS.

lf. 42.
E. vj.

The Annunciation, and visit of Elizabeth to Mary.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

PROLOGUE.

MARIA.

ANGELUS,

ELIZABETH.]

[SCENE I, *Nazareth*: PROLOGUE *in the fore-ground*.]

1. **L**ORD God, grete meruell es to mene ¹,
Howe man was made with-outen mysse,
And sette whare he sulde euer haue bene
With-outen bale, bidand in blisse.

4

And howe he lost þat comforth clene,
And was putte oute fro paradys,
And sithen what sorouse sor ² warre sene
Sente vn-to hym and to al his.

8

And howe they lay lange space
In helle lokyn fro lyght,
Tille god graunted þam grace
Of helpe, als he hadde hyght.

12

2. þan is it nedfull for to neven,
How prophetis all goddis counsailes kende,
Als prophet Amos in his steuen,
Lered whils he in his liffe gun lende.

16

It is a wonder
how man lost
Paradise.

We must tell
what prophets
spoke.

¹ A marginal note here in 16th cent. hand says, 'Doctor, this matter is newly mayde, wherof we haue no copy.'

² MS. has *for*.

Amos said God
would send his
son.

Deus pater disposuit salutem fieri in medio terre etc.

He sais þus, god þe fadir in heuen
Ordand in erthe man kynde to mende ;
And to grayth it with godhede euen ¹,
His sone he saide þat he suld sende. 20

To take kynde of man-kyn
In a mayden full mylde ;
So was many saued of syn
And the foule fende be-gyled. 24

3. And for the feende suld so be fedd
Be tyne, and to no treuth take tentt,
God made þat mayden to be wedde ²,
Or he his sone vn-to hir sentte. 28
So was the godhede closed and cledde
In wede of weddyng whare thy wente ;
And þat oure blysse sulde so be bredde,
Ful many materes may be mente. 32

Gen. xxii. 18.

Quoniam in semine tuo benedicentur omnes gentes &c.

lf. 42 b.

God hym self sayde this thyng
To Abraham als hym liste,
Of thy sede sall vppe spryng
Whare in folke sall be bliste. 36

4. To proue thes prophettes ordande [wer],
Er als I say vn-to olde and yenge.
He moued oure myscheues for to merr,
For thus he prayed god for this thyng,
Orate celi desuper, 40

Isaac prayed for
the dew of
heaven,

Lord, late þou doune at thy likyng
þe dewe to fall fro heuen so ferre,
For than the erthe sall sprede and spryng
A seede þat vs sall saue, 44

Gen. xxvii. 28.

¹ MS. has *eueñ*.

² MS. has *wedded*.

þat nowe in blisse are bente.

Of clerkis who-so will craue,

þus may þer-gatis be mente.

48

5. þe dewe to þe gode halygaste

which is the Holy
Ghost.

May be remeued in mannes mynde,

The erthe vnto þe mayden chaste,

By-cause sho comes of erthely kynde.

52

þir wise wordis ware noght wroght in waste,

To waffe and wende away als wynde,

For this same prophett sone in haste

Saide forthermore, als folkes may fynde.

56

Propter hoc dabit dominus ipse vobis signum &c.

Isa. vii. 14.

Loo he sais þus, god sall gyffe

Here-of a syngne to see

Tille all þat lely lyffe,

And þis þare sygne salbe.

60

Ecce uirgo concipiet, et pariet filium &c.

Isa. vii. 14.

6. Loo ! he sais a mayden mon

A virgin shall
bear a son,

Here on this molde mankynde omell,

Ful clere consayue and bere a sonne,

And neven his name Emanuell.

64

His kyngdom þat euer is be-gonne,

Sall never sese, but dure and dwell ;

On-dauid sege þore sall he wonne,

he shall sit on
David's seat.

His domes to deme and trueth to telle.

68

Zelus domini faciet hoc &c.

Isa. ix. 7.

He says, luffe of oure Lorde,

lf. 43.
E. vij.

All þis sall ordan¹ þanne

That mennes pees and accorde

To make with erthely manne.

72

7. More of þis maiden me meves [he],

This prophett sais for oure socoure,

¹ MS. has *ordañ*.

*Isa. xi. 1.*A rod shall spring
from Jesse,which shall bear
a flower.*Egredietur virga de Jesse,*

A wande sall brede of Jesse boure ;

76

And of þis same also sais hee,

Vpponne þat wande sall springe a floure,

Wher-on þe haly gast sall be,

To governe it with grete honnoure.

80

That wande meynes vntill vs

Þis mayden, even and morne,

And þe floure is Jesus,

þat of þat blyst bees borne.

84

8. Þe prophet Johell, a gentill Jewe,

Som-tyme has saide of þe same thyng ;

He likenes criste euen als he knewe,

Like to þe dewe in doune commyng.

88

Joel has also
foretold the
maiden and
Christ.*Hos. xiv. 6.**Ero quasi ros et virgo Israell germinabit sicut lilium.*

Þe maiden of Israell al newe

He sais, sall bere one and forthe brynge,

Als þe lelly floure full faire of hewe,

Þis meynes sa to olde and ȝenge

92

þat þe hegh haly gaste,

Come oure myscheffe to mende,

In marie mayden chaste,

When god his sone walde sende.

96

9. Þis lady is to þe lilly lyke,

þat is by-cause of hir clene liffe,

For in þis worlde was never slyke,

One to be mayden, modir, and wyffe.

100

And hir sonne kyng in heuen-ryke,

Als oft es red be reasoune ryfe ;

And hir husband bath maistir and meke,

In charite to stynte all striffe.

104

Þis passed all worldly witte,

How god had ordand þaim þanne,

lf. 43 b.

It passes worldly
knowledge that
in Mary should
be united God-
head, maiden-
hood, and man.

In hir one to be knytte,

Godhed, maydenhed, and manne.

108

10. Bot of pis werke grete witnes was,
With forme-ffaders, all folke may tell.

Whan Jacob blyst his sone Judas,

He told þe tale þaim two emell ;

~ Jacob spoke of it
in blessing Judah.

112

Non auferetur s[c]eptum de Juda,

Gen. xlix. 10.

Veniat qui mittendus est.

He sais þe septer sall noght passe

Fra iuda lande of Israell,

Or he comme þat god ordand has

To be sente feendis force to fell.

116

Et ipse erit expectacio gencium.

Gen. xlix. 10.

Hym sall alle folke abyde,

And stand vn-to his steuen,

Ther sawes wer signified

To crist goddis sone in heuen.

120

11. For howe he was sente, se we more,
And howe god wolde his place puruay,
He saide, 'sonne I sall sende by-fore
Myne Aungell to rede þe thy way.'

John Baptist
foretold.

124

Ecce mitto angelum meum ante faciem

Mark i. 2.

tuam qui preparabit viam tuam ante te.

Of John Baptist he menyd pore,

For in erthe he was ordand ay,

To warne þe folke þat wilsom wore

Of Cristis comyng, and þus gon say ;

128

Ego quidem baptizo in aqua vos autem

Matth. iii. 11.

Baptizabimini¹ spiritu sancto.

'Eftir me sall come nowe

lf. 44.
E. viii.

A man of myghtist mast,

And sall baptis þowe

In the high haly gast.'

132

12. Þus of cristis comyng may we see,

¹ Error for *ipse vos baptizabit.*

Luke narrates
the Annuncia-
tion.
Luke i. 26-46.
 How sainte Luke spekis in his gossell,
 'Fro God in heuen es sent,' sais he,
 'An aungell is named Gabriell 136
 To Nazareth in Galale,
 Where pan a mayden mylde gon dwell,
 þat with Joseph suld wedded be.
 Hir name is Marie,' þus gan he telle, 140
 To god his grace pan grayd,
 To man in þis manere,
 And how þe Aungell saide,
 Takes hede, all þat will here ¹. 144

[Exit Prologue.]

Tunc cantat angelus ².

Salutation of
Mary.
 13. **Ang.** Hayle ! Marie ! full of grace and blysse,
 Oure lord god is with þe,
 And has chosen þe for his,
 Of all women blist mot þou be. 148
 'What kind of
salute is this ?'
Maria. What maner of halsyng is þis ?
 þus preuely comes to me,
 For in myn herte a thocht it is,
 þe tokenyng þat I here see. 152

Tunc cantat angelus, Ne timeas ² *Maria.*

•
 'Thou shalt bear
a son called
Jesus.'
 14. **Ang.** Ne drede þe noght, þou mylde marie,
 For no-thing þat may be-falle,
 For þou has fun souerany
 At god a grace ouer othir all. 156
 In chastite of thy bodye
 Consayue and bere a childe pou sall,
 This bodword brynge I þe, for-thy
 His name Jesu sall þou calle. 160
 15. Mekill of myght þan sall he bee,
 He sall be God and called God sonne ³.

¹ After this prologue of 12 stanzas, the rest of the piece seems to be irregular in the arrangement of the 6- and 8-syllable lines.

² These stage directions are in a 16th cent. hand.

³ MS. has *son*.

- Dauid sege, his fadir free, lf. 44 b.
 Sall God hym giffe to sytte vppon; 164
 Als kyng for euer regne sall hee,
 In Jacob house ay for to wonne.
 Of his kyngdome and dignite
 Shall noo man erthly know ne con¹. 168
16. **Maria.** Pou goddis aungell, meke and mylde,
 Howe sulde it be, I the praye,
 That I sulde consayue a childe
 Of any man by nyght or daye. 172
 I knowe no man þat shulde haue fyled
 My maydenhode, the sothe to saye;
 With-outen will of werkis wilde,
 In chastite I haue ben ay. 176
17. **Ang.** The Halygast in þe sall lighte,
 Hegh vertue sall to þe holde,
 The holy birthe of the so bright,
 God sonne he sall be calde. 180
 Loo, Elyzabeth, þi cosyne, ne myght
 In elde consayue a childe for alde,
 Þis is þe sexte moneth full ryght,
 To hir þat baran has ben talde. 184
18. **Maria.** Thou aungell, blissid messenger,
 Of goddis will I holde me payde,
 I love my lorde with herte dere,
 Þe grace þat he has for me layde. 188
 Goddis handmayden, lo! me here,
 To his wille all redy grayd,
 Be done to me of all manere,
 Thurgh thy worde als pou hast saide. 192 lf. 45
E. ix.²

¹ This line is written in the margin in a later hand, to make up the old scribe's deficiency. No blank however.

² An extra leaf was added to this quire E; the catchwords for the next leaf, usual at the bottom of the *last* page in each quire, occur here on both 44b and 45b; they are however all written in the original hand.

' God save thee,
lady, from guilt.'

19. [Ang.] Now God, þat all oure hope is in,
Thur[gh] the myght of þe haly gaste,
Saue þe, dame, fro sak of synne,
And wisse þe fro all werkis wast! [Exit Angel.] 196

[SCENE II, *the house of Zacharias; Mary visits Elizabeth.*]

[Maria.] Elyzabeth, myn awne cosyne,
Me thoght I coveyte alway mast
To speke with þe of all my kynne,
Therfore I comme þus in þis hast. 200

Elizabeth blesses
Mary.

20. Eliz. Welcome! mylde Marie,
Myne aughen cosyne so dere,
Joifull woman am I,
þat I nowe see þe here. 204
Blissid be þou anely
Of all women in feere,
And þe frute of thy body
Be blissid ferre and nere. 208

21. þis is ioyfull tydyng
þat I may nowe here see,
þe modyr of my lord kyng,
Thus-gate come to me. 212
Sone als þe voyce of þine haylsing
Moght myn neres entre and be,
þe childe in my wombe so yenge,
Makes grete myrthe vnto þe ¹. 216

Mary praises
God.

22. Maria. Nowe lorde! blist be þou ay
For þe grace þou has me lente;
Lorde I lofe þe god verray,
þe sande þou hast me sente. 220
I þanke þe nyght and day,
And prayes with goode entente
þou make me to thy paye,
To þe my wille is wentte. 224

lf. 45 b.

¹ The original has *alway to þe*.

23. **Eliz.** Blissed be þou grathely grayed
 To god thurgh chastite,
 Þou trowed and helde þe payed
 Atte his wille for to bee. 228
 All þat to þe is saide,
 Fro my lorde so free,
 Swilke grace is for the layde,
 Sall be fulfilled in þe. 232
24. **Maria.** [T]o his grace I will me ta,
 With chastite to dele,
 Þat made me þus to ga
 Omenge his maidens fele¹. 236
 My saule sall louying ma
 Vn-to þat lorde so lele,
 And my gast make ioye alswa
 In god þat es my hele. **Magnificat,** 240
 [*tunc cantat*².

¹ MS. has *feele*.

² Written in a later hand.

XIII. THE PEWTERERES AND FOUNDOURS¹.

Joseph's trouble about Mary.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOSEPH.
MARIA.

PRIMA PUELLA.
SECUNDA PUELLA.

ANGELUS.]

[SCENE, *Joseph wandering in the wilderness ; his house
at one side.*]

*Matth. i. 18-25.
Gosp. of Pseudo-
Matth. x. xi.
Hist. of Joseph
the Carpenter,
v. vi.*

Joseph, old and
weak,

is ashamed that
he has wedded
a young wife.

1. Jos. Of grete mornyng may I me mene,
And walk full werily be pis way,
For nowe pan wende I best hase bene
Att ease and reste by reasonne ay. 4
For I am of grete elde,
Wayke and al vnwelde,
Als ilke man se it maye ;
I may nowder buske ne belde, 8
But owther in frith or felde ;
For shame what sall I saie
2. That pus-gates nowe on myne alde dase
Has wedded a yonge wenche to my wiff, 12

¹ The metre of this play changes, like a piece of music. The first seven are 10-line stanzas, four 8-syllable, six 6-syllable lines ; the eighth is irregular ; stanzas 9 to 16 are of six 8-syllable lines broken by a tag, followed by four 6-syllable lines. With stanza 17 the first measure is resumed, stanza 18 being irregular.

- And may noȝt wele tryne over two strase !
 Nowe lorde ! how langes all I lede þis liff,
 My banes er heuy als lede,
 And may noȝt stande in stede, 16
 Als kende it is full ryfe.
 Now lorde ! þou me ¹ wisse and rede,
 Or sone me dryue to dede,
 Þou may best stynte þis striffe. 20
3. For bittirly þan may I banne
 The way I in þe temple wente,
 Itt was to me a bad barganne,
 For reuthe I may it ay repente. 24
 For þare-in was ordande
 Vn-wedded men sulde stande,
 Al 'sembled at asent ;
 And ilke ane a drye wande 28
 On heght helde in his hand,
 And I ne wist what it ment.
4. In-mange al othir ane bare I,
 Itt florissshed faire, and floures on sprede,
 And they saide to me for-thy 32
 Þat with a wiffe I sulde be wedde.
 Þe bargayne I made þare,
 Þat rewes me nowe full sare, 36
 So am I straytely sted.
 Now castes itt me in care,
 For wele I myght euere mare
 Anlepy life haue led. 40
5. Hir werkis me wyrkis my wonges to wete,
 I am begiled ; how, wate I noȝt.
 My ȝonge wiffe is with childe full grete,
 Þat makes me nowe sorowe vnsoght. 44
 Þat reproffe nere has slayne me !
- ¹ I repent that bad bargain.
- I went among others [in the temple], and my rod blossomed ; thus I was forced to be wed.
Protevangelium, or Gosp. of James, ix.
- Nativity of Mary, vii.*
- lf. 46 b.
- I would have led a single life.
- What a reproof that my wife is with child.

¹ MS. has *we*.

For-thy giff any man frayne me
 How þis þing may be wroght,
 To gabbe yf I wolde payne me, 48
 Þe lawe standis harde agayne ¹ me,
 To dede I mon be broght.

6. And lathe me thinkeþ, on þe todir syde,
 My wiff with any man to defame, 52
 And whethir of there twa þat I bide
 I mon noȝt scape withouten schame.
 Þe childe certis is noght myne,
 Þat reproffe dose me pyne, 56
 And gars me fle fra hame.
 My liff gif I shuld tyne,
 Sho is a clene virgine
 For me, withouten blame. 60

7. But wele I wate thurgh prophicie,
 A maiden clene suld bere a childe,
 But it is nought sho, sekirly,
 For-thy I wate I am begiled. 64
 And why ne walde som yonge man ta ² her,
 For certis I thynke ouer-ga hir
 Into som wodes wilde,
 Thus thynke I to stele fra hir, 68
 God childe ther wilde bestes sla hir,
 She is so meke and mylde.

but will speak to her first. 8. Of my wending wil I none warne,
 Neuere þe lees it is myne entente 72
 To aske hir who gate hir þat barne,
 ȝitt wolde I witte fayne or I wente. [Enters his house.
 All hayle! God be here-inne!

i Puella. Welcome, by Goddis dere myght! 76

¹ The MS. has *againys*.

² The MS. has *take*.

Jos. Whare is þat ȝonge virgine,
Marie, my berde so bright? lf. 47.
f. ij.

9. i Puella. Certis, Joseph, ȝe sall vndirstande,
þat sho is not fulle farre you fra, 80
Sho sittis at hir boke full faste prayand
For ȝou and us, and for all þa Mary sits at her
book praying.
þat oght has nede.

But for to tell hir will I ga 84
Of youre comyng, withouten drede. [Goes to Mary.]
Haue done! and rise vppe, dame,
And to me take gud hede,
Joseph, he is comen hame. 88

Maria. Welcome! als God me spede. 'Welcome! dear
spouse.'

10. Dredles to me he is full dere,
Joseph my spouse, welcome er yhe!
Jos. Gramercy, Marie, saie what chere, 92
Telle me þe soth, how es't with þe?
Wha has ben there? 'How is it with
thee?'

Thy wombe is waxen grete, thynke me,
þou arte with barne, alas! for care! 96
A! maidens, wa worthe ȝou!
þat lete hir lere swilke lare. He reproaches
her maidens.

ii Puella. Joseph, ȝe sall noȝt trowe,
In hir no febill fare. 100
'Think no harm
of her.'

11. Jos. Trowe it noȝt arme! lefe wenche, do way!
Hir sidis shewes she is with childe.
Whose is't Marie?

Mar. Sir, Goddis and youres. It is God's son.

Jos. Nay, nay, now wate I wele I am begiled. 104
And resonne why

With me flesshely was þou neuere fylid,
And I forsake it here for-thy.
Say, maidens, how es pis? 108
Tels me þe soþe, rede I,

- And but ȝe do, i-wisse,
 Þe bargayne sall ȝe aby.
- ‘Threat what
 you like, there is
 nothing to say;’
12. ii Puella. If ȝe threte als faste as yhe can, 112
 Þare is noght to saie þere till,
 For trulye her come neuere noman,
 To waite her body with non ill,
 Of this swete wight¹. 116
- lf. 47 b.
- For we haue dwelt ay with her still,
 And was neuere fro hir day nor nyght.
 Hir kepars haue we bene
 and sho ay in oure sight, 120
 Come here no man bytwene
 to touche þat berde so bright.
- we are her
 keepers;
- no one comes
 here but an
 Angel, who daily
 feeds her.
13. i Puella. Na, here come noman in þere wanes, 124
 And þat euere witnesse will we,
 Saue an Aungell ilke a day anes,
 With bodily foode hir fedde has he,
 Othir come nane.
 Wharfore we ne wate how it shulde be, 128
 But thurgh þe haly gaste allone.
 For trewly we trowe þis,
 is grace with hir is gone,
 For sho wroght neuere no mys, 132
 we witnesse euere ilkane.
- The Holy Ghost
 hath done it.’
14. Jos. Þanne se I wele youre menyng is,
 Þe Aungell has made hir with childe.
 Nay, som man in aungellis liknesse 136
 With somkyn gawde has hir begiled;
 And þat trow I.
 For-thy nedes noght swilke wordis wilde
 At carpe to me dissayuandly. 140
 We! why gab ye me swa
 and feynes swilk fantassy,
- ‘Do not talk to
 me deceitfully.’

¹ This additional line is here written in the margin by the 16th cent. hand. It is evidently needed to complete the stanza.

Allas! me is full wa!

for dule why ne myght I dy.

144

15. To me þis is a carefull cas,
 Rekkeles I raffe; reste is my rede,
 I dare loke no man in þe face,
 Derfely for dole why ne were I dede.

He is nearly
 mad with shame.

148

Me lathis my lif!

In temple and in othir stede
 Ilke man till hethyng will me dryff.

Was neuer wight sa wa,

152

for ruthe I all to ryff,

Allas! why wrought pou swa,

Marie! my weddid wiffe?

16. **Mar.** To my witnesse grete God I call,
 þat in mynde wroght neuere no mysse.

156

Jos. Whose is þe childe þou arte with-all?

He beseeches
 Mary

Mar. Youres sir, and þe kyngis of blisse.

Jos. Ye, and hoo þan?

160 lf. 48.
 f. iij.

Na, selcouthe tythandis than is þis,

Excuse þam wele there women can.

But Marie, all þat sese þe

may witte þi werkis ere wan,

164

Thy wombe all way it wreyes þe,

þat þou has mette with man.

17. Whose is it? als faire mot ye be-fall.

Mar. Sir, it is youres and Goddis will.

168

to tell him the
 truth.

Jos. Nay, I ne haue noght a-do with-all.

Neme it na more to me, be still!

þou wate als wele as I,

þat we two same fleshly

172

Wroght neuer swilk werkis with ill.

Loke þou dide no folye

Be-fore me preuely

Thy faire maydenhede to spill.

176

18. ¹ But who is þe fader? telle me his name,

Mar. None but youre selfe.

Jos. Late be, for shame.

Joseph has never
wronged her,

I did it neuere, þou dotist dame, by bukes and belles, 180

Full sakles shulde I bere þis blame aftir þou telles,

For I wroght neuere in worde nor dede,

Thyng þat shulde marre thy maydenhede,

To touche me till.

184

For of slyk note war litill nede,

Yhitt for myn awne I wolde it fede,

Might all be still.

19. Þarfore þe fadir tell me, Marie.

188

Mar. But God and yhow, I knowe right none.

He does not be-
lieve her, and
is very mournful.

Jos. A! slike sawes mase me full sarye,

With grete mornyng to make my mone.

Therfore be noȝt so balde

192

þat no slike tales be talde,

But halde þe stille als stane.

þou art yonge and I am alde,

Slike werkis yf I do walde,

196

þase games fra me are gane.

If. 48 b.

20. Therefore, telle me in priuite

whos is þe childe þou is with nowe?

Sertis, þer sall non witte but we,

200

I drede þe law als wele as þou.

Mar. Nowe grete God of his myght,

þat all may dresse and dight,

Mekely to þe I bowe!

204

Rewe on þis wery wight,

þat in his herte might light

þe soth to ken and trowe.

21. **Jos.** Who had thy maydenhede Marie? has þou oght
mynde. 208

¹ This stanza seems to be irregular, unlike any other.

Mar. For suth, I am a mayden elene.

Jos. Nay þou spekis now agayne kynde;
Slike þing myght neuere naman of mene.

A maiden to be with childe, 212

þase werkis fra þe ar wilde,

Sho is not borne I wene.

Mar. Joseph, yhe ar begiled,

With synne was I neuer filid, *after (fynd)* 216

Goddis sande is on me sene.

22. **Jos.** Goddis sande! yha Marie! God helpe,

Bot certis! þat childe was neuere oures two.

But woman kynde gif þat list yhelpe, 220

Yhitt walde þei naman wiste þer wo.

Mar. Sertis, it is Goddis sande¹,

þat sall I neuer ga fra.

Jos. Yha! Marie, drawe thyn hande, 224

For forther þitt will I frande,

I trowe not it be swa.

23. þe soth fra me gif þat þou layne

þe childe bering may þou noȝt hyde, 228

But sitte stille here tille I come agayne,

Me bus an erand here beside.

'Stay here till
I return, I must
go on an errand.'

Mar. Now, grete God! be you wisse,

And mende you of your mysse, 232

Of me, what so betyde.

Als he is kyng of blysse,

Sende yhou som seand of þis,

In truth þat ye might bide. 236

'God send you
a true sight of
this.'

If. 49.
f. iij.

[*Joseph goes out again.*]

24. **Jos.** Nowe, lord God! þat all þing may

At thine owne will bothe do and dresse,

Wisse me now som redy way

To walk here in þis wildirnesse.

'Lord! show me
the way in this
wilderness. 240

¹ A line is here wanting, but no gap in MS. Lines 222, 223 are written as one in MS.

Bot or I passe þis hill,
 Do with me what God will,
 Owther more or lesse,
 Here bus me bide full stille
 Till I haue slepid my fille.
 Myn hert so heuy it is.

244

[Sleeps.]

[Enter the angel Gabriel.]

'Awake, Joseph, take better care of Mary.'
 'Let me sleep ;
 '

25. **Ang.** Waken, Joseph ! and take bettir kepe
 To Marie, þat is þi felawe fest.

248

Jos. A ! I am full werie, lefe late me slepe,
 For-wandered and walked in þis forest.
Ang. Rise vppe ! and slepe na mare,
 þou makist her herte full sare.

252

þat loues þe alther best.
Jos. We ! now es þis a farly fare,
 For to be cached bathe here and pare,
 And nowhere may haue rest.

256

26. Say, what arte þou ? telle me this thyng.
Ang. I Gabriell, Goddis aungell full euen,
 þat has tane Marie to my keypyng,
 And sente es þe to say with steuen,

260

'Desert not your wife ;
 '

In lele wedlak þou lede þe,
 Leffe hir nozt, I forbid þe,
 Na syn of hir þou neuen.
 But till hir fast þou spede þe,
 And of hir noght þou drede þe,
 It is Goddis sande of heuen.

264

the child is God's.
 27. The childe þat sall be borne of her,
 Itt is consayued of þe haly gast.

268

If, 49 b.
 Alle joie and blisse þan sall be aftir,
 And to al mankynde nowe althir mast.
 Jesus his name þou calle,
 For slike happe sall hym fall
 Als þou sall se in haste.

272

His pepull saff he sall
Of euyllis and angris all,

He shall save
his people from
evil and trouble.

þat þei ar nowe enbraste.

276

28. Jos. And is this soth, aungell, þou saise?

Ang. Yha! and þis to taken right,
Wende forthe to Marie thy wiffe alwayse,
Brynge hir to Bedlem þis ilke nyght.

Go to Mary,
bring her to
Bethlehem.'

280

Ther sall a childe borne be,
Goddis sone of heuen is hee,
And man ay mast of myght.

Jos. Nowe lorde god! full wele is me,
That euyr þat I þis sight suld see,
I was neuer ar so light.

284

'Thank God!'

29. For for I walde hir þus refused,
And sakles blame þat ay was clere,
Me bus pray hir halde me excused,
Als som men dose with full gud chere.

288

[*He re-enters his house.*]

Saie, Marie wiffe, how fares þou?

Mar. Þe bettir sir, for yhou.

292

Why stande yhe þare? come nere.

Jos. My bakke fayne wolde I bowe,
And aske fo[r]gifnesse nowe,
Wiste I þou wolde me here.

Joseph asks
forgiveness of
Mary.

296

30. Mar. Forgifnesse sir! late be! for shame,
Slike wordis suld all gud women lakke.

She has nothing
to forgive.

Jos. Yha, Marie, I am to blame,
For wordis lang are I to þe spak.

300

lf. 50.
f. v.

But gadir same now all oure gere;
Slike poure wede as we were,

And prike þam in a pak.

Till Bedlem bus me it bere,

For litill thyng will women dere.

Helpe vp nowe on my bak!

304

'Pack up our
poor clothes, I'll
carry them to
Bethlehem, for
a little hurts
women.'

lf. 51.
f. vij.

XIV. THE TILLE THEKERS¹.

The Journey to Bethlehem; the birth of Jesus.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOSEPH.

MARIA.]

Luke ii. 5-7.

[SCENE I, *Bethlehem, a cattle shed.*]

1. Jos. All weldand God in Trinite,
I praye þe, lord, for thy grete myght,
Vnto thy symple seruand see,
Here in þis place wher we are pight, 4
oure self allone ;
Lord, graunte vs gode herberow þis nyght
within þis wone.
2. For we haue sought both vppe and doune, 8
Thurgh diuerse stretis in þis cite,
So mekill pepull is comen to towne,
þat we can nowhare herbered be,
þer is slike prees ; 12
For suthe I can no socoure see,
but belde vs with þere bestes.
3. And yf we here all nyght abide,
We shall be stormed in þis steede ; 16
þe walles are doune on ilke a side,
þe ruffe is rayned aboven oure hede,
als haue I roo,
Say, Marie doughtir, what is thy rede ? 20
How sall we doo ?

'There is no
lodging for us,

the town is so
full ;

we must shelter
with the beasts.

Here the wall
and roof are in
ruins.

¹ Tille thekers, i. e. tile thatchers.

4. For in grete nede nowe are we stedde,
 As þou thy selffe the soth may see,
 For here is nowthir cloth ne bedde,
 And we are weyke and all werie,
 and fayne wolde rest.
 Now, gracious god, for thy mercie !
 wisse vs þe best. 24
- 24 There is no bed
 and we are
 weary; what
 shall we do?
5. **Mar.** God will vs wisse, full wele witt 3e,
 Þer-fore, Joseph, be of gud chere,
 For in þis place borne will he be
 Þat sall vs saue fro sorowes sere,
 boþe even and morne. 32
 Sir, witte 3e wele þe tyme is nere,
 hee will be borne.
- 'The child will
 be born here.'
6. **Jos.** Þan behoves vs bide here stille, 36
 Here in þis same place all þis nyght.
Mar. 3a, sir, forsuth it is Goddis will.
Jos. Þan wolde I fayne we had sum light,
 what so befall. 40
 It waxis right myrke vnto my sight,
 and colde withall.
- lf. 51 b.
 'It grows dark
 and cold, I will
 go and get some
 light and fuel.'
7. I will go gete vs light for-thy, 43
 And fewell fande with me to bryng. [*Goes out.*]
- Mar.** All weldand God yow gouerne and gy,
 As he is sufferayne of all thyng
 fo[r] his grete myght,
 And lende me grace to his louyng 48
 Þat I me dight.
8. Nowe in my sawle grete ioie haue I,
 I am all cladde in comforte clere,
 Now will be borne of my body 52
 Both God and man to-gedir in feere.
 Blist mott he be !

The child is
born.

Jesu! my son þat is so dere,
nowe borne is he. 56

[*Mary worships the child.*]

9. Hayle my lord God! hayle prince of pees!
Hayle my fadir, and hayle my sone!
Hayle souereyne sege all synnes to sesse!
Hayle God and man in erth to wonne! 60

Hayle! thurgh whos myht
All þis worlde was first be-gonne,
merknes and light.

10. Sone, as I am sympill sugett of thyne, 64

Vowchesaffe, swete sone I pray þe,
That I myght þe take in þe[r] armys of myne,
And in þis poure wede to arraie þe;

Mary takes the
child in her
arms.

Graunte me þi blisse! 68

As I am thy modir chosen to be
in sothfastnesse.

[SCENE II, *Joseph outside the shed.*]

11. Jos. A! lorde, what the wedir is colde!

It is a killing
frost for the old
and weak.

þe fellest freese þat euere I felyd, 72

I pray God helpe þam þat is alde,
And namely þam þat is vnwelde,
so may I saie.

Now, gud God þou be my belde¹, 76
as þou best may.

[*A sudden light shines.*]

'What light is
this?'

12. A! lord God! what light is þis

þat comes shynyng þus sodenly?

I can not saie, als haue I blisse; 80

When I come home vn-to Marie

þan sall I spirre.

A! here be god, for nowe come I. [*Re-enters the shed.*]

¹ MS. has *bilde*.

[SCENE III, *interior of the shed, as before.*]

- Mar.** Ze ar welcum sirre. 84
13. **Jos.** Say, Marie doghtir, what chere with þe? 'How are you?
- Mar.** Right goode, Joseph, as has been ay. lf. 52.
F viij.
- Jos.** O Marie! what swete thyng is þat on thy kne? What sweet
thing is on thy
- Mar.** It is my sone, þe soth to saye, 88 knee?
- þat is so gud.
- Jos.** Wele is me I bade þis day
to se þis foode!
14. Me merueles mekill of þis light 92
þat þus-gates shynes in þis place,
For suth it is a selcouth sight!
- Mar.** Þis hase he ordand of his grace,
my sone so þing, 96
A starne to be schynnyng a space
at his bering.
15. For Balam tolde ful longe be-forne [Numb. xxiv. 17.]
How þat a sterne shulde rise full hye, 100
And of a maiden shulde be borne
A sonne þat salloure saffying be
fro caris kene.
For suth it is my sone so free, 104
be whame Balam gon meene.
16. **Jos.** Nowe welcome, floure fairest of hewe,
I shall þe menske with mayne and myght.
Hayle! my maker, hayle Crist Jesu! 108 Joseph worships
the child.
Hayle, riall kyng, roote of all right!
Hayle! saueour.
Hayle, my lorde, lemer of light,
Hayle, blessid floure! 112
17. **Mar.** Nowe lord! þat all þis worlde schall wyne,
To þe my sone is þat I saye,
Here is no bedde to laye the inne, There is no bed,

- so she lays him
 in the manger be-
 tween two beasts.
- 116
 Perfore my dere sone, I þe praye
 sen it is soo,
 Here in þis cribbe I myght þe lay
 betwene þer bestis two.
18. And I sall happe þe, myn owne dere childe,
 With such clothes as we haue here.
- 120
 If. 52 b.
 The beasts praise
 the Lord.
- Jos. O Marie! beholde þes beestis mylde,
 They make louyng in ther manere
 as þei wer men.
- 124
 For-sothe it semes wele be ther chere
 þare lord þei ken.
19. Mar. Ther lorde þai kenne, þat wate I wele,
 They worshippe hym with myght and mayne;
 The wedir is colde, as ye may feele,
 To halde hym warme þei are full fayne
 with þare warme breth,
- 128
 They keep him
 warm with their
 breath, and
 breathe on him.
- And oondis on hym, is noght to layne,
 to warm hym with.
- 132
20. O! nowe slepis my sone, blist mot he be,
 And lyes full warme þer bestis by-twene.
- Jos. O nowe is fulfilled, for-suth I see,
 þat Abacuc in mynde gon mene
 and preched by prophicie.
- 136
 He saide oure sauyoure shall be sene
 betwene bestis lye;
- 140
21. And nowe I see þe same in sight.
- Mar. 3a! sir, for-suth þe same is he.
- Jos. Honnoure and worshippe both day and nyght
 Ay-lastand lorde, be done to þe,
 all way as is worthy,
- 144
 And, lord, to thy seruice I oblissh me,
 with all myn herte holy.
- Joseph and Mary
 bind themselves
 to serve Jesus.

22. **Mar.** þou mercyfull maker, most myghty, 148
 My God, my lorde, my sone so free,
 Thy hande-mayden for soth am I,
 And to thi seruice I oblissh me,
 . with all myn herte entere. 152 lf. 53.
G i.
 Thy blissing, beseke I thee,
 þou graunte vs all in feere¹.

¹ Marginal note in a late hand, 'Hic caret pastoribus sequitur postea.'

XV. THE CHAUNDELERS.

The Angels and the Shepherds.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

PRIMUS, SECUNDUS, ET TERTIUS, PASTOR.]

Luke ii, 8-16.

[SCENE, *the fields near Bethlehem.*]

1. i **Past.** Bredir in haste, takis heede and here ¹
 What I wille speke and specifie,
 Sen we walke þus, withouten were,
 What mengis my moode nowe mevyd ² will I. 4
 Oure forme-fadres, faythfull in fere,
 Bothe Osye and Isaye,
 Preued þat a ³ prins with-uten pere
 Shulde descende doune in a lady, 8
 And to make mankynde clerly,
 To leche þam þat are lorne,
 And in Bedlem here-by
 Sall þat same barne be ⁴ borne. 12
2. ii **Past.** Or he be borne in burgh hereby,
 Balaham, brothir, me haue herde say,
 A sterne shulde schyne and signifie,
 With lightfull lemes like any day. 16
 And als the texte it tellis clerly
 By witty lerned men of oure lay,

The prophecies
of Hosea and
Isaiah.

Balaam foretold
a star.

¹ The reader will note that the form of the stanza changes after line 36, and again, with line 86, back to the first form.

² Perhaps an error for *meve yt*.

MS. has *I*.

⁴ MS. has *by*.

With his blisshed bloode he shulde vs by,
He shulde take here al of a maye. 20

I herde my syre saye,
When he of hir was borne,
She shulde be als clene maye
As euer she was by-forne. 24

3. iii **Past.** A! mercifull maker, mekill is thy myght,
That þus will to þi seruauntes see, 'How glad we
Might we ones loke vppon þat light, should be if we
Gladder bretheren myght no men be! 28 saw that light.
I haue herde say, by þat same light
The childre of Israell shulde be made free,
The force of the feende to felle in sighte,
And all his pouer excluded shulde be. 32
Wherefore, brether, I rede þat wee
Flitte faste ouere thees felles, If. 54 b.
To frayste to fynde oure fee, But let us go
And talke of sumwhat ellis. 36 try to find our
cattle.'

[*Vision of Angels in the sky.*]

4. i **Pas.** We! hudde! Whew!
ii **Pas.** We! howe! Oh!
i **Pas.** Herkyn to me! Hark!
ii **Pas.** We! man, þou maddes all out of myght.
i **Pas.** We! colle! Golly!
iii **Pas.** What care is comen to þe? 'What is the
matter?'
i **Pas.** Steppe furth and stande by me right, 40
And tell me þan
Yf þou sawe euere swilke a sight¹!
iii **Pas.** I? nay, certis, nor neuere no man. 43
5. ii **Pas.** Say, felowes, what! fynde yhe any feest,
Me falles for to haue parte, parde! 45

¹ The MS. gives lines 41, 42 (written as one line) to iii Pastor, and l. 43 to ii Pastor. But ll. 40 to 42 belong to one speech, and as l. 44 belongs to ii Pastor, the above seems to be what was intended.

'Look in the
east!'

i **Pas.** Whe! huddle! be-halde into the heste!
A selcouthe sight þan sall þou see
vppon þe skye!

'What makes
you stare so?'

ii **Pas.** We! telle me men, emang vs thre,
Whatt garres yow stare þus sturdely? 50

'Since we have
kept cattle in this
valley no such
sight has been
seen.'

6. iii **Pas.** Als lange as we haue herde-men bene,
And kepis þis catell in þis cloghe,
So selcouth a sight was neuere non sene.

i **Pas.** We! no colle! nowe comes it newe i-nowe, 54
þat mon we fynde¹.

If. 55.
G vij.

Itt menes some meruayle vs emang,
Full hardely I you behete.

7. i **Past.** What it shulde mene þat wate not ȝee, 58
For all þat ȝe can gape and gone: [Angel sings.
I can synge itt alls wele as hee,
And on a-saie itt sall be sone

proued or we passe. 62

'I can sing it;
stay, it was thus.'

Yf ȝe will helpe, halde on! late see,
for þus it was².

They sing
together.

Et tunc cantant.

'It was a cheer-
ful song. I am
hoarse!'

8. ii **Pas.** Ha! ha! þis was a mery note,
Be the dede þat I sall dye, 66
I haue so crakid in my throte,
þat my lippis are nere drye.

iii. **Pas.** I trowe you royse,

'What made this
noble noise?'

For what it was fayne witte walde I, 70
That tille vs made þis noble noyse.

'An angel with
tidings.'

9. i **Pas.** An aungell brought vs tythandes newe,
A babe in Bedlem shulde be borne,
Of whom þan spake oure prophicie trewe, 74
And bad us mete hym þare þis morne,
þat mylde of mode.

¹ Probably the original word of the poet was *wete*, or perhaps *mete*, to rime with *behe*, l. 57; *fynde* is the copyist's error.

² Marginal note in a late hand, 'Caret nova loquela de pastore.'

I walde giffe hym bothe hatte and horne,
 And I myght fynde þat frely foode. 78

10. iii Pas. Hym for to fynde has we no drede,
 I sall you telle a-chesonne why,
 3one sterne to þat lorde sall vs lede.

ii Pas. 3a! þou sais soth, go we for-thy 82
 hym to honnour.

And make myrthe and melody,
 with sange to seke oure savyour.

Et tunc cantant.

[*Walking along, they come to Bethlehem.*

11. i Pas. Breder, bees all blythe and glad, 86 lf. 55 b.
 Here is the burght per we shulde be.

ii Pas. In þat same steede now are we stadde, Here is the borough:

Thare-fore I will go seke and see.

Slike happe of heele neuere herde-men hadde; 90

Loo! here is the house, and here is hee. here is the house.¹

iii Pas. 3a! for sothe þis is the same, [They enter.

Loo! whare þat lorde is layde, 94

Be-twyxe two bestis tame,

Right als þe aungell saide.

12. i Pas. The Aungell saide þat he shulde saue
 This worlde and all þat wonnes þer-in,
 Therfore yf I shulde oght aftir crave, 98
 To wirshippe hym I will be-gynne¹. [They adore the child.

Sen I am but a symple knave,
 þof all I come of curtayse kynne,
 Loo! here slyke harnays as I haue, 102
 A baren broche by a belle of tynne

At youre bosom to be,

And whenne 3e shall welde all,

Gud sonne, for-gete no3t me, 106
 Yf any fordele falle. Forget me not,
 if anything
 chance to my ad-
 vantage.¹

¹ 'His caret nova loquela,' marginal note 16th cent.

13. ii Pas. þou sonne ! þat shall saue bope see and sande,

Se to me sen I haue þe soght,

'I am poor ; I
bring two cobb-
nuts on a ribbon.

I am ovir poure to make presande

110 .

Als myn harte wolde, and I had ought.

Two cobill notis vppon a bande,

Loo ! litill babe, what I haue broght,

And when ȝe sall be lorde in lande,

114

Dose goode agayne, for-geþe me noght.

For I haue herde declared

lf. 56.
G vijj.

Of connyng clerkis and clene,

I look for a
reward.'

That bountith aftir ¹ rewarde ;

118

Nowe watte ȝe what I mene.

14. iii Pas. Nowe loke on me, my lorde dere,

'Look on me
though I do not
press forward,

þof all I putte me noght in pres,

Ye are a prince with-outen pere,

122

I haue no presentte þat you may plees.

But lo ! an horne spone, þat haue I here,

And it will herbar fourty pese,

þis will I giffe you with gud chere,

126

Slike novelte may noght disease.

Fare [wele] þou swete swayne,

God graunte vs levyng lange,

And go we hame agayne,

130

And make mirthe as we gange ².

I give you cheer-
fully a horn
spoon that holds
40 pease.'

¹ The word intended was perhaps *askis*, *aftir* gives no sense.

² The metre in this piece, as in XIII (see before, p. 102), changes with the subject. The first three stanzas are of 12 lines (8 of four beats, 4 of three beats) in alternate rimes ; on the appearance of the star (line 37) the lines, though sometimes irregular, pass into the 7-line stanza riming a b a b c b c. When the child is found (l. 84) the shepherds in their speeches return to the original 12-line stanza.

XVI. THE MASONNS¹.

lf. 57 b.
H j b.

The coming of the three Kings to Herod.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

HERODES.	TERTIUS REX.
FILIUS (HEROD'S SON).	NUNTIUS.
PRIMUS REX.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS MILITES.
SECUNDUS REX.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS CONSULES.]

[SCENE, *Herod's court, with his son and courtiers.*]

Herod.	THE clowdes clapped in clerenes þat þer clematis in-closis, Jubiter and Jouis, Martis & Mercury emyde, Raykand ouere my rialte on rawe me reioyses, Blonderande þer blastis, to blaw when I bidde. Saturne my subgett, þat sotilly is hidde, I list at my likyng and laies hym full lowe ; The rakke of þe rede skye full rappely I ridde, Thondres full thrallye by thousandes I thrawe when me likis ; Venus his voice to me awe þat princes to play in hym pikis. þe prince of planetis þat proudely is pight Sall brace furth his bemes þat oure belde blithes, þe mone at my myght he mosteres his myght ; And kayssaris in castellis grete kyndynes me kythes,	Herod boastingly sets forth his splendour. 4 'I ride on the raiking clouds, 8 12 Sun and moon honour me. Emperors show me kindness.
--------	---	---

¹ *Mynstrells* is written after Masonns in a 16th cent. hand. See note, p. 125.

- I am fairer than
glorious gulls.'
- Lordis and ladis loo luffely me lithes, 16
For I am fairer of face and fressher on folde
(þe soth yf I saie sall) seuene and sexti sithis,
þan glorius gullis þat gayer [is]¹ þan golde
in price; 20
How thynke 3e þer tales þat I talde,
I am worthy, witty, and wyse!
- The soldiers obe-
diently assent.
- i Miles. All kynges to youre croune may clerly comende
Your lawe and youre lordshippe as lodsterne on hight, 24
What traytoure vn-trewe þat will not attende,
3e sall lay þaim full lowe, fro leeme and fro light.
- ii Miles. What faitoure, in faithe, þat dose 3ou offende,
We sall sette hym full sore, þat sotte, in youre sight. 28
- If. 58.
H ij.
'I shall advise
you for your
welfare, worthy
wights.
- Herodes. In welthe sall I wisse 3ou to wonne or I wende,
For 3e are wightis ful worthy, both witty & wighte.
But 3e knawe wele, *ser* knyghtis, in counsaill full conande,
þat my regioun so riall is ruled her be rest; 32
For I wate of no wighte in þis worlde þat is wonnande
þat in forges any feloune, with force sall be fest;
Arest 3e þo rebaldes þat vnrewly are rownand,
Be they kyngis or knyghtis, in care 3e þaim cast; 36
3aa, and welde þam in woo to wonne, in þe wanyand,
What browle þat is brawlyng his brayne loke 3e brest,
And dynges 3e hym doune.
- Arrest any un-
ruly fellow who
strives against
law and order.
- Strike down
brawlers.'
- i Miles. Sir, what foode in faith will 3ou feese, 40
þat sott full sone my selfe sall hym sesse.
- ii Miles. We sall noght here doute to do hym disesse,
But with countenance full cruell
We sall crake her his croune. 44
- 'My son, how
these comely
knights talk!'
- Her. My sone þat is semely, howe semes þe ther sawes?
Howe comely þer knyghtis, þei carpe in þis case!

¹ MS. has 'is' interlined in later hand.

Fil. Fadir, if þai like noght to listyn youre lawes,
As traytours on-trewe þe sall teche þem a trace,
For fadir, vnkyndnes ȝe kythe þem no cause.

48 'Traitors shall
be traced.'

Her. Faire falle þe my faire sone, so fettis of face!
And knyghtis, I comaunde, who to dule drawes,
þas churles as cheueleres ye chastise and chase,
And drede ȝe no doute.

53

Fil. Fadir, I sall fell þam in fight,
What renke þat reves you youre right.

'Father, I will
kill bad fellows.'

i Miles. With dyntes to dede bes he dight,
þat liste not youre lawes for to lowte
His wille.

lf. 58 b.

58

[*Enter messenger.*]

Nunc. My lorde, ser herowde, king with croune ! &c.¹

Matth. ii. 1-12.

¹ The rest of this play, consisting of 144 lines, is identical with lines 73-216 of Play XVII. It is unnecessary to print it twice over, but in that play collations are given with this copy, omitting unimportant variations in spelling. The lines form a complete scene, to which for the Masons' play an introductory scene of the true boastful Herodic vein, bringing in also Herod's son, was prefixed. For the Goldsmiths' play this was discarded, and instead of the vaunts of Herod's power a scene of praise by the Three Kings searching the star, on the way to Jerusalem, appropriately leads to their entry before Herod; moreover, at the end of scene 2, a third is added, in which the kings having found the babe, offer their gifts.

On reference to Burton's lists of the plays (A.D. 1415, see Introduction) we see that the Masons were to play *Herod interrogans tres reges* and the Goldsmiths the *Oblation*. It is possible, therefore, that play XVII may have been intended to be performed entire when the Masons could not bring forward their play, and the second scene to be omitted if the Masons did perform. There are no marks or notes to guide us, and nearly 150 years after Burton's days we find that the Masons had been accustomed to produce the play; but at that date, 4 Elizabeth, 1561, a new gild of 'Musicians commonly called the Mynstrells' having been formed in York, the Masons' play was handed over to them, and their name was written at the head (see before, p. 123). The following is found in a book of Charters and Ordinances, marked B, belonging to the Corporation of York, fo. 231:—'Fynally it is further ordeyned and by consent of all the good men of the said mystery or craft fully agreed that the said felawship of Mynstrelles of their proper chardges shall yerely frome hensfurth bryng forth and cause to be played the pageant of Corpus Christi, viz. the herold his sone twoo counsellers and the messynger inquiryng the three kynges of the childe Jesu, sometyme accustomed to be brought forth at chardges of the late Masons of this Citie on Corpus Christi day, in suche like semely wise and ordre as other occupacions of this Citie doo their pageantes.'

XVII. GOLDE SMYTHIS.

The coming of the three Kings to Herod; the Adoration.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

PRIMUS REX.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS MILITES.
SECUNDUS REX.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS CONSULES.
TERTIUS REX.	ANCILLA.
HERODUS.	MARIA.
NUNTIUS.	ANGELUS.]

*Matth. ii. 1-12.
Apoc. Gospel of
James, ch. xxi.*

[SCENE I, *the road to Jerusalem, the three kings meeting.*]

1. i **Rex.** Lorde! that levis euere-lastande lyff,
 I loue þe evir with harte and hande,
 That me has made to se this sight
 Whilke my kynrede was coveytande. 4
 Thay saide a sterne, with lemys bright,
 Owte of the Eest shulde stably stande,
 And þat it shulde meffe mekill myght¹
 Of I þat shulde be lorde in lande; 8
 That men of synne shulde saff¹;
 And certis I sall saye,
 God graunte me happe to haue
 Wissyng of redy waye. 12
2. ii **Rex.** All weldand god, þat all has wrought,
 I worshippe þe als is worthye,
 That with thy brightnes has me broght
 Owte of my reame, rich Arabie. 16

'God help me
to find the right
way.'

'I have come
from my realme
Araby to seek
what wonder the
star signifies.'

¹ In the MS. *of* stands at the end of l. 7, but its place seems to be, as above, at the beginning of l. 8. The word *be* is also written after *saff* in l. 9; it is not wanted.

I shall [nought] seys tille I haue sought
 What selcouth thyng it sall syngnyfie,
 God graunte me happe so þat I myght
 Haue grace to gete goode companye; 20
 And my comforte encrese
 With thy sterne schynnyng schene,
 For certis, I sall nought cesse,
 Tille I witte what it mene. 24

3. **iii Rex.** Lorde god! þat all goode has by-gonne,
 And all may ende both goode and euyl¹,
 That made for man both mone and sonne,
 And stedde yone sterne to stande stone stille! 28
 Tille I þe cause may clerly knowe,
 God wisse me with his worthy wille,
 I hope I haue her felaws fonde,
 My yarynyng fayfully to full-fille. 32

[Advances and speaks to the other kings.]

Sirs! god yowe saffe ande see, 1f. 62 b.
 And were þow euer fro woo.

i Rex. Amen! so myght it bee,
 And saffe yow, sir, also! 36

4. **iii Rex.** Sirs, with youre wille, I wolde yow praye
 To telle me some of youre entent,
 Whedir ye wende forthe in this way,
 And fro what contre þe are wente? 40

ii Rex. Full gladly sir, I shall þou say.
 A sodayne sight was till vs sente,
 A royall sterne þat rose or day
 Before vs on the firmament, 44

þat garte vs fare fro home
 Som poynte ther-of to presse.

iii Rex. Sertis, syrs, I sawe þe same,
 þat makis vs þus to moyfe. 48

'God show me
 the cause of this;
 I think here are
 companions.'

'Whence come
 you, and
 wherefore?'

'A royal star
 was suddenly
 sent that made
 us leave home.'

'Sirs, I saw you
 together. Some
 marvel must
 move us.'

¹ The broad northern pronunciation of *euyl* was evidently nearly *ill*, riming with *stille* and *wille*.

5. For sirs, I haue herde say sertayne
 It shulde be seyne of selcowthe seere,
 And ferther ther-of I wolde freyne ;
 That makis me moffe in this manere. 52
- 'We are one fellowship.'*
i Rex. Sir, of felashippe are we fayne,
 Now sall we wende forth all in feere,
 God graunte vs or we come agayne
 Som gode hartyng þer-of to here. 56
 Sir, here is Jerusalem, [*They journey on together.*
 To wisse vs als we goo,
 And be-yonde is Bedleem,
 þer schall we seke alsoo. 60
- 'We must be wise, Herod is king of this land. lf. 63. H viij.*
 6. *iii Rex.* Sirs, ȝe schall wele vndirstande,
 For to be wise nowe were it nede,
 Sir Herowde is kyng of this lande
 And has his lawes her for to leede. 64
- i Rex.* Sir, sen we neghe now þus nerhand,
 Vn-till his helpe vs muste take heede,
 For haue we his wille and his warande
 þan may we wende with-uten drede.
- ii Rex.* To haue leve of the lorde, 69
 þat is resoune and skyll.
- iii Rex.* And ther-to we all accorde,
 Wende we and witte his wille. 72
- Let us get his leave.'*

[SCENE II, *Herod's court*¹.]

7. *Nun.* Mi lorde ser Herowde! kyng with croune!
Herod. Pees! dastard, in þe deueles dispite.
Nun. Sir, new nott is full nere þis towne.
Herod. What! false losell, liste þe flighte? 76
- 'My Lord, here is a new business.'*

l. 75. Sire . . . nere] My lorde now note is nere. l. 76. losell] harlott.

¹ This Scene II (ll. 73-216) completes also the Masons' Play (see note, p. 125). The collations here given are from that play (M); G refers to this Goldsmiths' play, the text of which is restored in some instances where that of the Masons offers a better reading.

Go, betis yone boy and dyngis hym downe.

ii **Mil.** Lorde, messengers shulde no man wyte;

It may be for youre awne rennowne.

Herod. That wolde I here, do telle on tyte.

Nun. Mi lorde, I mette at morne

ii) kyngis carpand to-gedir

Of One¹ þat is nowē borne,

And pai hight to come hedir.

8. Herod. Thre kyngis, forsothe!

Nun. Sir, so I saie,

For I saughe þem my-self all seere.

i Con. My lorde, appose hym, we yow praye.

Herod. Say, felowe, ar they ferre or nere?

Nun. Mi lorde, þei will be here þis day.

þat wotte I wele, withouten were.

[*Exit messenger.*]

Herod. Haue done ; dresse vs in riche array,

And ilke man make tham mery chere,

That no sembland be seene

But frenshippe faire and stille,

Tille we wete what þei meene,

Whedir it be gud or ill.

[*Enter the three kings.*]

9. i Rex. A! lorde, þat lenys þis lastand light,

Whilke has vs ledde oute of oure lande,

Kepe þe, sir kyng, and comly knyght,

And all þi folke þat we here fandē.

Herod. Mahounde, my god and most of myght,

þat has myn hele all in his hande.

He saffe you sirs ! semely in sight ;

And telle vs nowe som new tythande.

‘What! go and beat him.’
No one may blame messengers.

'I met three kings talking this morning:

lf. 63 b.

they will be here
to-day.'

*
'Array us richly,
we will seem
friendly.'

God save the
king!

‘Mahomet save
you, sirs.’

1. 77. bette boþ and dyng þam G. 1. 79 is spoken by the Nuntius in
Goldsmiths, it is here rectified from the *Masonns*. 1. 80. do not in G.
1. 83. a barne for one; nowe not in M. 1. 87. I for we. 1. 91. Haue . . . in]
Do rewle vs þan in. 1. 97. The for A!; ay for þis.

¹ Sic in MS.

'A star makes
us seek one
new-born.'

ii **Rex.** Sum shall we saie þou sir,
A sterne stud vs by-forne,
That makis vs speke and spir
Of ane þat is nowe borne. 108

lf. 64.
l j.

10. **Herod.** Nowe borne ! þat birthe halde I badde.
And certis, vn-witty men ȝe werre
To lepe ouere lande to late a ladde.
Say when lost ȝe hym ? ought lange be-fore¹? 112

'You must be
mad to run seek-
ing a child.

All wyse men will wene ȝe madde,
And therfore moffis it neuere more.

iii **Rex.** ȝis certis, such hartyng haue we hadde,
We schall noȝt seys or we come thore. 116

Who is he ?

Herod. This were a wondir thyng !
Say, what barne shulde þat be ?

'He shall be
king of Judæa.'

i **Rex.** Sir, he shall be kyng
Of Jewes and of Jude². 120

Herod is angry.

11. **Herod.** Kyng ! in þe deuyl way, dogges, Fy !
Now I se wele ȝe rope and raue.
Be ony skymeryng of the skye
When ȝe shulde knawe owthir kyng or knave ? 124
Nay, I am kyng and nōn but I³,
That shall ȝe kenne yff þat ȝe craue,
And I am jure of all Jury
To speke or spille, to saie or saffe. 128
Swilke gawdes may gretely greue,
To wittenesse þat neuere was.

1. 105. you *supplied from M.* 1. 108. new *for* nowe. 1. 109. new
for nowe ; burden *for* birthe. 1. 114. þis *for* it. 1. 115. swilke *for* such.
1. 116. will *for* schall. 1. 119. For-soth *for* Sir. 1. 121. kingis in þe deuceles
name. 1. 122. rope *may be* roye, the letter in G *may be* þ or y ; rase *for*
raue. 1. 123. skemeryng. 11. 125, 127. he is *for* I am. 1. 128. of spille G.

¹ Line 112 is written as two lines in MS.

² The late hand struck out *Jude*, and wrote *all Jury* instead.

³ A later hand has inserted here 'Filius,' as the speaker of the next six
lines, but it was evidently a mistake ; the original, as above, is right. In M
he is . . he are substituted for *I am . . I*, Filius speaking, whence probably
arose the error.

- Rex.** Lorde, we aske noght but leue,
Be youre poure to passe. 132 They ask but
leave to pass.
- 12. Herod.** Whedir? in þe deuyls name.
To late a ladde here in my lande?
Fals harlottis, but 3e hye you hame,
3e shall be bette and boune in bande. 136 He threatens them
unless they hie
home.
- ii Cons.** [*Aside.*] My lorde, to felle þis foule deffame,
Lattis all such wondir folle on hande,
And speres þaim sadly of þe same,
So shall 3e stabely vndirstande 140 An elder per-
suades him to
milder measures.
If. 64 b.
- Herod.** [*Aside.*] I thanke þe of þis thyng,
And certis, so will I doo. 144
- 13.** Nowe kyngis, to cache all care away
Sen 3e ar comen oute of youre kytht,
Loke noght ye legge agayne oure lay,
Uppon peyne to lose both lyme and litht. 148
- And so þat 3e þe soth will saye,
To come and goo I graunte yow grith,
And yf youre poynte be to my pay,
May falle my selfe shall wende you with. 152 Perhaps he will
go too.
- i Rex.** Sir kyng, we all accorde,
And says a barne is borne
þat shall be kyng and lorde,
And leche þam þat ar lorne. 156
- 14. ii Rex.** Sir, the thar¹ meruayle no-tyng,
Of þis ilke nott þat þus-gate newes,
For Balaham saide a starne shulde spring
Of Jacobe kynde, and þat is Jewes. 160 The three kings
quote Balaam
and Isaiahs to
him.
[Numb. xxiv.
17.]

l. 131. Nowe lorde; noght *not in M.* l. 133. whedirward. l. 138. such
wondir] þere hye wordis. l. 142. þam too] ther-to. l. 143. þis thyng]
thy counsaile. l. 144. sall for will. l. 145. care *supplied from M.*
l. 151. poyntes. l. 158. noote for nott.

¹ The late hand glosses *the thar* (= it needs thee) by *of this*, written above.

Isa. vii. 14.]

iii **Rex.** Sir, Isaie sais a mayden þenge

Shall bere a sone amonge Ebrewes,

þat of all contrees shall be kyng,

And gouerne all þat on erthe grewes ;

164

Emanuell shalbe his name,

To saie, God sone of heuen,

And certis þis is þe same,

þat we now to you neven.

168

lf. 65 a.
I ij.Also Hosea
[xiv. 5].15. i **Rex**¹. Sirs, þe proved prophete Osee

Full trulye talde in towne and toure,

þat a mayden of Israell, sais he,

Shall bere one like to þe lely floure.

172

He menys a barne consayued shulde be

With-uten seede of man socour,

And his modir a mayden free,

And he both sone and saueour.

176

What these
prophets have
said none can
gainsay.ii **Rex.** þat fadirs has talde beforne

Has noman myght to marre.

Herod. Allas ! þan am I lorne,

þis waxith ay werre and werre.

180

An elder counsels
Herod to act
deceitfully.16. i **Con.** [*Aside.*] My lorde, be ȝe no-thing a-bast,

þis bryge shall well to ende be broght,

Bidde þam go furthe and frendly frast

þe soth of þis þat þei haue soght,

184

And telle it ȝou ; so shall ȝe trast

Whedir þer tales be trew or noght.

1. 161. Sir *not in M.* 1. 162. barne *for* sone. 1. 165. shalbe] *beithis.*
 1. 166. Goddis. 1. 168. now] *here.* 1. 171. þat *not in M.* ; forsoth saide he.
 1. 172. þe *not in M.* 1. 173. childe *for* barne ; sall *for* shulde.
 1. 174. mannys. 1. 175. G *has is for* his, and *for* a, *which are from M.*
 1. 177. fadirs talde me. 1. 180. way *for* waxith. 1. 182. brigge, *in*
 G *a is written over the y* ; tille *for* to.

¹ The copyist of the original MS. assigned all these five speeches each to a *Rex*, without marking which, except the present which he gave to *iii Rex*. The late hand remedied this by adding the figures which are followed here.

Than shall we wayte þam with a wrest,
And make all wast þat þei haue wrought. 188

Herod. [*Aside.*] Nowe, certis, þis was wele saide,
þis matere makes me fayne.

Sir kyngis, I halde me paide
Of all youre purpose playne. 192

17. Wendis furth, youre forward to fulfill,
To Bedlem, it is but here at hande.

And speris grathe, both goode and ill,
Of hym þat shulde be lorde in lande. 196

And comes agayne þan me vntill,
And telle me trulye youre tythande,

To worshippe hym þat is my will,
þus shall ȝe stably vndirstande. 200

ii Rex. Sertis, syr, we sall you say

Alle þe soth of þat childe,

In alle þe hast we may.

ii Con. Fares wele, ȝe be bygilid ! [*Exeunt the three kings.*]

18. Her. Nowe ¹ certis, þis is a sotille trayne, 205

Nowe shall þei trewly take þer trace,

And telle me of þat litill swayne

And þer counsaill in þis case. 208

If it be soth, þei shall be slayne,

No golde shall gete þam bettir grace.

Go we nowe, till þei come agayne,

To playe vs in som othir place. 212

This halde I gud counsaill,

Yitt wolde I no man wist ;

' Sir Kings, I am
pleased with your
purpose ; go to
Bethlehem, and
return with
tidings.'

If. 65 b.

'Yes, we will
tell you.'

Herod rejoices
over the trap laid
for the kings.

1. 187. ȝe for we. 1. 189. is for was. 1. 194. it not in M. 1. 195. grathely.
1. 199. þat is] þan were. 1. 202. Alle not in M ; þat same M. 1. 203.
G has þat we. 1. 207. litill] swytteron. 1. 208. M has all before þer.
1. 209. Giffe for If. 1. 211. Bot go we tille. 1. 212. And for To.

¹ The name of the speaker Herod is here due to the late hand, the original
having omitted it.

For sertis, we shall not fail
 To loyse þam as vs list. [*Exeunt.*] 216

[SCENE III. *Nota*, the Harrod passeth, and the iij kynges
 comyth agayn to make there offerynges ¹

Bethlehem : a house there ; a star above.]

The three kings,
 wandering, can-
 not see the star.

19. i **Rex.** A ! sirs, for sight what shall I say ?

Whare is oure syne ? I se it not ².

ii **Rex.** No more do I, nowe dar I lay
 In oure wending som wrange is wrought. 220

iii **Rex.** Vn-to þat Prince I rede we praye,
 That till vs sente his syngne vnsoght,
 þat he wysse vs in redy way
 So frendly þat we fynde hym moght. 224

'Here it is !'

i **Rex.** A ! siris ! I se it stande
 A-boven where he is borne,
 Lo ! here is þe house at hande,
 We haue noȝt myste þis morne. [*Maid opens the door.*] 228

If. 66.
 I iij.

'Sirs, whom
 seek ye ?'

20. **Anc.** Whame seke ȝe syrs, be wayes wilde,
 With talkyng, trauelyng to and froo ?
 Her wonnes a woman with her childe,
 And hir husband ; her ar no moo. 232

'A child and
 his mother, a
 maiden.'

ii **Rex.** We seke a barne þat all shall bylde,
 His sartayne syngne hath saide vs soo,
 And his modir, a mayden mylde,
 Her hope we to fynde þam twoo. 236

The journey's
 end.

Anc. Come nere, gud syirs, and see,
 Youre way to ende is broght.
 iii **Rex.** Behalde here, syirs, her and se ³
 Þe same þat ȝe haue soght. 240

l. 215. noȝt *for* not.

l. 216. lose *for* loyse.

¹ Old stage direction, in later hand.

² MS. has *noth*.

³ In the MS. *and se* comes at the beginning of line 240.

21. i **Rex.** Loved be þat lorde þat lastis aye,
 þat vs has kydde þus curtaysely,
 To wende by many a wilsom way,
 And come to þis clene companye. 244
 ii **Rex.** Late vs make nowe no more delay,
 But tyte take furth oure tresurry,
 And ordand giftis of gud aray
 To worshippe hym, als is worthy. 248
 iii **Rex.** He is worthy to welde
 All worshippe, welthe, and wynne ;
 And for honnoure and elde,
 Brother, 3e shall be-gynne. 252
22. i **Rex.** Hayle ! þe fairest of felde folk for to fynde,
 Fro the fende and his feeres faithefully vs fende¹,
 Hayll ! þe best þat shall be borne to vnbynde
 All þe barnes þat are borne & in bale boune², 256
 Hayll ! þou marc us³ þi men and make vs in mynde,
 Sen þi myght is on molde misseis³ to amende.
 Hayll ! clene þat is comen of a kynges kynde,
 And shall be kyng of pis kyth, all clergy has kende. 260
 And sith it shall worþe on þis wise,
 Thy selffe haue soght, sone, I say þe,
 With golde þat is grettest of price
 Be paied of þis present, I pray þe. 264
23. ii **Rex.** Hayll ! foode þat thy folke fully may fede,
 Hayll ! floure fairest, þat neuer shall fade,
 Hayll ! sone þat is sente of þis same sede,
 þat shall saue vs of synne þat oure syris had, 268
 Hayll ! mylde, for þou mette to marke vs to mede,
 Off a may makeles þi modir þou made,
 In þat gude thurgh grace of thy godhede,
 Als þe gleme in þe glasse gladly þow gladē, 272

Praise the Lord !

' Let us take our gifts.'

The eldest king begins.

If. 66 b.

' Be pleased to accept this gold, the most worthy.'

The second king brings incense.

¹ Lines 253, 254 are each written as two in MS.² To agree with the rime *boune* should be *bende*.³ The MS. has *marcus* and *misse is*.

And sythyn yow shall sitte to be demand,
To helle or to heuen for to haue vs,
In-sens to þi seruic is semand.

Sone ! se to þi suggettis and saue vs. 276

24. **iii Rex.** Hayll ! barne þat is best oure balys to bete,
For our boote shall þou be bounden and bett,
Hayll ! frende faithfull, we fall to thy feete,
Thy fadiris folke fro þe fende fals þe to fette ¹. 280

Hayll ! man þat is made to þi men meete ²,
Sen þou and thy modir with mirthis ar mette,
Hayll ! duke þat dryues dede vnder fete,
But whan thy dedys ar done to dye is þi dette. 284

And sen thy body beryed shalbe,
This mirre will I giffe to þi grauyng.
The gifte is not grete of degree,
Ressayue it, and se to oure sauynge. 288

The third king
brings myrrh for
the burial.

If. 67.
I iiij.

'Ye come not in
vain ; it is all
true.'

25. **Mar.** Sir kyngis, ȝe trauel not in vayne,
Als ȝe haue ment, hyr may ȝe fynde ;
For I consayued my sone sartaïne
With-oute misse of man in mynde, 292
And bare hym here with-oute payne,
Where women are wonte to be pynyed.
Goddis aungell in his gretyng playne,
Saide he shulde comforte al man kynde, 296
Thar-fore doute yow no dele,
Here for to haue youre bone,
I shall witnesse full wele,
All þat is saide and done. 300

'We may sing
for joy.'

26. **i Rex.** For solas ser now may we synge,
All is performed þat we for prayde,
But gud barne, giffe vs thy blissing,
For faire happe is be-fore þe laide. 304

They will return
to Herod,

ii Rex. Wende we nowe to Herowde þe kyng,

¹ The MS. has *free þu* for *fro þe* ; *fals to thy fette* was first written, then *thy* crossed out and *þe* inserted.

² MS. has *mette*.

For of þis poynte he will be paied,
 And come hym-selffe and make offeryng
 Vn-to þis same, for so he saide.

308

iii **Rex.** I rede we reste a thrawe,
 For to maynteyne our myght,
 And than do as we awe,
 Both vn-to kyng and knyght.

but rest a while
first.

312

[*Enter Angel.*]

27. **Ang.** Nowe curtayse kynges, to me take tent,
 And turne be-tyme or ȝe be tenyd,
 Fro God¹ hym selfe þus am I sent
 To warne yow, als youre faithfull frende.
 Herowde the kyng has malise ment,
 And shappis with shame yow for to shende,
 And for þat ȝe non harmes shulde hente,
 Be othir waies God will ye wende
 Euen to youre awne contre.
 And yf ȝe aske hym bone,
 Your beelde ay will he be,
 For þis þat ȝe haue done.

'Do not return
to Herod, he

316 lf. 67 b.

means malice.'

320

324

28. i **Rex.** A! lorde, I loue þe inwardly.
 Sirs, God has gudly warned vs thre,
 His Aungell her now herde haue I,
 And how he saide.

ii **Rex.** Sir, so did we.

328

He saide Herowde is oure enmye,
 And makis hym bowne oure bale to be
 With feyned falsed, and for-thy
 Farre fro his force I rede we flee.

332

iii **Rex.** Syrs, faste I rede we flitte,
 Ilkone till oure contre,
 He þat is welle of witte
 Vs wisse,— and with yow be.

'We'll flit back
to our own
country.'

336

¹ The word *of* was written here and then crossed through.

XVIII. THE MARCHALLIS.

Matth. ii. 13-15.

The Flight into Egypt.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JOSEPH. MARIA. ANGELUS.]

[SCENE, *Joseph's abode at Bethlehem.*]

Joseph. **T**HOW maker þat is most of myght¹,

To thy mercy I make my mone,

Lord! se vnto þin symple wight

That hase non helpe but þe allone. 4

Praise the Lord
for his grace.

For all þis worlde I haue for-saken,

And to thy seruice I haue me taken.

With witte and will,

For to fulfill 8

þi commaundement.

þer-on myn herte is sette,

With grace þou has me lente,

þare shall no lede me lette. 12

2. For all my triste, lorde, is in þe,

That made me, man, to thy liknes,

Thow myghtfull maker, haue mynde on me,

And se vnto my symplenens. 16

'Lo! how weak
I become.

I waxe wayke as any wande,

For febill me faylles both foote and hande;

What euere it mene!

¹ In the margin here was written in the 16th century, 'This matter is mayd of newe after anoyer forme'; the words were afterwards crossed out.

Me thynke myne eyne
 hevye as leede. 20

þer-fore I halde it best,
 A whille her in þis stede

To slepe and take my reste. [*Sleeps.*] 24 I must rest.'

3. **Mar.** [*Prays to the child apart.*] Thow luffely lord þat last
 schall ay,

My god, my lorde, my sone so dere,

To thy godhede hartely I pray

With all myn harte holy entere; 28

As þou me to thy modir chaas,

I beseke þe of thy grace

For all man-kynde,

þat has in mynde 32

To wirshippe þe.

þou se thy saules to saue, lf. 69 b.

Jesu my sone so free,

þis bone of þe I crave. 36

[*Enter Angel Gabriel.*] "

4. **Ang.** Wakyn, Joseph! and take entente! 'Wake up,
 Joseph!'

My sawes schall seece thy sorowe sare,

Be noght heuy, þi happe is hentte,

þare-fore I bidde þe slepe no mare. 40

Jos. A! myghtfull lorde, what euere þat mente?

So swete a voyce herde I neuere ayre.

But what arte þou with steuen so shyлле, 'Who art thou?

þus in my slepe þat spekis me till, 44

To me appere,

And late me here

What þat¹ þou was?

Ang. Joseph, haue þou no drede, 48

þou shalte witte or I passe

Therfore to me take hede.

¹ The MS. has *what at þat*.

5. For I am sente to þe,
 Gabriell, goddis aungell bright, 52
 Is comen to bidde þe flee
 With Marie and hir worthy wight ;
 For Horowde þe kyng gars doo to dede
 All knave childer in ilke a stede, 56
 þat he may ta
 With 3eris twa
 þat are of olde.
 Tille he be dede away, 60
 In Egipte shall 3e beelde
 — Tille I witte þe for to saie.
6. Jos. Aye lastand lord loved mott þou be,
 That thy swete sande wolde to me sende. 64
 But lorde, what ayles þe kyng at me ?
 For vn-to hym I neuere offende ¹.
 Allas ! what ayles hym for to spille
 Smale 3onge barnes þat neuere did ille 68
 In worde ne dede,
 * Vn-to no lede
 Be nyght nor day.
 And sen he wille vs schende, 72
 Dere lorde, I þe praye,
 þou wolde be oure frende.
7. For be he neuere so wode or wrothe,
 For all his force þou may vs fende. 76
 I praye þe, lorde, kepe us fro skathe,
 Thy socoure sone to vs þou sende ;
 For vn-to Egipte wende we will
 Thy biddying baynly to fulfill, 80
 As worthy is
 þou kyng of blisse,
 þi will be wrought.

'Flee with Mary
and her precious
one.'

In Egypt shall
ye shelter.'

If. 70.
I vij.

'What ails the
king at me ?

or to kill little
young children ?'

'Lord, keep us
from harm.'

¹ The word 'didde' was written before 'offende,' and then crossed through.

[*Exit Angel, Joseph turns to Mary.*]

Marie, my doughter dere,
On þe is all my pought.

84 'Mary, my
darling,

Mar. A ! leue Joseph, what chere ?

8. **Jos.** Þe chere of me is done for ay.

Mar. Allas ! what tythandis herde haue ȝe ?

88

Jos. Now certis, full ille to þe at saye,
Ther is noght ellis but us most flee,
Owte of oure kyth where we are knowyn
Full wightely bus vs be withdrawen,
Both þou and I.

we must flee
from our kith.'

92

Mar. Leue Ioseph, why ?

lf. 70 b.

Layne it noght,

To doole who has vs demed ?

96

Or what wronge haue we wroght,
Wherfore we shulde be flemyd ?

'Dear Joseph,
why must we be
banished ?'

9. **Jos.** Wroght we harme ? nay, nay, all wrang,
Wytte þou wele it is noght soo,

100

þat yonge page liffe þou mon for-gange,
But yf þou fast flee fro his foo.

'We must flee
from the child's
foe.'

Mar. His foo, allas ! what is youre reede,
Wha wolde my dere barne do to dede ?

104

I durk, I dare,

Whoo may my care

'Alas ! I laugh,
I tremble. Who
can stop my
trouble ?'

Of balis blynne ?

To flee I wolde full fayne,
For all þis worlde to wyne
Wolde I not se hym slayne.

108

10. **Jos.** I warne þe he is thrally thrette.

With Herowde kyng, harde harmes to haue,
With þat mytyng yf þat we be mette
þer is no salue þat hym may saue.
I warne þe wele, he sleis all
Knave childir, grete and small,

112

'Herod the
mighty will slay
all boy children,

116

In towne and felde,
With in þe elde

Of two ȝere.

for thy son's
sake.

And for thy sones sake,
He will for-do þat dere,
May þat traytoure hym take.

120

lf. 71.
I viij.

11. **Mar.** Leue Joseph, who tolde yow þis?
How hadde ȝe wittering of þis dede?

124

An angel told me
this.

Jos. An aungell bright þat come fro blisse
This tythandis tolde with-owten drede.
And wakynd me oute of my slepe,
þat comely childe fro cares to kepe,
And bad me flee
With hym and þe

128

On-to Egipte.

I dread the trip.'

And sertis I dred me sore
To make my smale trippe,
Or tyme þat I come þare.

132

12. **Mar.** What ayles þei at my barne
Slike harmes hym for to hete?

136

'Why should
I be deprived of
my son's life?'

Allas! why schulde I tharne¹
My sone his liffe so sweete,
His harte aught to be ful sare,
On slike a foode hym to for-fare,
þat nevir did ill
Hym for to spille,

140

And he ne wate why.

I ware full wille of wane
My son and he schulde dye,
And I haue but hym allone.

144

'Dear Mary, be
quiet! quickly
prepare to flee.

13. **Jos.** We! leue Marie, do way, late be,
I pray þe, leue of thy dynne,
And fande þe furthe faste for to flee
Away with hym for to wynne,

148

¹ MS. has *thrane*.

That no myscheue on hym betyde,
 Nor none vnhappe in nokyn side,
 Be way nor strete,
 þat we non mete

152

To slee hym.

Mar. Allas! Joseph, for care!
 Why shuld I for-go hym,
 My dere barne þat I bare.

156 lf. 71 b.

14. **Jos.** þat swete swayne yf þou saue,
 Do tyte, pakke same oure gere,
 And such smale harnes as we haue.

160 Make haste!
 pack up our gear
 if you wish to
 save him.

Mar. A! leue Joseph, I may not bere.
Jos. Bere arme? no, I trowe but small,
 But god it wote I muste care for all,
 For bed and bak,
 And alle þe pakke

164

I must carry all
 we need for bed
 and back.

þat nedis vnto vs.

It fortheres to fene me
 þis pakald bere me bus,
 Of¹ all I plege and pleyne me.

168

15. But god graunte grace I noght for-gete
 No tulles þat we shulde with vs take.

172 God grant I for-
 get nothing.'

Mar. Allas! Joseph, for greuaunce grete!
 Whan shall my sorowe slake,
 For I wote noght whedir to fare.

Jos. To Egipte talde I þe lang are.

176

Mar. Whare standith itt?
 Fayne wolde I witt.

'Where is
 Egypt?'

Jos. What wate I?

I wote not where it standis.

180 'I don't know.'

Mar. Joseph, I aske mersy,
 Helpe me oute of þis lande.

'I beg pardon,
 help me.

16. **Jos.** Nowe certis, Marie, I wolde full fayne,
 Helpe þe al þat I may,

184 lf. 72.
 K j.

¹ MS. repeats *Of*.

- And at my poure me peyne
To wyne with hym and þe away.
- Alas ! these wild
roads ! why have
we to flee ?' **Mar.** Allas ! what ayles þat feende
þus wilsom wayes make vs to wende ; 188
He dois grete synne,
Fro kyth and kynne
He gares vs flee.
- ' Stop crying. **Jos.** Leue Marie, leue thy grete ! 192
Mar. Joseph, full wo is me,
For my dere sone so swete.
- Wrap him up
warm and softly, **17. Jos.** I pray þe Marie, happe hym warme,
And sette hym softe þat he noght syle, 196
And yf þou will ought ese thyn arme,
Gyff me hym, late me bere hym awhile.
Mar. I thanke you of youre grete goode dede,
[*Gives the child to Joseph.*
- ' Take care of
him !' Nowe gud Joseph tille hym take hede, 200
þat fode so free !
Tille hym 3e see
Now in this tyde.
- ' If you ride ill,
hold fast by the
mane.' **Jos.** Late me and hym allone, 204
And yf þou can ille ride
Haue and halde þe faste by þe mane.
- 18. Mar.** Allas ! Joseph for woo,
Was neuer wight in worde so will ! 208
Jos. Do way Marie ! and say nought soo,
For þou schall haue no cause ther-till.
For witte þou wele, god is oure frende,
He will be with vs wherso we lende, 212
In all oure nede
He will vs spede,
þis wote I wele,
I loue my lorde of all, 216
Such forse me thynke I fele,
I may go where I schall.
- I feel quite
strong,

19. Are was I wayke, nowe am I wight,
 My lymes to welde ay at my wille,
 I loue my maker most of myght,
 That such grace has graunte me tille.
 Nowe schall no hatyll do vs harme,
 I haue oure helpe here in myn arme.
 He will vs fende,
 Wherso we lende,
 Fro tene and tray.
 Late vs goo with goode chere,
 Fare wele and haue gud day!
 God blisse vs all in fere.
Mar. Amen as he beste may.

though before
 I was weak.
 220

224

228

XIX. THE GYRDILLERS AND NAYLERS¹.

Matth. ii. 16-18.

The Massacre of the Innocents.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

HERODES,	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS MILITES.
PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS CONSULES.	PRIMA ET SECUNDA MULIERES.]

[SCENE I, *Herod's court.*]

⁴ Beaux sires, still
your voices,

1. Her. **P**OWRE bewsheris aboute,
 Peyne of lyme and lande²,

Stente of youre steuenes stoute,

And stille as stone 3e stande,

4

And my carping recorde;

3e aught to dare and doute,

And lere you lowe to lowte

To me youre louely lorde.

8

2. 3e awe in felde and towne

To bowe at my bidding,

With reuerence and renoune,

As fallis for swilk a kyng

12

3e lordlyest on-lyue

Who her-to is noght bowne,

bow at my
bidding.

¹ On lf. 73 is the word *Mylners*, crossed through; on the back of the same leaf is noted in a late hand, 'This matter of the gyrdlers agreyth not with the Couches; in no poynt, it begynneth, Lyston lordes vnto my Lawe.' It does not appear what this refers to. Play XXX is by the 'Tapiteres and Coucheres,' but it does not begin with this line. I have no mention of the Couchers among my extracts from the City records, though several as to the Tapiters, probably the Couchers were a newer craft.

² The first four lines are written as two in the MS.

- Be all-mygthy mahounde
 To dede I schall hym dryue ! 16
3. So bolde loke no man be,
 For to aske help ne helde ¹
 But of mahounde and me,
 þat hase þis worlde in welde, 20
 To mayntayne vs emelle,
 For welle of welthe are wē,
 And my cheffe helpe is he ;
 Her-to what can ȝe tell. 24
4. i Cons. Lord, what you likis to do
 All folke will be full fayne,
 To take entente þer-to,
 And none grucche þer-agayne. 28
 þat full wele witte shall ȝe,
 And yf þai wolde noȝt soo,
 We shulde sone worke þam woo.
 Her. ȝa ! faire sirs, so shulde it bee. 32
5. ii Cons. Lorde, þe soth to saie,
 Fulle wele we undirstande,
 Mahounde is god werraye,
 And ȝe ar lorde of ilke a lande. 36
 Ther-fore, so haue I seell,
 I rede we wayte all-way,
 What myrthe most mend ȝou may.
 Her. Certis ȝe saie ryght well. 40
6. But I am noyed of newe,
 þat blithe may I noȝt be,
 For thre kyngis as ȝe knowe
 That come thurgh þis contree, 44
 And saide þei sought a swayne.
 i Cons. þat rewle I hope þam rewe,
 For hadde þer tales ben trewe,
 They hadde comen þis waye agayne. 48

Ask help only
 of me or of
 Mahomet.'

'All obey you.

lf. 74 b.

'Mahomet is the
 true God, and ye
 are lord of every
 land.'

'I am annoyed,

those three kings

48 should have
 come this way
 again.'

¹ MS. has *holde*.

7. **ii Cons.** We harde how þei 3ou hight,
 Yf they myght fynde þat childe,
 For to haue tolde 3ou right,
 But certis þei are begilyd. 52
 Swilke tales ar noght to trowe,
 Full wele wotte ilke a wight,
 Þer schalle neuere man haue myght
 Ne maystrie unto 3ou. 56
- they are ashamed
 to meet you.' 8. **i Cons.** Þam schamys so, for certayne,
 That they dar mete 3ou no more.
Her. Wherefore shulde þei be fayne
 To make swilke fare before; 60
 To saie a boy was borne
 That schulde be moste of mayne?
 This gadlyng schall agayne
 Yf þat þe deuyll had sworne; 64
- lf. 75.
 K. iij. 9. For be well neuer þei wotte,
 Whedir þei wirke wele or wrang
 To frayne garte þam þus-gate,
 To seke that gedlyng gane, 68
 And swilke carping to kith.
ii Cons. Nay lorde, they lered ouere latte,
 Youre blisse schall neuere abatte,
 And therfore, lorde, be blithe. 72
- [*Enter Messenger.*]
- Mahomet, save
 the king! 10. **Nunc.** Mahounde with-ouen pere
 My lorde! 3ou saue! and see.
Her. Messenger, come nere,
 And, bewcher! wele ye be. 76
 What tydyngis telles þou, any?
Nun. 3a! lorde, sen I was here,
 I haue sought sidis seere,
 And sene merueyllis full many. 80
- 'Beau sire,
 good day!'

11. **Her.** And of meruayles to move,
That were most myrthe to me.
Nunc. Lorde, euen as I haue seene,
The soth sone schall ȝe see, 84
Yf ȝe wille, here in hye.
I mette tow townes betwene
Thre kyngis with crounes clene,
Rydand full ryally. 88
Her. A! my blys! boy, pou burdis to brode!
[**Nunc.**] Sir, ȝer may no botment be¹.

12. [**Her.**] O we! by sonne and mone,
ȝan tydis vs talis to nyght. 92
Hopes pou ȝei will come sone
Hedir, as ȝei haue hight,
For to telle me tythande?
Nunc. Nay, lorde, ȝat daunce is done. 96
Her. Why, whedir are ȝei gone?
Nunc. Ilkone in-to ther owne lande.

13. **Her.** How sais pou, ladde? late be.
Nunc. I saie for they are past. 100
Her. What, forthe away fro me?
Nunc. ȝa, lord, in faitht ful faste,
For I herde and toke hede
How ȝat ȝei wente, all thre,
In to ther awne contre. 104
Her. A! dogges, ȝe deuell ȝou spede.

14. **Nunc.** Sir, more of ȝer menyng
ȝitt well I undirstode 108
How ȝei hadde made offering
Unto ȝat frely foode²

‘I met three
kings riding
royally.’
‘Boy, you talk
too fast!’
Do you think
they’ll come soon
to tell me
tidings?’
lf. 75 b.
‘They are gone
to their own
countries.’

¹ There seems something wanting here.² Lines 107-110 are written as two lines in the MS.

þat now of newe is borne.
 þai saie he schulde be kyng, 112
 And welde all erthely thyng.
 Her. Allas! þan am I lorne.

15. Fy on thaym! faytours, fy!
 Wille þei be-gylle me þus. 116
 Nunc. Lorde, by ther prophicy,
 þei named his name Jesus.
 Her. Fy! on þe, ladde, þou lyes!
 ii Cons. Hense! tye, but þou þe hye, 120
 With doulle her schall þou dye,
 That wreyes hym on this wise.

Herod vents his
 anger on the
 messenger.

16. Nunc. 3e wyte me all with wrang,
 Itt is þus and wele warre. 124
 Her. Thou lyes! false traytoure strange,
 Loke neuere þou negh me nere.
 Vppon liffe and lyme
 May I þat faitour fange, 128
 Full high I schall gar hym hange,
 Both þe harlott and hym.

'Thou liest! I'll
 'hang both you
 and him.'

'I am blameless;
 farewell, the
 whole heap.'

'I'll make you
 run!'

17. Nunc. I am nott worthy to wyte,
 Bot fares-wele, all þe heppe! 132
 i Consul. Go, in þe deuées dispite,
 Or I schall gar the leppe,
 And dere aby this bro. [*Exit Messenger.*
 Herodus. Alas!¹ for sorowe and sighte, 136
 My woo no wighte may wryte,
 What deuell is best to do.

Herod and his
 elders take
 counsel.

18. ii Cons. Lorde, amende youre chere,
 And takis no nedles noy, 140
 We schall 3ou lely lere,
 þat ladde for to distroye,
 Be counsaile if we cane.

¹ MS. has *Als*.

Her. Þat may 3e noght come nere,
For it is past two 3ere
Sen þat pis bale be-gane.

144

19. **i Cons.** Lorde, þerfore haue no doute *a*

If it were foure or fyve, —
Gars gadir in grete rowte *a*

148

Youre knyghtis kene be-lyue. —
And biddis þam dyng to dede *u*
Alle knave childir kepte in dowte, *a*
In Bedlem and all aboute, *a*
To layte in ilke a stede. *c*

152

A great company
of soldiers shall
kill all the boys
of two years old
in Bethlehem and
round about.

20. **ii Cons.** Lorde, saue none, for youre seell, *a*

Þat are of ii 3ere age with-inne, —
Þan schall þat fandelyng felle *a*

If. 76 b.
156

Be-lyue his bliss schall blynne, —
With bale when he shall blede. *u*

Her. Sertis, 3e saie right wele, *a*
And as 3e deme ilke dele, *a*
Shall I garre do in-dede. *c*

160

21. **Sir knyghtis**, curtayse and hende,

Þow ne nott bees nowe all newe,
3e schall fynde me youre frende,
And 3e pis tyme be trewe.

164 'Tis a new
business, but I
will be your
friend.'

i Cons. What saie 3e, lorde, lette see.

Her. To Bedlehem bus 3e wende,
That schrewe¹ with schame to schende
Þat menes to maistir me.

168

22. **And a-bowte Bedlehem boght he**,

Bus yowe wele spere and spye,
For ellis it will be waghe
Þat he losis pis Jury.

172

And certis þat were grete schame.

ii. Cons. My lorde, þat wer vs lathe,

176 'We were loathe
he should
escape.'

¹ The MS. has *schorwe*.

And he escapid it wer skathe,
And we welle worthy blame.

23. i Miles. Full sone he schall be soughte,
That make I myne a-vowe. 180

i Cons. I bide for him 3ow loghte,
And latte me telle yowe howe.

f. 77.
K vj.

'You do not
know him, there-
fore kill all.'

Go werke when 3e come there,
By-cause 3e kenne hym noght, 184
To dede they muste be brought,
Knave childre, lesse and more.

24. Her. 3aa, all with-inne two 3ere,
That none for speche be spared. 188

ii Miles. Lord, howe 3e vs lere
Full wele we take rewarde,
And certis we schall not rest. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II, *Round about Bethlehem.*]

i Miles. Comes furth, felowes, in feere ; 192
Loo ! fondelyngis fynde we here ¹.

'Here are two
foundlings.'

25. i Mul. Owte on 3ou ! theves, I crye !
3e slee my semely sone.

The grief and

ii Miles. Ther browls schall dere abyce 196
This bale pat is be-gonne,
Perfore lay fro pe faste.

cries of the
mothers.

ii Mul. Allas ! for doule I dye,
To saue my son schall I, 200
Aye whils my liff may last.

26. i Miles. A ! dame, pe deuyll pe spede.
And me, but itt be quytte.

'I'll die to save
my son.'

i Mul. To dye I haue no drede, 204
I do pe wele to witte,

To saue my sone so dere.
i Miles. As armes ! for nowe is nede,

¹ A line is wanting here, but no blank in MS.

But yf we do yone dede,
Ther quenys will quelle us here.

27. ii **Mul.** Allas ! þis lothly striffe !

No blisse may be my bette,
þe knyght vppon his knyffe
Hath slayne my sone so swette ;

And I hadde but hym allone.

i **Mul.** Allas ! I lose my liffe,
Was neuere so wofull a wyffe,
Ne halffe so wille of wone !

28. And certis, me were full loht

þat þei þus harmeles ȝede.

i **Miles.** Þe deuell myght spede you bothe,
False wicchis, are ye woode ?

ii **Mul.** Nay false lurdayns, ye lye.

[i **Miles.**] Yf ȝe be woode or wrothe,
Ye schall noȝt skape fro skathe,
Wende we vs hense in hye.

29. i **Mul.** Allas ! þat we wer wroughte,

In worlde women to be,
þe barne þat wee dere bought,
þus in oure sighte to see
Disputuously spill.

ii **Mul.** And certis, þer nott is noght,
The same þat þei haue soughte,
Schall þei neuere come till.

30. i **Miles.** Go we to þe kyng,

Of all þis contek kene
I schall nott lette for no-thing
To saie as we haue sene.

ii **Miles.** And certis, no more shall I.

We haue done his bidding,
We schall saie sothfastly,
How so they wraste or wryng.

208 'To arms !
these queans will
destroy us.'

If. 77 b.

Lamentation and
sorrow,

212

216

220

'False witches,
are ye mad ?'

224

228

232

Their business is
nought, they will
never find him
they seek.

'We shall tell of
you to the king.'

236

f. 78.
K vij.

240

[SCENE III, *Herod's court.*]

- Salutation. 31. i Miles. Mahounde, oure god of myght,
Saue þe! sir herowde þe kyng!
- This soldier brings tidings of talk. i Cons. Lorde, take kepe to youre knyght, 244
He wille telle þou nowe thydingis
Of bordis wher they haue bene.
Her. 3aa, and þei haue gone right,
And holde þat þei vs hight, 248
þan shall solace be sene.
32. ii Miles. Lorde, as 3e demed vs to done,
In contrees wher we come—
Her. Sir, by sonne and mone, 252
3e are welcome home,
And worthy to haue rewarde.
Have you the man? Haue 3e geten vs þis gome?
i Miles. Wher we fande felle or fone, 256
Wittennesse we will þat þer was none¹.
33. ii Miles. Lord, they are dede ilkone,
What wolde 3e we ded more?
Her. I aske but aftir oone, 260
þe kyngis tolde of before,
þat schulde make grete maistrie;
Telle vs if he be tane.
i Miles. Lorde, tokenyng hadde we none 264
To knawe þat brothell by.
- If. 78 b. 34. ii Miles. In bale we haue þam brought
'We did not know him.' A-boute all Bedleham towne.
Herod's anger at the escape of Jesus. Her. Ye lye, 3oure note is nought! 268
þe deueles of helle 3ou droune!
So may þat boy be fledde,
For in waste haue 3e wrought
Or that same ladde be sought, 272
Schalle I neure byde in bedde.

¹ Line 257 should rime with l. 254. There is some mistake here.

35. [? i Cons.]¹ We will wende with you þan ²
 To dynges þat dastard doune.
 [? ii Cons.] Asarme! euere ilke man, 276
 That holdis of mahounde.
 Wer they a thousand skore,
 This bargayne schall þai banne ³
 Comes aftir as yhe canne, 280
 For we will wende be-fore. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ In the MS. two red lines mark off lines 274, 275 and ll. 276-281 as separate speeches, but the names of the speakers are omitted.

² *Than* comes at the beginning of l. 275 in the MS.

³ MS. has *bande*.

XX. THE SPORIERS AND LORIMERS¹.

Christ with the Doctors in the Temple.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS. MARIA. JOSEPH.
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS, TERTIUS DOCTOR.
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS, TERTIUS MAGISTER.]

Luke ii. 41-51.

[SCENE I, *The road from Jerusalem.*]

1. Jos. [M]ARIE, of mirthis we may vs mene,
And trewly telle be-twixte vs twoo

'What solemn
sights we have
seen,

Of solempne sightis þat we haue sene
In þat cite were we come froo.

4

what joy our son
has given us, in
Jerusalem.

Mar. Sertis, Joseph, 3e will noȝt wene
What myrthis with in my harte I maie,
Sen þat oure sone with vs has bene,
And sene ther solempne sightis alsɰae.

8

We will go home
with our friends,'

Jos. Hamward I rede we hye
In all þe myght we maye,
Be-cause of company
þat will wende in oure waye.

12

2. For gode felawshippe haue we founde,
And ay so forward schall we fynde.

¹ This play is found also in the Towneley collection under the name of *Pagina Doctorum*, p. 158. The parallel begins with l. 73 of York play, a quite different prelude of 48 lines (the commencement is wanting) in the Towneley taking place of the first 72 lines of York. A considerable difference occurs, too, in the description of the ten commandments. The Towneley version is given from l. 73 at the foot of the page.

- Mar.** A ! sir, where is oure semely sone ?
 I trowe oure wittis be waste as wynde,
 Allas ! in bale þus am I boone,
 What ayleth vs both to be so blynde.
 To go ouere fast we haue be-gonne,
 And late þat louely leue be-hynde. 16
Jos. Marie, mende thy chere,
 For certis whan all is done,
 He comes with folke in feere,
 And will ouere take vs sone. 20
 'Where is our son?'
3. **Mar.** Ouere take vs sone ? Sir, certis nay,
 Such gabbyngis may me noȝht be-gyle,
 For we haue trauelde all þis day
 Fro Jerusalem many a myle. 28
Jos. I wende he hadde bene with vs aye,
 A-waye fro vs how schulde he wyle ?
Mar. Hit helpis nought such sawes to saie,
 My barne is lost, allas ! þe while !
 þat euere we wente þer oute
 With him in companye,
 We lokid ouere late aboute,
 Full wooe is me forthy ! 32
 'Nay, we are come many miles, lf. 79 b.
4. For he is wente som wayes wrang,
 And non is worthy to wyte but wee. 36
Jos. Agaynewarde rede I þat we gang
 The right way to þat same citee,
 To spire and spie all men emang,
 For hardely homward is he. 38
Mar. Of sorowes sere schal be my sang,
 My semely sone tille I hym see,
 He is but xij ȝere alde. 40
 What way som euere he wendis.
Jos. Woman ! we may be balde
 To fynde hym with oure frendis. 44
 'We must blame ourselves.'
 'Let us turn back.'
- [*They turn back.* 48
 He is sure to be with our friends,'

[SCENE II, *The Temple.*]

5. *i^{us} Mag.* Maistirs, takes to me in tente,
 And rede youre resouns right on rawes,
 And all þe pepull in þis present
 Euere ilke man late see his sawes. 52
 But witte I wolde, or we hens wente,
 Be clargy clere if we couthe knawe
 Yf any lede þat liffe has lente,
 Wolde might allegge agaynste oure lawe. 56
 Owthir in more or lesse
 If we defaute myght feele,
 Dewly we schall gar dresse
 Be dome euery ilk a dele. 60
6. *ii^{us} Mag.* Þat was wele saide, so mot I the,
 Swilke notis to neven me thynke wer nede,
 For maistirs in this lande ar we,
 And has þe lawes lely to lede, 64
 And doctoures also in oure degree,
 Þat demyng has of ilka dede.
 Laye fourthe oure bokes belyue, late see,
 What mater moste were for oure mede. 68
iii^{us} Mag. We schall ordayne so wele,
 Sen we all clergy knawe,
 Defaute shall noman fele
 Nowdir in dede ne sawe. [Enter *Jesus.*]
7. *Jesus.* Lordingis, loue be with þou lentte 73
 And mirthis be vn-to þis mene.
i^{us} Mag. Sone, hense away ! I wolde þou wente,
 For othir haftis in hande haue we. 76

Tunc venit Jesus.

- Jesus.* Masters, luf be with you lent,
 And mensk be unto this meneje. 73
i Mag. Son, hens away I wold thou went,
 For othere haft in hand haue we. 76

'Can any one
 allege ought
 against our law ?

If. 80.
 L ij.
 We must redress
 it.'

'Lay forth our
 books ;

no one shall
 find defects.'

'Joy unto you,
 sirs !'

'Go away, child.'

Towneley MS.
 fol. 67. Surtees
 print, p. 158.

- ii^{us} Mag.** Sone, whoso þe hedir sente,
They were nouȝt wise, þat warne I þe,
For we haue othir tales to tente
þan now with barnes bordand to be. 80
- iii^{us} Mag.** Sone, yf þe list ought to lere
To lyve by Moyses laye,
Come hedir and þou shalle here
þe sawes þat we shall saye; 84
8. For in som mynde itt may þe brynge
To here oure reasouns redde by rawes.
Jesus. To lerne of you nedis me no thing.
For I knawe both youre dedys and sawes. 88
- i^{us} Mag.** Nowe herken ȝone barne with his brandyng,
He wenes he kens more þan we knowes!
We! nay, certis sone, þou arte ouere ȝinge¹
By clergy ȝitt to knowe oure lawes. 92
- Jesus.** I wote als wele as yhe
Howe þat youre lawes wer wrought.
-
- ii Mag.** Son, whosoever the hyder sent,
Thay were not wyse, thus tell I the;
For we haue othere tayllys to tent
Then now with barnes bowrdand to be. 80
- iii Mag.** Son, thou lyst oght lere To lyf by Moyses lay,
Com heder, and thou shall here The sawes
that we wyll say; 84
- For in som mynde it may the bryng
To here oure sawes red by rawes.
Jesus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng
For I know both youre dedys and sawes. 88
- i Mag.** Hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng
He wenys he kens more then ho knowys,
Nay, certes, son, thou art ouer ying
By clergy yit to know oure lawes. 92
- Jesus.** I wote as well as ye how that youre lawes
was wrought.
-

¹ MS. *ȝonge*.

For Daid demys of ilka dele,
 And sais þus of childir ȝing,
 And of ther mouthes, he wate full wele,
 Oure lord has performed loving.
 But ȝitt, sone, schulde þou lette
 Here for to speke ouere large,
 For where maistiris are mette
 Childre wordis are noȝt to charge.

If. 8r.
 L. iij.

116

yet he should not
 speak too big
 before the
 masters of the
 law.
 120

11. And if þou wolde neuere so fayne
 Yf all þe liste to lere þe lawe,
 þou arte nowthir of myght ne mayne
 To kenne it as a clerke may knawe.
 Jesus. Sirs, I saie ȝou for sartayne,
 That suthfast schalbe all my sawe,
 And poure haue playnere & playne (to say)
 And aunswer as me awe.
 i^{us} Doct. Maistirs what may þis mene?
 Meruayle me thynke haue I,

124

'I will speak
 with truth and
 weight.'
 128

For Daid demys euer ilk deyلة,
 And thus he says of childer ying,
 'Ex ore infancium et lactancium perfecisti laudem.'
 Of thare mowthes, sayth Daid, wele
 Oure Lord he has perfourmed lovyng;
 Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett
 Herfor to speke in large,
 For where masters are mett
 Chylder wordys ar not to charge.
 For, certes, if thou wold neuer so fayn
 Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,
 Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn
 To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

116

120

124

Jesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,
 That sothfast shalle be alle my saw,
 And powere haue I plene and playn
 To say and answeare as me aw.

128

i Mag. Masters, what may this mene?
 Meruelle me thynk haue I;

- The child talks
with wisdom.
- Whens euere þis barne haue bene,
And carpis þus connandly. 132
12. ii^{us} Doct. Als wyde in worlde als we haue wente,
Itt fand we neuere swilke ferly fare,
For certis I trowe þis barne be sente^a
Full souerandly to salue oure sare. 136
- Jesus. Sirs, I schall proue in youre present
Alle þe sawes þat I saide are.
- Moses' first com-
mandment is,
- iii^{us} Doc. Why, whilke callest þou þe firste comaundment,
And þe moste in Moyses lare? 140
- | Jesus. Sirs, sen 3e are sette on rowes,
And has youre bokes on brede,
Late se, sir, in youre sawes
Howe right þat 3e can rede. 144
- If. 87 b.
- Matth. xxii. 37-
40.
13. i^{us} Doct. I rede þis is þe firste bidding
þat Moyses taught vs here vntill,
To honnoure god ouere all thing,
With all thy witte and all þi will; 148
- To honour God.
-
- Where euer this barne has bene
That carpys thus conandly. 132
- ii Mag. In warld as wyde as we haue went
Fand we neuer sich ferly fare;
Certes, I trow the barn be sent
Sufferanly to salfe oure sare. 136
- Jesus. Syrs, I shalle preue in youre present
Alle the sawes that I sayde are.
- iii Mag. Which callys thou the fyrst commaundement,
And the most in Moyses lare. 140
- Jesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And hase youre bookes on brede,
Let se, syrs, in youre saw
How right that ye can rede. 144
- i Mag. I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng
That Moyses told us here vntylle;
Honoure thi God ouer ilka thyng,
With alle thi wyt and alle thi wylle, 148

And all thyn harte in hym schall hyng,
 Erlye and late both lowde and still.

Jesus. 3e nedis non othir bokes to bring,
 But fandis pis for to fulfill.

152

The secounde may men preve

And clerly knawe, wher by

Youre neighbours shall 3e loue

Als youre selffe, sekirly.

156

The second,
 Love thy neigh-
 bour as thyself.

14. This comaunded Moyses to all men,

In his x comaundementis clere,

In þer ij biddingis, schall we kene,

Hyngis all þe lawe þat we shall lere.

160

Whoso ther two fulfilles then ¹

With mayne and myght in gode manere,

He trulye fulfillis all þe ten

þat aftir folowes in feere.

164

þan schulde we god honnoure,

With all youre myght and mayne,

And alle thi hart in hym shalle hyng,
 Erly and late, both lowde and styлле.

Jesus. Ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,

Bot fownd this to fulfyll;

152

The seconde may men profe

And clergy know therby,

Youre neighburs shalle ye lofe

Right as youre self trulye.

156

Thise commaunded Moyses tyll alle men

In his commaundes clere,

In thise two bydyngys, shalle ye ken,

Hyngys alle the law we aght to lere.

160

Who so fulfylles thise two then

Withe mayn and mode and good manere,

He fulfylls trulye alle ten

That after thaym folows in fere.

164

Then shuld we God honowre

With alle our myght and mayn,

¹ MS. sets *then* at beginning of l. 162.

And loue wele ilkea neghboure
 Right as youre selfe, certayne. 168

15. ^{i^{us}} Doct. Nowe sone, sen þou haste tolde vs two,
 Whilke ar þe viij? can þou ought saye?

Jesus rehearses
 the other eight
 commandments,
 or biddings.

[Jesus]. The iij biddis whare so 3e goo,
 Þat 3e schall halowe þe halyday. 172

If. 82.
 L. iiij.

Than is þe fourthe for frende or foo,
 That fadir and modir honnoure ay.
 The v^{te} you biddis noght for to sloo
 No man nor woman by any way. 176

The vj^{te}, suthly to see,
 Comaundis both more and myne,
 That thei schalle fande to flee
 All filthes of flesshely synne. 180

And luf welle ilk neghboure
 Right as oure self certayn. 168

- i Mag. Now, son, synthen thou has told us two,
 Which ar the viij, can thou oght say?

Jesus. The thyrd bydys, where so ye go,
 That ye shalle halow the holy day. 172
 From bodely wark ye take youre rest,
 Your household looke the same thay do,
 Both wyfe, chylde, servande, and beast.

The fourt is then in weylle and wo 173
 Thi fader, thi moder, thou shalle honowre, 174

Not only with thi reuerence,
 Bot in thare nede thou thaym socoure,
 And kepe ay good obedyence.

The fyft bydys the no man slo,
 Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede, 175

Ne suffre hym not to be in wo
 If thou may help hym in his nede.

The sext bydys the thi wyfe to take, 177
 But none othere lawfully,

Lust of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,
 And drede ay God where so thou be.

16. The vij^{te} fo[r]bedis you to stele
 3oure neghboures goodes, more or lesse,
 Whilke faute3 nowe are founden fele
 Emang per folke þat ferly is. 184
 The viij^{te} lernes 3ou for to be lele,
 Here for to bere no false witenesse.
 3oure neghbours house, whilkis 3e haue hele,
 The ix^{te} biddis take no3t be stresse. 188
 His wiffe nor his women
 The x^{te} biddis no3t coveyte.
 They are þe biddingis x,
 Whoso will lelly layte. 192
17. ii^{us} Doct. Be-halde howe he alleggis oure lawe,
 And lered neuere on boke to rede. \
 Full subtill sawes, me thinkeþ, he saies, \
 And also trewe, yf we take hede. 196
-
- The vij bydys the be no thefe feyr, 181
 Ne nothng wyn with trechery,
 Oker, ne symony, thou com not nere,
 Bot consyence clere ay kepe truly.
 The viij byddes the be true in dede 185
 And fals wytnes looke thou none bere,
 Looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,
 Lest to thi saulle that it do dere.
 The ix byddes the not desyre 188
 Thi neghbur's wyfe ne his women, 187
 Bot as holy kirk wold it were
 Right so thi purpose sett it in.
 The x byddes the for nothyng 190
 Thi neghburs goodys yerne wrongwysly,
 His house, his rent, ne his hafyng,
 And Cristen fayth trow stedfastly.
 Thus in tabyls shalle ye ken
 Oure Lord to Moyses wrate.
 Thise ar the commaundementes ten, 191
 Who so wille lely layt.
- ii Mag. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
 And leryd neuer on booke to rede; 194
 Fulle sotelle sawes me thynk he says
 And also true, if we take hede. 196

The doctors are
 full of wonder,
 for he never
 learned to read.

iii^{us} Doct. 3a! late hym wende fourth on his wayes ;
 For and he dwelle, withouten drede,
 The pepull schall full sone hym prayse
 Wele more þan vs for all oure dede. 200
 i^{us} Doct. Nay, nay, þan wer we wrang,
 Such speking wille we spare.
 Als he come late hym gang,
 And move vs nowe nomore. 204

[*Enter Mary and Joseph.*]

18. Mar. A! dere Joseph, what is youre rede?
 Of oure grete bale no bote may be,
 Myne harte is heuy as any lede
 My semely sone tille hym I see. 208
 Nowe haue [we] sought in ilk a stede,
 Boþe vppe and doune, ther¹ days thre,
 And whedir þat he be quyk or dede
 3itt wote we noght, so wo is me! 212

lf. 82 b.

Mary is full of
sorrow, she has
sought her son
three days.

iii Mag. Yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,
 For if he dwelle withouten drede
 The pepylle wille ful soyn hym prayse
 Welle more then vs for alle oure dede. 200
 i Mag. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang,
 Sich spekyng wille we spare,
 As he cam let hym gang,
 And mefe vs not no mare. 204

Tunc venient Iosephus et Maria, et dicet Maria :

Maria. A dere Josephe! what is youre red?
 Of oure greatt baylle no boytt may be,
 My hart is heuy as any lede
 My semely son to I hym se. 208
 Now haue we soght in euery sted
 Both vp and downe thise dayes thre,
 And wheder he be whik or dede
 Yit wote we not; so wo is me! 212

¹ MS. has *thre*.

Jos. Mysese had neuere man more,
But mournyng may not mende ;
I rede forther we fare
Till God some socoure sende.

216

19. **About**e 3one tempill if he be ought,
I wolde we wiste pis ilke nyght.

He may be in
the temple.

Mar. A ! sir, I see þat we haue sought !
In worlde was neuere so semely a sight.
Lo ! where he sittis, 3[e] se hym noght ?
Emong 3one maistiris mekill of myght.

220 She sees him
afar off, sitting
among the
doctors.

Jos. Now blist be he vs hedir brought,
For in lande was neuere non so light.

224

Mar. A ! dere Joseph, als we haue cele,
Go furthe and fette youre sone and myne,
This day is gone nere ilke a dele,
And we haue nede for to gang hyne.

Mary wishes
Joseph to go
forward and
fetch him,

228

20. **Jos.** With men of myght can I not mell,
Than all my trauayle mon I tyne,

Joseph. Sorow had neuer man mare,
Bot mowr[n]yng, Mary, may not amende ;
Fartherner I red we fare
To God som socoure send.
Abowtt the tempylle if he be oght
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.

216

Maria. A certes, I se that we haue soght,
In warld was neuer so semely a sight ;
Lo, where he syttes, se ye hymn noght,
Amanges yond masters mekyll of myght ?

220

Joseph. Blyssyd be he vs heder broght !
In land now lyfes there none so light.

224

Maria. Now dere Joseph, as have ye seyll,
Go furthe and fette youre son and myne ;
This day is goyn nere ilka deyll,
And we have nede for to go hien.

228

Joseph. With men of myght can I not melle
Then alle my trauelle mon I tyne ;

but he cannot
mix with such
fine folk, gay
in furs.

I can noȝt with þem, þis wate þou wele,
They are so gay in fures fyne. 232

'Your age would
be respected.'

If. 83.

L. v.

He is shame-
fast.

Mar. To þam youre herand for to say
Suthly ȝe thar noȝt drede no dele,
They will take rewarde to you all way,
Be-cause of elde ; þis wate ȝe wele. 236

Jos. When I come there what schall I saye ?
I wate neuere, als haue I cele.
Sertis, Marie, þou will haue me schamed for ay,
For I can nowthir croke nor knele. 240

They gotogether,

21. **Mar.** Go we to-gedir, I halde it beste,
Vn-to ȝone worthy wysse in wede,
And yf I see, als haue I reste,
Þat ȝe will noȝt, þan bus me nede. 244

Mary first,
Joseph following.

Jos. Gange on, Marie, and telle thy tale firste,
Thy sone to þe will take goode heede ;
Wende fourth, Marie, and do thy beste,
I come be-hynde, als God me spede. 248

I can not with thaym, that wote ye welle,
Thay are so gay in furrys fyne. 232

Maria. To thaym youre erand forto say.
Surely that thar ye drede no deyll,
Thay wille take hede to you alway
Be-cause of eld, this wote I weyll. 236

Joseph. When I com ther what shalle I say ?
For I wote not, as haue I ceyll ;
Bot thou wille haue me shamyd for ay,
For I can nawthere crowke ne knele. 240

Maria. Go we togeder, I hold it best,
Unto yond worthy wyghtes in wede,
And if I se, as I have rest,
That ye wille not then must I nede. 244

Joseph. Go thou and telle thi taylle fyrst,
Thi son to se wille take good hede ;
Weynd furthe, Mary, and do thi beste,
I com behynde, as God me spede. 248

- Mar.** A ! dere sone Jesus ! *[They come forward.]*
 Sen we loue þe allone,
 Why dosse þou þus till vs,
 And gares vs make swilke mone? 252
Mary reproaches
Jesus,
- 22.** Thy fadir and I be-twyxte vs twa
 Son for thy loue has likid ill¹,
 We haue þe sought both to & froo,
 Wepand full sore as wightis will. 256
- Jesus.** Wherto shulde ȝe seke me soo?
 Ofte tymes it hase ben tolde you till,
 My fadir werkis, for wele or woo,
 Thus am I sente for to fulfyll. 260
but he was
'about his
Father's
business.'
- Mar.** There sawes, als haue I cele,
 Can I noȝt vndirstande ;
 I schall thynke on þam wele,
 To ffonde what is folowand. 264
- 23. Jos.** Now sothely sone, þe sight of þe
 Hath salued vs of all oure sore ;

- Maria.** A, dere son, Jesus !
 Sythen we luf the alone
 Whi dos thou tylle vs thus
 And gars vs make this mone? 252
- Jesus.** Wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so ?
 Oft tymes it has bene told ye tylle
 My fader warkys for wele or wo,
 Thus am I sent for to fulfyll. 260
 These sawes, as haue I ceulle,
 I can welle vnderstande
 I shalle thynk on them weylle
 To fownd what is folowand. 264
- Joseph.** Now sothtly, son, the sight of the
 Has comforthed vs of all oure care ;

¹ The MS. originally had *son* at the end of l. 251, the later hand places it as above.

lf. 83 b.	Come furth, sone, with þi modir and me, Att Nazareth I wolde we wore.	268
Jesus goes with them.	Jesus. Be-leves wele, lordis free, For with my frendis nowe will I fare. i doct. Nowe, sone, wher þou schall bide or be ¹ , God make þe gode man euermore! No wondir if 3one wiffe Of his fynding be full fayne; He schall (and he haue liff) Proue till a praty swayne.	272 276
The doctors beg him to conceal the new things they have talked of, and invite him to stay with them.	24. But sone, loke þat þou layne for gud or ill þe note þat we haue nemed her nowe, And if it like þe to lende her stille, And wonne with vs, welcome art þowe.	280
His obedience to friends.	Jesus. Graunte mercy, Sirs, of youre gode will, No lenger liste me lende with 3ou, My frendis thoughtis I wol fulfille And to þer bidding baynely bowe.	284
	Com furth, now with thi moder and me At Nazareth I wold we ware.	268
	Jesus. Be leyf then, ye lordynges fre, For with my freyndys now wylle I fare.	
	i Mag. Son, where so thou shalle abyde or be God make the good man euer mare.	272
	ii Mag. No wonder if thou, wife, Of his fyndyng be fayn; He shalle, if he haue lyfe, Prefe to a fulle good swayn.	276
	iii Mag. Son, looke thou layn for good or ylle The noyttes that we haue nevened now; And if thou lyke to abyde here styлле, And with us won, welcome art thou.	280
	Jesus. Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyll! No longer lyst I byde with you, My freyndys thoght I shalle fulfylle, And to thare bydyng baynly bow.	284

¹ The words *or be* in MS. stand at beginning of l. 272.

Mar. Full wele is vs þis tyde,
Nowe maye we make goode chere.

Jos. No lenger will we bide,

Fares wele, all folke in feere.

288

Jhc, Maria, Joseph,

*Primus doctor, secundus doctor, & tercius doctor*¹.

Maria. Full welle is me this tyde,
Now may we make good chere.

Joseph. No longer wylle we byde,
Fare welle alle folk in fere.

288

¹ These names are here in the original hand.

XXI. THE BARBOURS.

The Baptism of Jesus.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JOHANNES [THE BAPTIST].
JESUS.

PRIMUS ANGELUS.
SECUNDUS ANGELUS.]

[SCENE, *by the river Jordan.*]

Matth. iii. 1-3,
13-17.

Men are so dull
that John's
preaching is
useless.

John is a fore-
runner,

1. Joh. ALMIGHTY god and lord verray,
Full woundyrfull is mannys lesyng,
For yf I preche tham day be day,
And telle tham, lorde, of thy comyng, 4
 þat all has wrought,
Men are so dull þat my preching
 Serues of noght.
2. When I haue, lord, in the name of the 8
Baptiste þe folke in watir clere,
þan haue I saide þat afir me
Shall he come þat has more powere
 þan I to taste, 12
He schall giffe baptyme more entire
 in fire and gaste.
3. þus am I comen in message right, 16
And be fore-reyner in certayne,
In witnesse-bering of þat light,
þe wiche schall light in ilka a man
 þat is comand
In-to this worlde ; nowe whoso can 20
 may vndirstande.

4. They folke had farly of my fare,
 And what I was full faste þei spied,
 They askid yf I a prophete ware, 24
 And I saide 'nay'; but sone I wreyede
 high aperte.
 I saide I was a voyce that cryede a voice crying in
 here in deserte. the wilderness,
28
5. 'Loke þou make þe redy,' ay saide I,
 'Vn-to oure lord god most of myght,
 þat is þat þou be clene haly,
 In worde, in werke, ay redy dight 32
 Agayns oure lord,
 With parfite liffe þat ilke a wight Make ready by
 be well restored. a perfect life.
6. For if we be clene in levyng, 36
 Oure bodis are goddis tempyll þan
 In the whilke he will make his dwellyng,
 Therfore be clene, bothe wiffe and man.
 þis is my reed; 40
 God will make in yowe haly þan
 his wonnyng-steed.
7. And if ȝe sette all youre delyte
 In luste and lykyng of þis liff, 44
 Than will he turne fro yow als tyte lf. 84 b.
 By-cause of synne, boyth of man & wiffe,
 And fro ȝou flee,
 For w[i]th whome þat synne is riffe God will turn
 Will god noght be.' from those who
48 only love this
life.
8. Ang. Þou John, take tente what I schall saye,
 I brynge þe tythandis wondir gode,
 My lorde Jesus schall come þis day, 52 Jesus will come
 Fro Galylee vn-to þis flode to-day to be
 ȝe Jourdane call, baptized in
 Baptyme to take myldely with mode Jordan.
 þis day he schall. 56

9. John, of his sande ther-fore be gladde,
And thanke hym hartely, both lowde and still.
John is afraid. Joh.¹ I thanke hym euere, but I am radde!
I am noȝt abill to full-fill 60
 pis dede certayne.
ii Ang. John, þe aught with harte and will
 To be full bayne
10. To do his bidding, all by-dene. 64
 Bot in his baptyme, John, take tente,
 þe heuenes schalle be oppen sene,
The descent of the dove foretold. The holy gost schalle doune be sente
 To se in sight, 68
 The fadirs voyce with grete talent
 be herde full riȝt,
11. þat schall saie þus to hym for-thy ² 72
12. Joh. With wordes fewne 72
 I will be subgett nyght & day
 as me well awe, 74
 To serue my lord Jesu to paye
 in dede & sawe. 76
13. Bot wele I wote, baptyme is tane
 To wasshe and clense man of synne,
Baptism is to cleanse man of sin, but here is no sin. And wele I wotte þat synne is none
 In hym, with-oute ne with-inne. 80
 What nedis hym than
 For to be baptiste more or myne
 als synfull man?
14. Jesus. John, kynde of man is freele 84
 To þe whilke þat I haue me knytte,
If. 85. L viij. But I shall shewe þe skyllis twa,
'Man's nature is weak, þat pou schallt knawe by kyndly witte

¹ Johannes is inserted by the late hand.

² A late side-note says here 'hic caret,' and it is evident that several lines are wanting: ll. 71 to 76 seem to be relics of two stanzas. There is no blank in MS., and ll. 72, 73 are in one.

By-cause why I haue ordand swa; 88
and ane is bis,

Mankynde may noȝt vn-baptymde go
to¹ endless blys.

15. And sithen my selffe haue taken mankynde,
For men schall me þer myrroure make,
I haue my doyng in ther mynde,
And also I do þe baptyme take.

I will for-thy 96 I shall be a mirror for men.

My selfe be baptiste, for ther sake,
full oppynly.

16. Anodir skill I schall þe tell,
My wille is þis, þat fro þis day
þe vertue² of my baptyme dwelle

In baptyme-watir euere and ay,
Mankynde to taste.

Baptismal water
will ever after
have virtue,

Thurgh my grace perto to take alway
be haly gaste.

17. Joh. All myghtfull lorde, grete is þi grace,
I thanke þe of þi grete fordede.

Jesus. Cum, baptise me, John, in his place. 108

Joh. Lorde! saue thy grace þat I for-bede
þat itt soo be ;

John will not
baptize Jesus ;

For lorde, me thynketh it wer more nede
 pou baptised me.

112

18. þat place þat I yarne moste of all,
 Fro thens come þou, lorde, as I gesse,
 How schulde I þan, þat is a thrall,
 Giffe þe baptyme, þat rightwis is,
 And has ben euere?

‘ How should
 a slave baptize
 the righteous?

116

For þou arte roote of rightwisenesse,
þat forfette neuere.

¹ MS. has *te*.

² *Vertue* is a later correction for the original *wittnesse*.

What rich man
begs from the
poor?

19. What riche man gose from dore to dore 120

To begge at hym þat has right noght?
Lorde, þou arte riche and I am full poure,
þou may blisse all, sen þou all wrought.

Fro heuen come all 124

þat helpes in erthe¹, yf soth be sought,
fro erthe but small.

lf. 85 b.

20. Jesus. Thou sais full wele, John, certaynly,
But suffre nowe for heuenly mede, 128

þat rightwisnesse be noȝt oonlye
Fullfillid in worde, but also in dede,
thrughe baptyme clere.

Cum, baptise me in my manhed 132
Appertly here.

As a true phy-
sician Christ
must himself
first take, then
he cau preach.

21. Fyrst schall I take, sen schall I preche,
For so be-hovis mankynde fulfille 136
All right-wisnesse, als werray leche.

Joh. Lord, I am redy at þi will,
And will be ay.
Thy subgett lord, both lowde and still,
in þat I may. 140

John trembles to
touch Jesus.

22. A! lorde, I trymble þer I stande,
So am I arow to do þat dede,
But saue me lord, þat all ordand, 144
For the to touche haue I grete drede,
for doyns dark. 145

Now helpe me lorde, thurgh þi godhede,
to do þis werke.

He baptizes
Jesus in the
name of the
Trinity,

23. Jesu, my lord of myghtis most, 148
I baptise þe here in þe name
Of the fadir and of the sone and holy gost!

¹ MS. has *erthes*.

But in þis dede, lorde, right no blame

þis day by me.

and saves himself
from blame.

152

And bryngis all thase to thy home

þat trowes in þe.

Tunc cantabant duo angeli Veni creator spiritus.

24. **Jesus.** John, for mannys prophyte, wit þou wele,

Take I þis baptyme, certaynely,

This baptism is
for man's profit,
to destroy the
dragon's power.

156

The dragons poure ilk a dele

Thurgh my baptyme distroyed haue I ;

þis is certayne ;

And saued mankynde, saule and body,

160

fro endles payne.

25. What man þat trowis and baptised be

Schall saued be and come to blisse,

Who-so trowes noȝt, to payne endles

If. 86.
M j.

He who is bap-
tized shall be
saved, he who is
not shall be
damned.

164

He schalbe dampned sone, trowe wele þis.

But wende we nowe

Wher most is nede þe folke to wisse,

both I & ȝou.

168

26. **Joh.** I loue þe lorde, as souereyne leche,

That come to salue men of þare sore,

As þou comaundis I schall gar preche,

And lere to euery man þat lare,

172

That are was thrall.

[*To the audience.*] Now sirs, þat barne þat marie bare,

be with ȝou all ¹.

175

¹ Notes in 16th century hand. 'Hic caret finem. This matter is newly mayd & devysed, wherof we haue no coppy regystred.'

XXII. THE SMYTHIS¹.

The Temptation of Jesus.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

DIABOLUS.

PRIMUS ANGELUS.

JESUS.

SECUNDUS ANGELUS.]

[SCENE, *the Wilderness.*]

Matth. iv. 1-11.
Luke iv. 1-13.
The devil is in
a great fuss and
haste.

1. Diab. MAKE rome be-lyve, and late me gang,
Who makis here all þis þrang?
High you hense! high myght 3ou hang
right with a roppe. 4
I drede me þat I dwelle to lang
to do a jape.

Since he fell

2. For sithen the firste tyme þat I fell
For my pride fro heuen to hell, 8
Euere haue I mustered me emell
emonge manne-kynde,
How I in dole myght gar tham dwell
þer to be pynde. 12

he has plotted
against mankind,
and they have
come to him.

3. And certis, all þat hath ben sithen borne,
Has comen to me, mydday and morne,
And I haue ordayned so þam forne,
none may þame fende; 16
þat fro all likyng ar they lorne
withowten ende.

¹ The 16th century hand inserts *Lokk* before *Smythis*.

4. And nowe sum men spekis of a swayne,
 Howe he schall come and suffre payne, 20
 And with his dede to blisse agayne
 þ[e]i schulde be bought ;
 But certis þis tale is but a trayne,
 I trowe it noȝt. 24
5. For I wotte ilke a dele by-dene,
 Of þe mytyng þat men of mene,
 How he has in grete barett bene
 sithen he was borne ; 28
 And suffered mekill traye and tene,
 boþe even & morne.
6. And nowe it is brought so aboute,
 þat lurdayne þat þei loue and lowte, 32
 To wildernesse he is wente owte,
 with-owtyne moo ;
 To dere hym nowe haue I no doute,
 be-twyxte vs two. 36
7. Be-fore þis tyme he has bene tent,
 þat I myght gete hym with no glent,
 But now sen he allone is wente
 as he is alone.
 I schall assay, 40
 And garre hym to sum synne assente,
 If þat I may.
8. He has fastid, þat marris his mode,
 Ther fourty dayes with-owten foode, 44
 If he be man in bone and bloode,
 hym hungris ill ;
 In glotonye þan halde I gude
 to witt his will. 48
9. For so it schall be knowen and kidde
 If godhed be in hym hidde,
 If he will do as I hym bidde
 Whanne I come nare. 52

But now it is said
they shall be
redeemed.

This mighty one
has been in strife
since his birth.

He is now in the
wilderness,

'no fear, but
I can injure him,

I will try him
through
gluttony.'

þer was neuere dede þat euere he dide,
þat greued hym warre.

[*Approaches Jesus.*]

10. Þou witty man and wise of rede,
If þou can ought of godhede, 56
Byd nowe þat þer stones be brede,
Betwyxte vs two ;
þan may þei stande thy-selfe in stede,
and othir moo. 60
11. For þou hast fastid longe, I wene,
I wolde now som mete wer sene
For olde acqueyntaunce vs by-twene,
Thy-selue wote howe. 64
Ther sall noman witte what I mene
but I and þou.
12. Jesus. My Fadir, þat all cytte may slake,
Honnoure euere more to þe I make, 68
And gladly suffir I for thy sake
swilk velany ;
And þus temptacions for to take
of myn enemy. 72
13. Þou weried wight ! þi wittes are wode !
For wrytyn it is, whoso vndirstande,
A man lyvis noght in mayne and mode
with brede allone. 76
But goddis wordis are gostly fode
to men ilkone.
14. Iff I haue fastid oute of skill,
Wytte þou me hungris not so ill 80
þat I ne will wirke my fadirs will
in all degre,
þi biddynge will I noȝt full-fill,
þat warne I þe. 84

'If thou art of
God, make these
stones bread.'

I will tell no
one.'

'Thou cursed
thing, man lives
not by bread
alone.'

I shall do my
Father's will.'

15. **Diab.** [*aside.*] A! slyke carping neuere I kende,
 Hym hungres noȝt as I wende ;
 Nowe sen thy fadir may þe fende
 be sotill sleghte, 88
 Late se yf þou allone may lende
 þer vppon heghte,
16. Vppon þe pynakill parfityl¹.
 A! ha! nowe go we wele ther-by!
 I schall assaye in vayne-glorie 92
 to garre hym falle.
 And if he be goddis sone myghty,
 witte I schall. 96
17. [*To Jesus.*] Nowe liste to me a litill space,
 If þou be goddis sone, full of grace,
 Shew som poynte here in pis place
 to proue þi myght. 100
 Late se, falle doune vppon þi face,
 here in my sight.
18. For it is wretyn, as wele is kende,
 How God schall aungellis to þe sende, 104
 And they schall kepe þe in þer hande
 wher-so þou gose,
 Þat þou schall on no stones descende
 to hurte þi tose. 108
19. And sen þou may with-oute wathe
 Fall, and do thy selfe no skathe,
 Tumbill downe to ease vs bathe
 here to my fete ; 112
 And but þou do I will be wrothe,
 þat I þe hette.
20. **Jesus.** Late be, warlow, thy wordis kene,
 For wryten it is, with-oute wene, 116

If. 88.
 M iij.
 'Hunger does
 not touch him,

I shall try vain-
 glory.'

'Show me thy
 power here ;

fall, and do
 not hurt thyself.

¹ Marginal note here, 'tunc cantant angeli, veni creator,' in later hand.

- 'Tempt me not ! Thy god þou schall not tempte with tene,
nor with discorde ;
Ne quarell schall þou none mayntene
agaynste þi lorde. 120
- Be subject to thy lord.
21. And þerfore trowe þou, with-uten trayne,
þat all þi gaudes schall no thyng gayne,
Be subgette to þi souereyne
arely and late. 124
Diab. [*aside.*] What ! þis trauayle is in vayne,
be ought I watte !
22. He proues þat he is mekill of price,
þerfore it is goode I me avise, 128
And sen I may noȝt on þis wise
make hym my thrall,
The devil will try covetousness. I will assaye in couetise
to garre hym fall. 132
- If. 88 b. 23. For certis I schall noȝt leue hym ȝitt,
Who is my souereyne, þis wolde I witte.
[*To Jesus.*] My selffe ordande þe þore to sitte,
þis wote þou wele, 136
And right euen as I ordande itt,
is done ilke dele.
- ' I am thy sovereign,
24. þan may þou se sen itt is soo
þat I am souerayne of vs two, 140
And ȝitt I graunte þe or I goo,
withouten fayle,
þat, if þou woll assent me too,
it schall awayle. 144
- and wield this world ;
25. For I haue all þis worlde to welde,
Toure and toune, forest and felde,
If þou thyn herte will to me helde
with wordis hende, 148
ȝitt will I baynly be thy belde,
and faithfull frende.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|--|
| 26. | Be-halde now, ser, and þou schalt see,
Sere kyngdomes and sere contre ;
Alle þis wile I giffe to þe
<div style="text-align:right;">for euer more,</div> | 152 | kingdoms are yours |
| | And þou falle and honour me,
<div style="text-align:right;">as I saide are.</div> | 156 | 'if thou honourest me.' |
| 27. | Jesus. Sees of thy sawes, þou Sathanas,
I graunte no-thing þat þou me askis,
To pyne of helle I bide þe passe
<div style="text-align:right;">and wightely wende ;</div> | 160 | 'return to hell,' |
| | And wonne in woo, as þou are was,
<div style="text-align:right;">with-outen ende.</div> | | |
| 28. | Non othyр myght schalbe thy mede,
For wretyн it is, who right can rede,
Thy lord God þе аught to drede
<div style="text-align:right;">and honoure ay ;</div> | 164 | |
| | And serue hym in worde and dede,
<div style="text-align:right;">both ныt and d:y.</div> | 168 | |
| 29. | And sen þou dose not as I þе tell,
No lenger liste me late þе dwell,
I comaunde þе þou hy to hell
<div style="text-align:right;">and holde þе þare ;</div> | 172 | and stay there. |
| | With felawschip of frendis fell
<div style="text-align:right;">for euer mare.</div> | | |
| 30. | Diab. Owte ! I dar nyt loke, alas !
Itt is warre þan euere it was,
He musteres what myght he has,
<div style="text-align:right;">hye mote he hang !</div> | 176 | If. 8g.
M iijj.
Satan laments while returning to hell. |
| | Followes fast, for me bus pas
[Angels appear.] to paynes strang. [Exit. | 180 | |
| 31. | Ang. A ! mercy lorde, what may þis mene,
Me merueyles þat ze thole þis tene
Of this foule fende cant and kene,
<div style="text-align:right;">carpand zou till !</div> | 184 | The angel wonders at the mildness of Jesus. |

And þe his wickidnesse, I wene,
may waste at will.

32. Me thynke þat þe ware straytely stedde,
Lorde, with þis fende þat nowe is fledde. 188
Jesus. Myn aungell dere, be noȝt adred,
he may not greue ;
The haly goste me has ledde,
þus schal þow leue. 192

Jesus is a mirror
to men,

they can over-
come the devil
if they will.

33. For whan þe fende schall folke see,
And salus þam in sere degre,
þare myrroure may þei make of me,
for to stande still ; 196
For ouere-come schall þei noȝt be,
bot yf þay will.

34. ii Ang. A ! lorde, þis is a grete mekenesse,
In yow in whome al mercy is, 200
And at youre wille may deme or dresse
als is worthy ;
And thre temptacions takes expres,
þus suffirantly. 204

Bless those who
withstand the
fiend and his
temptations.

35. Jesus. My blissing haue þei with my hande,
þat with swilke greffe is noȝt grucchand,
And also þat will stiffely stande
agaynste þe fende. 208
I knawe my tyme is faste command,
now will I wende.

XXIII. THE CORIOURS.

lf. 93.
N j.

The Transfiguration.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

DEUS PATER.

JOHANNES.

JESUS.

MOYSES.

PETRUS.

HELYAS.]

JACOBUS.

[SCENE, *first on the way to the mountain, then the mountain itself.*]

1. **Jesus.** PETIR, myne awne discipill dere,

Mark ix. 2-9.

And James and John, my cosyngs two,

Matth. xvii. 1-9.

Takis hartely hede, for 3e schall here

Jesus with Peter,
James, and John,

þat I wille telle vnto nomoo.

4

And als 3e schall see sightis seere,

Whilke none schall see bot 3e alsoo,

Therfore comes forth, with me in fere,

go to a mountain.

For to 3one mountayne will I goo.

8

Ther schall 3e see a sight

Whilk 3e haue 3erned lange.

Petrus. My lorde, we are full light

And glad with þe to gange¹.

12

2. **Jesus**². Longe haue 3e coveyte for to kenne

My fadir, for I sette hym be-fore,

And wele 3e wote whilke tyme and when

In Galyle gangand we were.

16

¹ Lines 9-12 are written as two in the MS.

² The words *cum Moysez et Elias* are written after *Itic* in the margin of the MS., by the 16th cent. hand.

In Galilee they
had wished to see
the Father.
John xiv. 8.

'Shewe vs thy ffadir,' þus saide 3e then,
'þat suffice vs with-uten more ;'
I saide to 3ou and to all men,
'Who seis me, seis my fadyr þore.'
Such wordis to 3ou I spakke,
In trewthe to make 3ou bolde,
3e cowde noght vndyr-take
The tales þat I 3ou tolde.

3. Anodir tyme, for to encesse
3oure trouthe, and worldly you to wys,
I saide, *quem dicunt homines*
esse filium hominis ?

Reports as to
Jesus.
Luke ix. 18-22.

I askid 3ow wham þe pepill chase
To be mannys sone, with-uten mys ?
3e aunswered and saide, 'sum ¹ moyses,'
And sum saide þan, 'Hely it is.'
And sum saide, 'John Baptist ;'
þan more I enquerd you 3itt,
I askid 3iff 3e ought wiste
Who I was, by youre witte.

lf. 93 b.

Peter said he was
Christ.

4. You aunswered, Petir, for thy prowē,
And saide þat I was Crist, God sonne ;
Bot of thy selffe þat had noght þowe,
My Fadir hadde þat grace be-gonne.
þerfore bese bolde and biddis now ²
To tyme 3e haue my Fadir sonne.

'Bide now till
ye have seen
my Father.'

Jacobus. Lord, to thy byddyng will we bowe
Full buxumly, as we are bonne.

Johannes. Lorde, we will wirke thy will
All way with trewe entent,
We love God lowde and stille,
þat vs þis layne has lente.

¹ MS. has *sam.*

² The words 'and biddis now' stand at beginning of l. 41 in MS.

5. **Petrus.** Full glad and blithe awe vs to be,
And thanke oure maistir, mekill of mayne,
þat sais, we schall þe sightis see,
The whiche non othir schall see certayne.

The disciples anticipate high sights,

52

Jacob. He talde vs of his Fadir free,
Of þat fare wolde we be full fayne.

Joh. All þat he hyghte vs holde will hee,
Therefore we will no farther frayne,
But as he ffouchesaffe

but ask no further.

56

So sall we vndirstande.

[*Enter Moses and Elias ; Jesus, between them, is transfigured, a bright light shining.*]

Beholde ! her we haue nowe in hast
Som new tythandys !

60

6. **Helyas.** Lord God ! I loue þe lastandly,
And highly, botht with harte and hande,
þat me, thy poure prophett Hely,
Haue steuened me in þis stede to stande.

If. 94.
N ij.

Elias thanks God for summoning him from Paradise.

64

In Paradise wonnand am I,
Ay sen I lefte þis erthely lande ;
I come Cristis name to clarifie,
And god his Fadir me has ordand,
And for to bere witnesse

68

In worde to man and wyffe,
þat þis his owne sone is
And lord of lastand liff.

72

7. **Moysses.** Lord god ! þat all welthis wele,
With wille and witte we wirschippe þe,
þat vn-to me, Moysses, wolde tell
þis grete poynte of thy pryuyte,
And hendly hente me oute of hell,
þis solempne syght for I schuld see,
Whan thy dere darlynges þat þore dwell
Hase nocht thy grace in swilk degree.

Moses has been fetched out of hell

76

80

to see the sight
now shown.

Oure fforme-ffadyrs full fayne
Wolde se this solempne sight,
þat¹ in þis place þus pleyne
Is mustered thurgh þie myght. 84

The light is
dazzling.

8. *Petrus.* Brethir, what euere ȝone brightnes be ?
Swilk burdis be-forne was neuere sene,
It marres my myght, I may not see,
So selcouth thyng was neuere sene. 88

The disciples are
awe-struck
lf. 94 b.
at the splendour
of Christ.

Jacob. What it will worthe, þat wote noȝt wee,
How wayke I waxe, ȝe will not wene,
Are was þer one, now is ther thre,
We thynke oure maistir is be-twene. 92

Joh. That oure maistir is thare
þat may we trewly trowe,
He was full fayre be-ffore,
But neuere als he is now. 96

9. *Petrus.* His clothyng is white as snowe,
His face schynes as þe sonne,
To speke with hym I haue grete awe,
Swilk ffaire be-forne was neuere fune. 100

The disciples in-
quire of *Elias*
and *Moses*.

Jacob. Þe tothir two fayne wolde I knawe,
And witte what werke þam hedir has wonne.
Joh. I rede we aske þam all on rowe,
And grope þam how þis game is begonne. 104

Petrus. [*To Elias and Moses.*] My bredir, if þat ȝe be come
To make clere Cristis name,
Telles here till vs thre,
For we seke to þe same. 108

10. *Elias.* Itt is Goddis will þat we ȝou wys
Of his werkis, as is worthy.
I haue my place in Paradise,
Ennok my brodyr me by. 112
Als messenger withouten mys
Am I called to this company,

' My place in
Paradise is near
Enoch.

¹ MS. has *þan*.

To witnesse þat goddis sone is þis,
 Euyn with hym mette and all myghty.
 To dede we wer noght dight,
 But quyk schall we come,
 With Antecrist for to fyght,
 Beffore þe day of dome.

I am come to
 bear witness to
 116 God's son. We
 did not die,

but shall fight
 Antechrist be-
 fore Dooms-day.' - -

11. **Moyses.** Frendis, if þat 3e ffrayne my name,
 Moyses þan may 3e rede by rawe,
 Two thousand 3ere aftir Adam
 þan gaffe God vn-to me his lawe.
 And sythen in helle has bene oure hame,
 Allas ! Adam's kynne þis schall 3e knawe,
 Vn-to crist come, þis is þe same,
 þat vs schall fro þat dongeoun drawe.
 He schall brynge þam to blys,
 þat nowe in bale are bonne,
 This myrthe we may not mys,
 For this same is Goddis sonne.

If. 95.
 N liij.

124

' I am come from
 hell ;

this is he who
 shall draw thence
 128 all Adam's kin.'

132

12. **Jesus.** My dere discipill, drede 3ou no3t,
 I am 3oure souerayne certainly,
 This wondir werke þat here is wrought
 Is of my Fadir al-myghty.
 þire both are hydir brought,
 þe tone Moyses, þe todir Ely,
 And for youre sake þus are þei sought
 To saie 3ou, his sone am I.
 So schall bothe heuen & helle
 Be demers of þis dede,
 And 3e in erth schall tell
 My name wher itt is nede.

' Fear not, my
 dear friends,

136

this wonder is
 wrought for
 140 your sake.'

144

13. **Petrus.** A ! loued be þou euere, my lord Jesus,
 þat all þis solempne sight has sent,
 þat ffouchest saffe to schew þe þus,
 So þat pi myghtis may be kende.

The disciples
 worship Jesus,

148

lf. 95 b.

and desire to
erect three
tabernacles.

Here is full faire dwellyng for vs,
 A lykand place in for to lende,
 A ! lord, late vs no forther trus,
 For we will make with herte and hende
 A taburnakill vn-to þe
 Be-lyue, and þou will bide,
 One schall to Moyses be,
 And to Ely the thirde.

152

156

14. **Jacob.** ʒa ! wittirly, þat were wele done,
 But vs awe noght swilk case to craue ;
 þam thare but saie and haue it sone,
 Such seruice and he fouchesaffe.

160

' He promises his
men a lodging in
heaven,

He hetis his men both morne and none
 þare herber high in heuen to haue,
 Therfore is beste we bide hys bone ;
 Who othir reedis, rudely þei raue.

164

we will stay
where he wills.'

Joh. Such sonde as he will sende
 May mende all oure mischeue,
 And where hym lykis to lende,
 We will lende, with his leue.

168

*Hic descendunt nubes, Pater in nube*¹.The Father de-
scends, he re-
bukes their fears,
and bears witness
to his son ;
[the three are
stunned ; they
hear a noise, but
do not under-
stand. Cf. ll.
184, 205, 217.]

15. **Pater.** ʒe ffebill of faithe ! folke affraied,
 Beis noȝt aferde for vs in feere,
 I am ʒoure God þat gudly grayth
 Both erthe and eyre w^t clowdes clere.
 þis is my sone, as ʒe haue saide,
 As he has schewed by sygnes sere ;
 Of all his werkis I am wele paied,
 Therfore till hym takis hede and here.
 Where he is, þare am I,
 He is myne and I am his,
 Who trowis þis stedfastly
 Shall byde in endles blisse.

172

176

180

¹ Original stage direction.

16. **Jesus.** Petir, pees be vnto þe I
 And to 3ou also, James and John !
 Rise vppe and tellis me what 3e see,
 And beis no more so wille of wone. [*The marvel vanishes.*]
Petrus. A! lorde, what may¹ þis mervayle be. 185 they are full of
 Whedir is þis glorious gleme al gone ? amazement and
 We saugh here pleynly persones thre, fear. 'We saw
 And nowe is oure lorde lefte allone. 188 three persons.'
 Þis meruayle movis my mynde,
 And makis my flessch affrayed.
Jacob. Þis brightnes made me blynde,
 I bode neuere swilke a brayde. 192
17. **Joh.** Lorde god ! oure maker almyghty !
 Þis mater euermore be ment,
 We saw two bodis stande hym by,
 And saide his fadir had þame sent. 196 'We saw two
 stand near him,
Petrus. There come a clowde of þe skye,
 Lyght als þe lemys on þame lent,
 And now fares all as fantasye,
 For wote noȝt [we] how þai are wente. 200 and a bright
 cloud, now all go
 like fancy.'
Jacob. Þat clowde cloumsed vs clene,
 Þat come schynand so clere,
 Such syght was never sene,
 To seke all sydis seere. 204
18. **Joh.** Nay, nay, þat noys noyed vs more,
 Þat here was herde so hydously.
Jesus. Frendis, be noght afferde afore,
 I schall 3ou saye encheson why. 208 If. 96 b.
 My ffadir wiste how þat 3e were Jesus comforts
 In 3oure faith fayland, and for-thy them, the Father
 He come to witnesse ay where, knew they were
 And saide þat his sone am I. 212 weak.

¹ MS. has *in*,

And also in þis stede
 To witnesse þe same,
 A quyk man and a dede
 Come to make clere my name. 216

19. **Petrus.** A! lord, why latest þou vs noȝt see
 Thy ffadirs face in his fayrenes?

Jesus. Petir, þou askis over grete degree,
 That grace may noȝt be graunted þe, I gesse. 220
 In his godhed so high is he

'No man can
 live and see the
 Father.'

As all ȝoure prophetis names expresse,
 þat langar of lyffe schall he noght be
 þat seys his godhede as it is. 224

Here haue ȝe sene in sight
 Poyntes of his priuite,
 Als mekill als erthely wighte
 May suffre in erthe to see. 228

20. And therfore wende we nowe agayne
 To oure meyne, and mende þer chere.

'Our friends will
 ask how we have
 fared.'

Jacob. Oure felaws ful faste wil us frayne,
 How we haue faren, al in feere. 232

Jesus. Þis visioun lely loke ȝe layne,
 Vn-to no leffand lede itt lere,

'Tell no one till
 the Son of man
 has suffered.'

Tille tyme mannys sone haue suffered payne,
 And resen fro dede, kens it þan clere. 236
 For all þat trowis þat thyng

If. 97.
 N v.

Of my ffadir and me,
 Thay schall haue his blessing,
 And myne; so motte it be. 240

XXIV. THE CAPPEMAKERS, ETC.¹

lf. 99.
O ij.

*The Woman taken in Adultery. The raising
of Lazarus.*

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS.

MARIA.

MULIER.

MARTHA.

1^{us}, 2^{us} JUDEUS.

LAZARUS.

3^{us}, 4^{us} JUDEUS (*Lawyers*.)

1^{us}, 2^{us} APOSTOLUS.

NUNTIUS.]

[SCENE I, in the temple at Jerusalem.]

1. i Judeus. **L**EPPE fourth, late vs no lenger stande,
But smertely þat oure gere wer grayde,

*John viii. 3-11;
xi. 1-44.*

Þis felowe þat we with folye fande,

Late haste vs fast þat she wer flayed.

4

ii Jud. We will bere witnesse and warande

How we hir raysed all vnarayed,

Agaynste þe lawes here of oure lande

Wher sche was with hir leman laide.

8

i Jud. Ȝaa, and he a wedded manne,

Þat was a wikkid synne.

ii Jud. Þat bargainne schall sche banne,

With bale nowe or we blynnne.

12

2. i Jud. A! ffalse stodmere and stynkand stroye,

How durste þou stele so stille away!

*The Jews make
a fierce accusa-
tion against the
woman.*

¹ 'And hatmakers' added in 16th cent. hand. This company is also written variously 'capmakers' and 'capperes' along the page-headings.

- To do so vilauce avowtry,
 þat is so grete agaynste oure lay. 16
- ii Jud. Hir bawdery schall she dere abyē,
 For as we sawe, so schall we saye,
 And also hir wirkyng is worthy
 Sho schall be demed to ded þis day. 20
- i Jud. The maistirs of þe lawe,
 Are here even at oure hande.
- ii Jud. Go we rehearse by rawe
 Hir fawtes as we þam fande. [*Enter Lawyers.*] 24
- ‘God save you,
 masters.’ 3. i Jud. God saue þou, maistirs, mekill of mayne,
 þat grete clergy and counsaile can.
- lf. 99 b. iii Jud. Welcome ffrendis, but I wolde frayne
 How fare þe with þat faire woman? 28
- ‘What are you
 doing with that
 fair woman?’ ii Jud. Al sirs, we schall þou saie certay[n]e
 Of mekill sorowe sen sche began.
 We haue hir tane with putry playne,
 Hir selff may noȝt gayne-saie it þan. 32
- ‘We have taken
 her in adultery.’ iv Jud. What hath sche done? folye
 In fornicacioun and synne?
 i Jud. Nay; Nay; in avowtery
 Full bolde, and will noȝt blynne. 36
4. iii Jud. A-vowtery! nemyn it noght, for schame!
 It is so foule, opynly I it fye.
 ‘Is it true, lady?’ Is it sothe þat þei saie þe, dame?
 ii Jud. What! sir, scho may it noȝt denye. 40
- ‘We ought not to
 blame her if she
 were not guilty.’ We wer þan worthy for to blame
 To greue hir, but sche wer gilti.
 iv Jud. Now certis, þis is a foule defame.
 And mekill bale muste be þar-by. 44
- iii Jud. Ȝa! Sir, þe saie wele þore,
 By lawe and rightwise rede,
 ‘She must be
 stoned to death.’ Ther falles noght ellis perfore,
 But to be stoned to dede. 48

5. i Jud. Sirs, sen 3e telle þe lawe this tyde,
 And knawes þe course in þis contre,
 Demes hir on heght, no lenger hyde,
 And aftir 3oure wordis wirke schall we. 52
- iv Jud. Beis noght so bryme, bewsheris, abide,
 A new mater nowe moues me¹.

6. iij Jud. He shewes my mysdedis more and myne,
 I leue 3ou here, late hym allone. 56
- iv Jud. Owe ! here will new gaudes begynne ;
 3a, grete all wele, saie þat I am gone.
- i Jud. And sen 3e are noght bolde,
 No lengar bide will I. 60
- ii Jud. Pees ! late no tales be tolde,
 But passe fourth preuylye.
7. Jesus. Woman ! wher are þo wighte men went
 That kenely here accused þe ? 64
- Who hase þe dampned, toke þou entent ?
- Mul. Lord ! no man has dampned me.
- Jesus. And for me schall þou noȝt be schent ;
 Of all thy mys I make þe free, 68
- Loke þou nomore to synne assentte.
- Mul. A ! lord, ay loued mott þou bee !
 All erthely folke in feere
 Loves hym and his high name, 72
- þat me on þis manere
 Hath saued fro synne and schame.
8. i Apost. A ! lorde, we loue þe inwardly,
 And all þi lore, both lowde and still, 76
- That grauntes thy grace to þe gilty,
 And spares þam þat thy folke wolde spill.

¹ Here a leaf, O iij of the MS., is lost ; it contained probably 58 lines, in which evidently Jesus appeared, and his saying in John viii. 7 was embodied.

Jesus. I schall 3ou saie encheson why,
 I wote it is my ffadirs will, 80
 And for to make þam ware þer-by,
 To knawe þam-selffe haue done more ill.
 And euermore of þis same
 Ensample schall be sene, 84
 Whoso schall othir blame,
 Loke firste þam-self be clene.

9. ii Apos. A! maistir, here may men se also,
 How mekenes may full mekill amende, 88
 To for-geue gladly where we goo
 All folke þat hath vs oght offende.
 Jesus. He þat will noȝt for-giffe his foo,
 And vse mekenesse with herte and hende, 92
 The kyngdom may he noght come too
 Þat ordande is with-uten ende.
 And more sone schall we see,
 Here or ȝe forther fare, 96
 How þat my ffadir free
 Will mustir myghtis more.

lf. 100 b.¹
 'We should for-
 give those who
 trespass against
 us.'

[*Enter Messenger.*]

10. Nunc. Jesu, þat es prophett veray,
 My ladys Martha & Marie, 100
 If þou fouchesaffe, þai wolde þe pray
 For to come vn-to Bethany.
 He whom þou loues full wele alway
 Es seke, and like, lord, for to dye. 104
 Yf þou wolde come, amende hym þou may,
 And comforte all þat cumpany.
 Jesus. I saie 3ou þat sekeness
 Is noȝt onlye to dede, 108

Mary and
 Martha send say-
 ing, 'He whom
 thou lovest is
 sick.'

'The sickness is
 not only unto
 death, but unto
 joy of God's
 goodness.'

¹ Lazare mortus is written in red at the top of this page.

But joie of goddis gudnesse
Schalbe schewed in þat stede ¹.

11. And goddis sone schall be glorified

By þat sekenesse and signes feere,

112

Therfore brethir no lenger bide,

Two daies fully haue we ben here.

We will go soiourne here beside

In þe Jurie with frendis in feere.

116

i Apos. A! lorde, þou wote wele ilke a tyde,

þe Jewes þei layte þe ferre and nere,

To stone þe vn-to dede,

Or putte to pereles payne;—

120

And þou to þat same stede

Covaites to gange agayne.

If 101.

O v.

'We have been
here two days,
we will go into
Judea.'

The apostles fear
for his life,

12. Jesus. 3e wote by cours wele for to kast,

þe daie is now of xii oures lange,

124

And whilis light of þe day may last

It is gode þat we grathely gange.

For whan day-light is pleylnly past,

Full sone þan may 3e wende all wrang;

128

Therfore takes hede and trauayle fast

Whills light of liffe is 3ou emang.

And to 3ou saie I more,

How þat Lazar oure frende

132

Slepes now, and I therfore

With 3ou to hym will wende.

but he answers,

'We must work
while there is the
light of life.'

13. ii Apos. We will be ruled aftir þi rede,

But and he slepe he schall be saue.

136

Jesus. I saie to 3ou, Lazare is dede,

'Lazarus is dead,

And for 3ou all grete joie I haue.

3e wote I was noght in þat stede,

What tyme þat he was graued in graue.

140

¹ Lines 107-110 are written in two lines in MS.

his sisters pray
and call for com-
fort.'

lf. 101 b.

' Let us also go
that we may die
with him.'

His sisteres praye with bowsom beede,
And for comforte þei call and craue,
Therfore go we to-gedir
To make þere myrthis more.

144

i Apos. Sen he will nedes wende þedir,
Go we and dye with hym þore.

[SCENE II, *Bethany*.]

Mary mourns
grievously for
her brother.

14. **Maria** [*in the house*]. Allas ! owtane goddis will allone,
þat I schuld sitte to see þis sight !

148

For I may morne and make my mone,
So wo in worlde was neuere wight.

þat I loued most is fro me gone,

My dere brothir þat Lazar hight,

152

And I durst saye I wolde be slone,

For nowe me fayles both mynde & myght.

My welthe is wente for euere,

No medycyne mende me may,

156

A ! dede þou do thy deuer,

And haue me hense away.

Martha is also
inconsolable,

15. **Martha** [*on the road*]. Allas ! for ruthe, now may I raue,
And febilly fare by frith and felde,

160

Wolde god þat I wer grathed in graue !

þat dede hadde tane me vndir telde !

For hele in harte mon I neuere haue,

But if [he] helpe þat all may welde ;

164

Of Crist I will som comforte craue,

For he may be my bote and belde.

until her Lord
comes.

To seke I schal noȝt cesse

Tille I my souereyne see.

168

[*Jesus enters.*]

Hayle ! pereles prince of pesse !

Jesu ! my maistir so free.

16. **Jesus.** Martha, what menes þou to make such chere¹,

This stone we schall full sone

172 If. 102.
O vii.

Remove and sette on syde.

The stone is removed from the grave.
Jesus prays to God.

17. **Jesus.** Fadir ! þat is in heuyn on highte !

I þanke þe euere ouere all thyng,

That hendely heres me day & nyght,

176

And takis hede vnto myn askyng :

Wherfore fouchesaffe of thy grete myght

So þat þis pepull, olde and 3yng,

That standis and bidis to se þat sight,

180

May trulye trowe and haue knowyng,

This tyme here or I pas

How þat þou has me sent.

Lazar, veni foras,

'Lazarus, come forth.'

Come fro thy monument.

18. **Lazarus.** A ! pereles prince, full of pitee² !

186

Worshipped be þou in worlde alway,

That þus hast schewed þi myght in me,

Both dede and doluen, þis is þe fourþe day.

'I have been buried four days.'

By certayne singnes here may men see

190

How þat þou art goddis sone verray.

All þo þat trulye trastis in þe

This is God's Son : all who trust in thee shall never die.

Schall neuere dye, þis dare I saye.

Therfore 3e folke in fere,

194

Menske hym with mayne and myght,

His lawes luke þat 3e lere,

þan will he lede 3ou to his light.

19. **Maria.** Here may men fynde a faythfull frende

198

þat þus has couered vs of oure care.

Martha. Jesu ! my lord, and maistir hende

Of þis we thanke þe euermore.

¹ A leaf, O vj, is here lost from the MS.

² *Nota, quia non concordat; novo addicio facto*, marginal notes in two late inks. Perhaps the writers did not perceive that the two leaves were lost.

lf. 102 b.

Jesus. Sisteres, I may no lenger lende,
To othir folke nowe bus me fare,

202

' I must now go
to Jerusalem ;

And to Jerusalem will I wende
For thyngis þat muste be fulfilled þere.

Therefore rede I you right,

206

My men, to wende with me ;

my blessing on
ye all.'

3e þat haue sene þis sight

My blissyng with 3o be.

XXV. THE SKYNNERS.

lf. 103 b.
O viij b.

The entry into Ferusalem upon the Ass.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS.	JANITOR.
PETRUS.	OCTO BURGENSES.
PHILIPPUS.	CECUS (a blind man).
ZACHE (ZACHEUS the publican).	PAUPER, a poor man.
CLAUDUS (a lame man).]	

[SCENE II, *Bethphage, at the Mount of Olives.*]

Math. xxi. 1-11,
14-16.

Luke xix. 28-44,
ib. 1-9.

1. Jesus. **T**O me takis tent and giffis gud hede,

My dere discipulis þat ben here,

I schalle 3ou telle þat shalbe in dede,

My tyme to passe hense, it drawith nere,

And by þis skill,

Mannys sowle to saue fro sorowes sere

þat loste was ill.

3

'My time draw-
eth nigh,

2. From heuen to erth whan I dyssende

Rawnsom to make I made promys,

The prophicie now drawes to ende,

My fadirs wille forsoth it is,

þat sente me hedyr.

Petir, Phelippe, I schall 3ou blisse,

& go to-gedir

7

I promised to
ransom men.'

10

3. Vn-to 3one castell þat is 3ou agayne,

Gois with gud harte, and tarie no3t,

My comaundement to do be 3e bayne.

Also I 3ou charge loke it be wrought,

þat schal 3e fynde

14

'Go to yon
castle, unbind
the ass with her
foal, and bring
them.'

17

An asse, þis feste als ȝe had soght,
ȝe hir vn-bynde 21

4. With hir foole, and to me hem bring,
þat I on hir may sitte a space ;
So þe prophycy clere menyng 24
May be fulfilled here in þis place,
‘Doghtyr Syon,
Loo ! þi lorde comys rydand on an asse
þe to opon.’ 28

The prophecy
fulfilled.

‘They shall be
restored the
same day.’

5. Yf any man will ȝou gayne-saye,
Say þat youre lorde has nede of þam,
And schall restore þame þis same day, 31
Vn-to what man will þam clayme.
Do þus þis thyng,
Go furthe ȝe both, and be ay bayne
In my blissyng. 35

6. **Pet.** Jesu, maistir, evyn at þy wille,
And at þi liste vs likis to doo,
Yone beste whilke þou desires þe tille, 38
Euen at þi will schall come þe too,
Vn-to þin esse.
Sertis, lord, we will pedyre all
þe for to plese. 42

lf. 104.
P i.

7. **Phil.** Lord þe to plese we are full bayne,
Boþe nyght and day to do þi will. [*They go out.*]

[SCENE II, *the castle, and Jerusalem near*¹.]

Peter and Philip
go for the ass.

- Go we, broþere, with all oure mayne 45
My lordis desire for to fulfill ;
For prophycye
Vs bus it do to hym by skyll
To do dewly. 49

¹ The part played by the Porter who grants the ass, declares the news to the citizens, l. 102, and receives the ass again, still being in the city, ll. 483-489, is accounted for if we suppose that the ‘castle’ (‘castellum’ in Vulgate, ‘the village’ Auth. Version, Matt. xxi. 2) and Jerusalem were close together on the stage.

8. **Pet.** ȝa! brodir Phelipp, be-halde grathely,
 For als he saide we shulde sone fynde,
 Me-thinke ȝone bestis be-fore myn eye,
 ȝai are ȝe same we schulde vnbynde.
 ȝerfore frely
 Go we to hym ȝat ȝame gan bynde,
 And aske mekely.
9. **Phil.** The beestis are comen, wele I knawe,
 Ther-fore vs nedis to aske lesse leue,
 And oure maistir kepis ȝe lawe
 We may ȝame take tyter, I preue,
 For noght we lett.
 For wele I watte oure tyme is breue,
 Go we ȝam fett.
10. **Jani.** Saie, what are ȝe ȝat makis here maistrie,
 To loose ȝes bestis with-oute leverie?
 Yow semes to bolde, sen noght ȝat ȝe
 Hase here to do, ȝerfore rede I
 such ȝingis to sesse,
 Or ellis ȝe may falle in folye
 and grette disease.
11. **Pet.** Sir, with ȝi leue hartely we praye
 ȝis beste ȝat we myght haue.
Jani. To what in-tente, firste shall ȝe saye?
 And ȝan I graunte what ȝe will crave,
 Be gode resoune.
Phil. Oure maistir, Sir, ȝat all may saue,
 Aske by chesoune.
12. **Jani.** What man is ȝat ȝe maistir call?
 Swilke priuelege dare to hym clayme.
Pet. Jesus of Jewes kyng, and ay be schall,
 Of Nazareth prophete ȝe same,
 ȝis same is he,
 Both god and man, with-uten blame,
 ȝis trist wele we.

'There are the
beasts;

52

56

they are com-
mon [i. e. town]
beasts.

59

We need not be
hindered by
asking leave.'

63

The porter asks
why they make
so bold,

66

70

73

why they want
the beast,

77

and who is their
master?

80

'Jesus of Naza-
reth, King of
Jews.

84

- If. 104 b. **13. Jani.** Sirs, of þat prophette herde I haue,
 But telle me firste playnly, wher is hee?
 Phil. He comes at hande, so god me saue, 87
 þat lorde we lefte at Bephage,
 He bidis vs pere.
 Jani. Sir, take þis beste, with herte full free,
 And forthe ȝe fare. 91
- The porter yields
the ass, and will
proclaim his
coming.
- 14.** And if ȝou thynke it be to done,
 I schall declare playnly his comyng
 To the chiffe of þe Jewes, þat þei may sone
 Assemble same to his metyng. 95
 What is your rede?
 Pet. þou sais full wele in thy menyng,
 Do forthe þi dede. 98
- 15.** And sone þis beste we schall þe bring,
 And it restore as resoune will.
 [*They go away, taking the ass. The Porter goes to Jerusalem.*]
 Jani. This tydyngis schall haue no laynyng,
 But to þe Citezens declare it till 102
 of þis cyte,
 I suppose fully þat þei wolle
 come mete þat free. 105
- I'll warn the
chief citizens.
- 16.** And sen I will þei warned be,
 Both ȝonge & olde, in ilke a state,
 For his comyng I will hym mete 108
 To late þam witte, with-oute debate.
 Lo ! wher þei stande,
 That citezens cheff, withoute debate,
 Of all þis lande. [*To the citizens.*] 112
- A salutation.
- 17.** He þat is rewler of all right,
 And freely schoppe both sande and see ¹,
 He saue ȝou, lordyngis, gayly dight, 115
 And kepe ȝou in ȝoure semelyte
 And all honoure.

¹ See and sande in the MS.

- i Burg. Welcome, Porter ! what novelte
Telle vs þis owre ?
119 What news ?
18. Jani. Sirs, novelte I can þou tell,
And triste þame fully as for trewe ;
Her comes of kynde of Israell
Att hande þe prophete called Jesu,
Lo ! þis same day,
Rydand on an asse ; þis tydandis newe
consayue 3e may.
122 126
19. ii Burg. And is þat prophette Iesu nere ?
Off hym I haue herde grete ferlis tolde,
He dois grete wounderes in contrees seere,
He helys þe seke, both 3onge and olde,
And þe blynde giffis þam þer sight.
Both dome and deffe, as hym selffe wolde,
He cures þam right.
130 133
20. iii Burg. 3a v. thowsand men with loves fyue
He fedde, and ilkone hadde i-nowe ;
Watir to wyne he turned ryue,
He garte corne growe with-uten plogh,
Wher are was none ;
To dede men als he gaffe liffe,
Lazar was one.
136 140
21. iv Burg. In oure tempill if he prechid
Agaynste þe pepull þat leued wrong,
And also new lawes if he teched
Agaynste oure lawis we vsed so lang,
And saide pleynlye,
The olde schall waste, þe new schall gang,
þat we schall see.
143 147
22. v Burg. 3a, Moyses lawe he cowde ilke dele,
And all þe prophettis on a rowe,
He telles þam so þat ilke aman may fele,
- lf. 105.
P ii.
The citizens have
heard of his
miracles ;
how he fed 5000
with 5 loaves,
made corn to
grow,
raised the dead
to life ;
preached in the
temple,
and taught new
laws.
' He knows the
inner spirit of the
laws.'

And what þei may interly knowe 151

Yf þei were dyme,

What þe prophetis saide in þer sawe,

All longis to hym. 154

'He is Emanuel,
fore-told by the
prophets.'

23. vi Burg. Emanuell also by right

þai calle þat prophette, by þis skill,

He is þe same þat are was hyght 157

Be Ysaye be-for vs till,

þus saide full clere.

vii Burg. Loo! a maydyn þat knew neuere ille

A childe schuld bere. 161

24. Daudid spake of him I wene,

And lefte witnesse 3e knowe ilkone,

He saide þe frute of his corse clene

Shulde royally regne vpon his trone, 165

And þerfore he

Of Daudid kyn, and oþir none,

Oure kyng schal be. 168

If. 105 b.

25. viii Burg. Sirs, me thynketh 3e saie right wele,

And gud ensampelys furth 3e bryng,

And sen we þus þis mater fele, 171

Go we hym meete as oure owne kyng,

And kyng hym call.

What is youre counsaill in þis thyng?

Now say 3e all. 175

26. i Burg. Agaynste resoune I will noȝt plete,

For wele I wote oure kyng he is,

Whoso agaynst his kyng liste threte, 178

He is noȝt wise, he dose amys.

[*To the Porter.*

Porter, come nere,

What knowlage hast þou of his comyng?

Tels vs all here. 182

Porter, what do
you know about
his coming?

27. And þan we will go mete þat free,

And hym honnoure as we wele awe

Worthely tyll oure Citee, 185

- And for oure souerayne lord hym knawe,
 In whome we triste.
- Jani.** Sirs, I schall telle ȝou all on rowe,
 And ȝe will lyste. 189
28. Of his discipillis ij þis day,
 Where that I stode, þei faire me grette,
 And on ther maistir halfe gan praye
 Oure comon asse þat þei myght gete 193
 bot for awhile,
 Wher-on þer maistir softe myght sitte,
 Space of a mile. 196
29. And all þis mater þai me tolde
 Right haly as I saie to ȝou,
 And þe asse þei haue right as þei wolde,
 And sone will bringe agayne, I trowe, 200
 So þai be-hest.
- What ȝe will doo advise ȝou nowe,
 þus thinke me beste. 203
30. ii **Burg.** Trewlye as for me I say,
 I rede we make vs redy bowne,
 Hym to mete gudly þis day, 206
 And hym ressayue with grete rennowne,
 As worthy is ;
 And þerfore, sirs, in felde and towne
 ȝe fulfille þis. 210
31. **Jani.** ȝa! and ȝoure [childer] with ȝou take,
 þoff all in age þat þei be ȝonge,
 ȝe may fare þe bettir for þer sake,
 Thurgh þe blissing of so goode a kyng. 214
 þis is no dowte.
- iii **Burg.** I kan þe thanke for thy saying,
 We will hym lowte. 217
32. And hym to mete I am right bayne,
 On þe beste maner þat I canne,
 For I desire to se hym fayne, 220

The Porter tells
 how Peter and
 Phillip came for
 the town ass,

to ride a mile
 (from Bethphage
 to Jerusalem).

'We will make
 ready to meet
 him with renown.

'Take your chil-
 dren with you,
 blessing may
 come to you
 through them,'
 If. xof.
 P. iii.

They are resolved
 to meet and
 honour Jesus.

And hym honnoure as his awne manne,

Sen þe soth I see.

Kyng of Juuys we call hym þan,

Oure kyng is he.

224

33. **iv Burg.** Oure kyng is he, þat is no lesse,

Oure awne lawe to it cordis well¹,

þe prophettis all bare full witenesse,

227

Qwilke full of hym secrete gone felle²;

And þus wolde say,

‘Emang youre selff schall come grete seele

Thurgh god verray.’

231

34. **v Burg.** Þis same is he, þer is non othir,

Was vs be-heest full lange before,

The Law,

For Moyses saide, als oure owne brothir,

A newe prophette god schulde restore.

235

þerfore loke 3e

What 3e will do, with-uten more;

Oure kyng is he.

238

and the prophets, 35. **vi Burg.** Of Juda come owre kyng so gent,

Of Jesse, Dauid, Salamon,

Also by his modir kynne take tente,

þe Genolagye beres witenesse on;

242

This is right playne.

Hym to honnoure right as I canne

I am full bayne.

245

made them glad
and ready,

36. **vii Burg.** Of youre clene witte and youre consayte

I am full gladde in harte and pought,

And hym to mete with-uten latt³

I am redy, and feyne will noght,

249

Bot with 3ou same

To hym agayne vs blisse hath brought,

With myrthe & game.

252

¹ Pronounce *weel*. The MS. has *will*.

² *felle*, i.e. many, seems to be the word intended.

³ *consayte* was first written, then corrected to *latt*.

37. viii Burg. ȝoure argumentis þai are so clere
 I can noȝt saie but graunte þou till,
 For whanne I of þat counsaile here,
 I coveyte hym with feruent wille
 Onys for to see,
 I trowe fro þens I schall
 Bettir man be. 255 259
38. i Burg.¹ Go we þan with processioune
 To mete þat comely as vs awe,
 With braunches, floures, and vnysoune,
 With myghtfull songes her on a rawe,
 Our childir schall
 Go synge before, þat men may knawe
 To þis graunte we all. [*Exeunt.*] 263 266
- [SCENE III, *Bethphage, and on the road to Jerusalem.*]
39. Pet. Jhesu! lord and maistir free,
 Als þou comaunde so haue we done,
 Þis asse here we haue brought to þe,
 What is þi wille þou schewe vs sone,
 And tarie noȝt.
 And þan schall we, with-ouen hune,
 Fulfill þi þouȝt. 269 273
40. Jesus. I þanke ȝou brepere, mylde of mode,
 Do on þis asse youre cloþis ȝe laye,
 And lifte me vppe with hertis gud,
 þat I on hir may sitte þis daye,
 In my blissing.
 [*They lift Jesus on to the ass.*]
 Phil. Lord þi will to do all-way
 We graunte þing. 276 280

¹ The rubricator made the speech of i Burgess to begin with line 261, but the commencement of the stanza and the sense both require it as above.

41. **Jesus.** Now my breþere with gud chere,
 Gyues gode entente, for ryde I will
 Vn-to þone cyte þe se so nere,
 þe shall me folowe, sam & still 284
 Als I are sayde.
Phil. Lord! as þe lyfe we graunte þe till,
 And halde vs payde¹. 287
[Jesus rides along towards Jerusalem.]

*Matth. xx. 30-34.
 Mark x. 46-52.*

A blind man
 asks 'what is
 that noise? tell
 me who comes?'

42. **Cecus.** A lorde! þat all þis world has made,
 Boþe sonne and mone, nyght & day,
 What noyse is þis þat makis me gladde?
 Fro whens it schulde come I can noȝt saye, 291
 Or what it mene.
 Yf any man walke in þis way,
 Telle hym me be-dene. 294

A poor man
 answers him.
 . 107.
 P. iij.

'I have been
 blind since birth;

I heard noble
 cheer before me.

43. **Paup.** Man! what ayles þe to crye?
 Where wolde þou be? þou say me here.
Cecus. A! sir, a blynde man am I,
 And ay has bene of tendyr þere² 298
 Sen I was borne,
 I harde a voyce with nobil chere
 Here me be-forne. 301

What does it
 mean?'

'Jesus full of
 mercy comes,

44. **Paup.** Man, will þou oght þat I can do?
Cecus. Ȝa, sir, gladly wolde [I] witte,
 Yf þou couþe oght declare me to, 304
 This myrþe I herde, what mene may it,
 Or vndirstande?
Paup. Jesu, þe prophite full of grace,
 Comys here at hande, 308

and the citizens
 go to meet him
 with melody.'

45. And all þe cetezens þay are bowne
 Gose hym to mete with melodye,

¹ The late hand here has side note '*tunc cantant.*'

² MS. has 'of tendyr þere bene.'

With þe fayrest processioune

311

That euere was sene in þis Jury.

He is right nere.

Cecus. Sir, helpe me to þe strete hastily,

þat I may here

315

'Help me to the street, that I may hear, and crave my sight!'

46. þat noyse, and also þat I myght thurgh grace

My syght of hym, to craue I wolde.

Paup. Loo! he is here at þis same place,

318

Crye faste on hym, loke þou be bolde,

With voyce righ[t] high.

Cecus. Jesu! þe son of dauid calde.

þou haue mercy!

'Have mercy!
alas! he turns his ear away.'

47. Allas! I crye, he heris me noȝt,

He has no ruthe of my mysfare,

He turnes his herre, where is his þought?

325

Paup. Cry som-what lowdar, loke þou noȝt spare,

So may þou spye¹.

'Cry louder!'

Cecus. Jesu, þe saluer of all sare,

To me giffis gode hye.

329

48. **Phel.** Cesse man, and crye noȝt soo,

The voyce of þe pepill gose þe by,

þe ag[h]e sette still and tente giffe to,

332

Here passeȝ þe prophete of mercye.

þou doys amys.

Cecus. A! dauid sone, to þe I crye,

þe kyng of blisse.

He cries again.

336

49. **Pet.** Lorde! haue mercy and late hym goo,

He can noȝt cesse of his crying,

He folows vs both to and froo,

Graunte hym his boone and his askyng,

And late hym wende.

If. 107 b.

339

Philip begs Jesus to grant him his petition, or they will get no rest.

We gette no reste or þat þis thyng

Be broȝt to ende.

343

¹ The stanza requires this line here, in the MS. it apparently runs on after *pought*. The last half of l. 319 too stands at end of l. 318.

50. **Jesús.** What wolde þou man I to þe dede
In þis present, telle oppynly.
Cecus. Lorde my syght¹ is fro me hydde, 346
þou graunte me it, I crye mercy,
þis wolde I haue.
- ‘Lord ! give me
my sight.’
50. **Jesú.** Loke vppe nowe with chere blythely,
þi faith shall þe saue. 350
- ‘Look up ! thy
faith saves thee.’
51. **Cecus.** Wirschippe and honnoure ay to þe,
With all þe seruice þat can be done,
The kyng of blisse loued mote he be, 353
þat þus my sight hathe sente so sone,
And by grete skill.
I was are blynde as any stone ;
I se at wille. 357
- ‘Praise to thee,
52. **Clau.** A ! wele wer þam þat euere had liffe,
Old or yonge whedir it were²,
Might welde þer lymmes withouten striffe,
Go with þis mirthe þat I see here, 361
And contynewe,
For I am sette in sorowes sere
þat ay ar newe. 364
- (?) *Johu* v. 6-14.
Those who can
use their limbs
may go with
this rejoicing,
the lame man
cannot.
53. þou lord, þat schope both nyght and day,
For thy mercy haue mynde on me,
And helpe me lorde, as þou wele may³ ;
I may noȝt gang. 368
For I am lame, as men may se,
And has ben lang. 370
- Lord, help me!’
54. For wele I wote, as knowyn is ryffe,
Bope dome and deffe þou grauntist þam grace,
And also þe dede þat þou hauyst geuen liff,
Therfore graunte me lord, in þis place, 374
My lymbis to welde.

¹ MS. has *syght*.² Note here in late hand ‘hic caret.’³ There is no blank in MS. here, but a line is evidently wanting.

- Jesus.** My man, ryse and caste þe cruchys gode space
 Her in þe felde. 377 'Rise, cast your
crutches far
from you.'
- 55.** And loke in trouthe þou stedfast be,
 And folow me furth with gode menyng.
Claud. Lorde! lo, my crouchis whare þei flee,
 Als ferre as I may late þam flenge 381 He flings them
If, 108.
P v.
away; 'may we
never meet
again!'
 With bothe my hende;
 Þat euere we haue metyng
 Now I defende. 384
- 56.** For I was halte both lyme and lame,
 And I suffered tene and sorowes i-nowe,
 Ay lastand lord, loued be þi name,
 I am als light as birde on bowe. 388 I was halt, I am
now as light as
bird on bough,
bless the Lord!
 Ay be þou blist,
 Such grace hast þou schewed to me,
 Lorde, as þe list. 391
- 57. Zach.** Sen first þis worlde was made of noȝt,
 And all thyng sette in equite,
 Such ferly thyng was neuere non wroght,
 As men þis tyme may see with eye. 395 Luke xix. 2-9.
Zaccheus does
not understand
it all;
 What it may mene?
 I can noȝt say what it may be,
 Comforte or tene. 398
- 58.** And cheffely of a prophete new,
 Þat mekill is profite, and þat of latte,
 Both day and nyght þai hym assewe,
 Oure pepill same thurgh strete & gatte, 402
 [new lawes to lare,]¹
 Oure olde lawes as now þei hatte,
 And his kepis ȝare. 405
- 59.** Men fro deth to liffe he rayse,
 The blynde and dome geve speche and sight, who cures the
blind and dumb

¹ A short line is missing here with probably this idea.

64. And welcome prophete, trast and trewe,
With all þe pepull þat to þe langis.

Jesus. Zache, þi seruice new
Schall make þe clene of all þe wrong,
þat þou haste done.

443 and forgives him
his sins.

Zach. Lorde, I lette noȝt for þis thrang
Her to say sone,

447

65. Me schamys with sinne, but noȝt to mende,
I synne for-sake, þerfore I will
Haue my gud I have vnspendid
Poure folke to geue it till;
þis will I fayne.

450

Whom I begyld to him I will¹
Make a-sith agayne.

454

66. Jesus. Thy clere confessionn schall þe clense,
þou may be sure of lastand lyffe,
Vn-to þi house, with-outen offense,
Is graunted pees withouten striffe.
Fare-wele, Zache!

457

Zach. Lord, þe lowte ay man and wiffe,
Blist myght þou be,

461

67. Jesus. My dere discipulis, beholde and see,
Vn-to Jerusalem we schall assende,
Man sone schall þer be-trayed be,
And gevyn in-to his enmys hande,
With grete dispitte.

They arrive at
the city.

464

Ther spitting on hym þer schall þei spende
And smertly smyte. [*Jesus dismounts.*]

468

68. Petir, take þis asse me fro,
And lede it where þou are it toke.
I murne, I sigh, I wepe also,

[*Peter goes.* The ass is re-
stored to its
place.
Matt. xxiii. 37-
xxiv. 2.

¹ MS. has *will* *I*. Several of the lines in stanzas 64, 65, are written confusedly in the MS., and are here corrected.

Jesus mourns
over Jerusalem

Jerusalem on þe to loke! 472

And so may þou,

þat euere þou þi kyng for-suke,

And was vn-trewe. 475

If. rog.
P vi.
and its destruc-
tion.

69. For stone on stone schall none be lefte,

But doune to þe grounde all schalbe caste,

Thy game, þi gle, al fro þe refte, 478

And all for synne þat þou done hast.

þou arte vnkynde!

Agayne þi kyng þou hast trespass,

Haue þis in mynde. 482

[SCENE IV, *entrance to Jerusalem ; the Porter still
with the citizens.*]

The ass is
brought back
to the porter,
who runs to
wait for Jesus
in the road.

70. **Pet.** Porter, take here pyn asse agayne,

At hande my lorde comys on his fette.

Jani. Behalde, where all þi Burgeis bayne

Comes with wirschippe hym to mete. 486

þerfore I will

Late hym abide here in þis strete,

And lowte hym till. 489

Chorus of eight
burgesses who
worship Jesus.

71. **i Burg.** Hayll ! prophette, preued withouten pere,

Hayll ! prince of pees schall euere endure,

Hayll ! kyng comely, curteyse and clere,

Hayll ! souerayne semely to synfull sure, 493

To þe all bowes.

Hayll ! lord louely, oure cares may cure,

Ha[y]ll¹ kyng of Jewes. 496

72. **ii Burg.** Hayll ! florisschand floure þat neuere shall fade,

Hayll ! vyolett vernand with swete odoure,

Hayll ! marke of myrthe, oure medecyne made,

¹ This was written *all*, which the later hand corrected by putting *h* before it.

Hayll! blossome brigh[t], hayll! oure socoure. 500
Hayll! kyng comely.

Hayll! menskfull man, with þe honnoure
With herte frely. 503

73. iii Burg. Hayll! dauid sone, doughty in dede,
Hayll! rose ruddy, hayll birrall clere,
Hayll! welles of welthe may make vs mede.
Hayll! saluer of oure sores sere, 507
We wirschippe þe.
Hayll! hendfull, with solas sere,
Welcome þou be! 510

74. iv Burg. Hayll! blissfull babe, in Bedleme borne,
Hayll! boote of all oure bittir balis,
Hayll! sege þat schoppe boþe even and morne,
Hayll! talker trystefull of trew tales. 514
Hayll! comely knyght,
Hayll! of mode þat most preuayles
To saue þe tyght. 517

75. v Burgh. Hayll! dyamaunde with drewry dight,
Hayll! jasper gentill of Jewry,
Hayll! lylly lufsome lemyd with lyght, lf. 109 b.
Hayll! balme of boote, moyste and drye, 521
To all has nede.
Hayll! barne most blist of mylde Marie,
Hayll! all oure mede. 524

76. vi Burg. Hayll! conquerour, hayll, most of myght,
Hayll! rawnsoner of synfull all,
Hayll! pytefull, hayll! louely light, 527
Hayll! to vs welcome be schall.
Hayll! kyng of Jues;
Hayll! comely corse þat we þe call
With mirþe þat newes. 531

77. vii Burg. Hayll! sonne ay schynand with bright bemes,
Hayll! lampe of liff schall neuere waste,

Hayll! lykand lanterne luffely lemes, 534
 Hayll! texte of trewthe þe trew to taste.

Hayll! kyng & sire,
 Hayll! maydens chylde þat menskid hir most,
 We þe desire. 538

78. viii Burg. Hayll! domysman dredful, þat all schall deme,
 Hayll! quyk and dede þat all schall lowte,
 Hayll! whom worschippe moste will seme, 541
 Hayll! whom all thyng schall drede and dowte.
 We welcome þe.
 Hayll! and welcome of all abowte,
 To owre cete¹. 545

¹ *Tunc cantant* here added by late hand.

XXVI. THE CUTTELERES.

lf. 110,
P viij.

The conspiracy to take Jesus.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

PILATUS.
CAYPHAS.
ANNA.
JUDAS.

JANITOR.
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS DOCTOR.
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS MILES.]

[SCENE I, *Pilate's Hall.*]

Matth. xxvi. 3-9,
14-16.
Mark xiv. 1-5, 10,
11, 44.
Luke xxii. 2-6.
Pilate boastfully
proclaims his
dignity and his
power.

1. Pil. V Ndir þe ryallest roye of rente and renowne,
Now am I regent of rewle þis region in reste,
Obeye vnto bidding bud busshoppis me bowne,
And bolde men þat in batayll makis brestis to breste. 4
To me be-taught is þe tent þis towre begon towne,
For traytoures tyte will I taynte, þe trewþe for to triste,
The dubbyg of my dingnite may noȝt be done downe,
Nowdir with duke nor dugeperes, my dedis are so dreste. 8
My desire muste dayly be done
With þame þat are grettest of game,
And þer agayne fynde I but fone,
Wherfore I schall bettir þer bone. 12
But he þat me greues for a grume,
Be-ware, for wystus I am.

2. { Pounce Pilatt of thre partis
{ þan is my propir name¹;

15 His name is of
three parts,

¹ As many of the lines in this and following plays are divided and written as two in the MS., they are printed as they stand, coupled in brackets.

he got fame
among the
philosophers,
 { I am a perelous prince,
 { To proue wher I peere
 { Emange þe filosofers firste
 { Ther fanged I my fame,
 { Wherfore I fell to affecte
 { I fynde noȝt my feere. 18
 no one can abide
his anger.
 { He schall full bittirly banne
 { þat bide schall my blame;
 His colour is
bright.
 { If all my blee be as bright
 { As blossome on brere.
 { For sone his liffe shall he lose,
 { Or left be for lame, 21
 { þar lowtes noȝt to me lowly,
 { Nor liste noȝt to leere.
 And þus sen we stande in oure state,
 Als lordis with all lykyng in lande, 24
 Do and late vs wete if ȝe wate
 Owthir, sirs, of bayle or debate,
 þat nedis for to be handeled full hate,
 Sen all youre helpe hanges in my hande. 28

[*Enter Caiaphas and Annas.*]

If. 110 b.
The priests seek
his help
 3. Caip. Sir, and for to certefie þe soth in youre sight,
 As to ȝou for oure souerayne semely we seke.
 Pil. Why, is þer any myscheue þat musteres his myȝt,
 Or malice thurgh meene menn vs musters to meke? 32
 with a fellow
who has raised
some tumult in
the realm.
 { Anna. Ȝa, Sir, þer is a ranke swayne
 { Whos rule is noȝt right,
 { For thurgh¹ his romour in þis reme
 { Hath raysede mekill reke.
 ' I perceiue that
you hate him,
 { Pil. I here wele ȝe hate hym,
 { Youre hartis are on heght,
 { And ellis if I helpe wolde
 { His harmes for to eke. 36

¹ *Thurgh* is repeated in the MS.

But why are ȝe barely þus brathe?

Bees rewly, and ray fourth your reasoune.

be calm and
reasonable;

Caip. Tille vs, sir, his lore is full lothe.

39

Pil. Be-ware þat we wax noȝt to wrothe.

An. Why, sir, to skyste fro his skath

We seke for youre socoure þis sesoune.

42

4. { **Pil.** And if þat wrecche in oure warde

{ Haue wrought any wrong,

{ Sen we are warned we walde witte,

{ And wille or we wende;

{ But and his sawe be lawfull,

{ Legge noȝt to lange,

{ For we schall leue hym if us list

{ With luffe here to lende.

we will hear
if he has done
wrong,

if not, we shall
let him off.

46

{ **i Doc.** And yf þat false faytor

{ Youre fortheraunce may fang,

{ Þan fele I wele þat oure folke

{ Mon fayle of a frende;

'If you hear the
false scoundrel
you are no friend
to our folk.

Sir þe streng[t]he of his steuen ay still is so strange,

That but he schortely be schent he schappe vs to schende.

For he kennes folke hym for to call

Grete god son, þus greues vs þat gome,

And sais þat he sittande be schall,

In high heuen, for þere is his hall.

If. xii.
Qi.

His voice is
strong to mis-
lead the people;
he says he is
God's son.

Pil. And frendis if þat force to hym fall,

It semes noȝt ȝe schall hym consume.

Pilate argues
that he is Christ,

56

5. { But þat hymselfe is þe same

{ ȝe saide schulde descende,

{ ȝoure seede and ȝou þen all for to socoure.

{ **Cayp.** A! softe sir, and sese,

{ For of criste whan he comes

{ No kynne schall be kenned;

{ But of pis caytiffe kynreden

{ We knawe þe encrese.

but they say
they know all
about this man,

60

who says he
can release
from burdens,
'Be more tempe-
rate,

you desire to
harm him, but
the law is in
my hand.'

If. xii b.
'He is blame-
worthy, for he
turned over the
money-changers'
tables.'

Matt. xxi. 12, 13.

'This ought to
be printed with
pen, make him
bend, kill him.'

'Move that no
more.'

They accuse
Jesus, Pilate
sheltering him.

{ He lykens hym to be lyke god
{ Ay lastand to lende,

To lifte vppe þe laby to lose or relese.

{ Pil. His maistreys schulde moue þou,
{ Your mode for to amende.

{ An. Nay, for swilke mys fro malice

{ We may noȝt vs meese,

64

For he sais he schall deme vs, þat dote,

And þat tille vs is dayne or dispite.

Pil. To noye hym nowe is youre noote,

67

But ȝitt þe lawe lyes in my lotte.

i doc. And yf ȝe will witt sir, ȝe wotte,

þat he is wele worthy to wyte.

70

6. { For in oure temple has he taught

{ By tymes moo þan tenne,

{ Where tabillis full of tresoure lay

{ To telle and to trye,

{ Of oure cheffe mony-changers;

{ Butte, curstely to kenne,

{ He caste þam ouere, þat caytiffe,

{ And counted noȝt þer by.

74

{ Cay. Loo! sir, þis is a periurye

{ To prente vndir penne,

{ Wherfore, make ȝe þat appostita,

{ We praye þou, to plye.

{ Pil. Howe mene ȝe?

{ Cay. Sir, to mort hym for mouyng of menne.

{ Pil. þan schulde we make hym to morne

{ But thurgh þoure maistrie.

78

Latte be sirs, and move þat no more

But what in youre temple be-tyde.

i Mil. We! þare sir, he skelpte oute of score,

þat stately stode selland þer store.

Pil. þan felte he þam fawte be-fore,

And made þe cause wele to be kydde.

84

7. { But what taught he þat tyme,
 { Swilk tales¹ as þou telles?
- { i Mil. Sir, þat oure tempill is þe toure
 { Of his troned sire,
 { And þus to prayse in þat place
 { Oure prophettis compellis,
 { Tille hym þat has poste
 { Of Prince and of Empire. 88 lf. 112.
 { And þei make *domus domini* Q ij.
 { þat derand þare dwellis,
 { þe denn of þe derfenès
 { And ofte þat þei desire. }
- { Pil. Loo! is he noght a mad man
 { þat for youre mede melles? 'Is not he mad
 who meddles
 with you,
- { Sen 3e ymagyn a-mys
 { þat makeles to myre. 92
 3oure rankoure is raykand full rawe. your rancour
 is raw.'
- Cay. Nay, nay, sir, we rewle vs but right.
- Pil. For sothe, 3e ar ouer cruell to knawe. 95
- Cay. Why, sir? for he wolde lose oure lawe
 Hartely we hym hate as we awe,
 And þerto schulde 3e mayntayne oure myght. 98
8. { For why, vppon oure sabbott day
 { þe seke makes he saffe,
 { And will noȝt sesse for oure sawes
 { To synke so in synne.
 { ii Mil. Sir, he coueres all þat comes
 { Recoueraunce to craue,
 { But in a schorte contynuaunce
 { þat kennes all oure kynne. 102
 { But he haldis noght oure haly dayes,
 { Harde happe myght hym haue!

¹ The MS. repeats *tales*.

- let him be hanged
by the neck.'
- { And ther-fore hanged be he
And þat by þe halse.
Pil. A! hoo sir, nowe, and holde in ¹? 104
- { For þoff 3e gange þus gedy
Hym gilteles to graue,
{ With-oute grounde 3ow gaynes noght,
{ Swilke greffe to be-gynne. 106
- 'Stop! you
gain nothing
by groundless
accusation;
lf. 112 b.
tell me no trifles.'
- And loke youre leggyng be lele,
With-owtyn any tryfils to telle.
An. For certayne owre sawes dare we seele. 109
Pil. And þan may we prophite oure pele.
Cay. Sir, bot his fawtes were fele,
We mente noȝt of hym for to melle. 112
- 'He perverts
the people;
9. { For he pervertis oure pepull
{ þat proues his prechyng,
{ And for þat poynte 3e schulde prese
{ His pooste to paire.
{ ii doc. 3a, sir, and also þat caytiff
{ He callis hym oure kyng,
And for þat cause our comons are casten in care. 116
- he calls himself
our king.'
- Pil.**² And if so be, þat borde to bayll will hym bryng,
And make hym boldely to banne þe bones þat hym bare.
For-why þat wrecche fro oure wretthe schal not wryng,
{ Or þer be wrought on hym wrake.
{ i doc. So wolde we it ware. 120
- This moves
Pilate;
- For so schulde 3e susteyne youre seele,
And myldely haue mynde for to meke 3ou.
Pil. Wele, witte 3e þis werke schall be wele, 123
For kende schall þat knave be to knele.
ii doc. And so þat oure force he may feele,
All samme for þe same we beseke 3ou. 126
- he will make
the lad kneel.

¹ This verse should perhaps read—judging by the accents and casting out redundant words, 'Ther-fore hāged be he by the hāse. *Pil.* A! hōō sir, hōlde in.'

² *Pilatus* is here added by the later hand.

[SCENE II, *Outside Pilate's hall, Judas alone.*]

10. Jud. *Ingenti pro Iniuria*, hym Jesus, þat Jewe,
 Vn-iust¹ vn-to me, Judas, I juge to be lathe ;
 For at oure soper as we satte, þe soþe to pursewe,
 { With Symond luprus full sone
 { My skiffte come to scathe. 130 his art has come
 { Tille hym þer brought one a boyste, to grief.
 { My bale for to brewe,
 { That baynly to his bare feet If. 113.
 { To bowe was full braythe. Q. 11j.
 { Sho anynte þam with an oynement
 { T[h]at nobill was and newe ; He was angry
 { But for þat werke þat sche wrought at the anoint-
 { I wexe woundir wrothe. John xii. 3-6. ing with the box
 of fine ointment.
 134 He was purser,
 And this, to discouer, was my skill,
 For of his penys purser was I,
 And what þat me taught was vntill,
 The tente parte þat stale I ay still ;
 But nowe for me wantis of my will,
 þat bargayne with bale schall he by. and was wont
 to steal out of it
 the tenth part ;
 140
11. { þat same oynement, I saide,
 { Might same haue bene solde the loss to the
 { For siluer penys in a sowme poor of the price
 { Thre hundereth, and fyne of the ointment
 { Haue ben departid to poure men (300 silver pence)
 { As playne pite wolde.
 { But for þe poore ne þare parte
 { Priked me no payne, 144 did not touch
 { But me tened for þe tente parte,— him,
 { þe trewthe to be-holde,— but he was in-
 { That thirty pens of 11j hundereth jured by losing
 { So tyte I schulde tyne. his tenth part,
 i.e. thirty pence.

¹ The MS. has *vn-cust* ; *unjust* seems intended.

He contrives
mischief,

and will sell his
master for thirty
pence in revenge.

{ And for I mysse þis mony
{ I morne on þis molde,
{ Wherefore for to mischeue
{ þis maistir of myne, 148
And þerfore faste forþe will I flitte
The princes of prestis vntill,
And selle hym full sone or þat I sitte,
For therty pens in a knotte knytte.
Þus-gatis full wele schall he witte,
þat of my wretthe wreke me I will. 154

[Knocks at the gate of Pilate's hall.

12. Do open, porter, þe porte of þis prowde place,

If. 113 b.

He knocks at
the gate, but the
porter won't let
him in, he is so
grim.

{ That I may passe to youre princes
{ To proue for youre prowde. [Janitor, opening.

{ Jani. Go hense, þou glorand gedlyng!

{ God geue þe ille grace,

{ Thy glyfftyng is so grymly

{ þou gars my harte growe. 158

{ Jud. Goode sir, be toward þis tyme,

{ And tarie noght my trace,

{ For I haue tythandis to telle.

{ Jani. 3a, som tresoune I trowe,

For I fele by a figure in youre fals face,

It is but foly to feste affeccioun in 3ou. 162

For Mars he hath morteyseed his mark,

Eftir all lynes of my lore,

And sais 3e are wikkid of werk,

And bothe a strange theffe and a stark.

Jud. Sir, þus at my berde and 3e berk

It semes it schall sitte yow full sore. 168

He sees treason
in his face.

'No love in you,
Mars has set his
mark on you!'

'You bark at
my beard! you
shall rue it!'

Strong language
by the porter.

13. { Jani. Say, bittilbrowed bribour,
{ Why blowes þou such boste?
Full false in thy face in faith can I fynde
{ þou arte combered in curstnesse
{ And caris to þis coste;

- { To marre men of myght
{ Haste þou marked in thy mynde. 172
- { Jud. Sir, I mene of no malice
{ But mirthe meve I muste. 'I mean no malice.'
- { Jani. Say on, hanged harlott,
{ I holde þe vn-hende, The porter, suspicious, lets him speak.
- { Thou lokist like a lurdayne
{ His liffelod hadde loste. If. 114.
Q iiij.
- Woo schall I wirke þe away but þou wende! 176
- Jud. A! goode sir, take tente to my talkyng þis tyde,
For tythandis full trew can I telle.
- Jani. Say, brethell, I bidde þe abide,
þou chaterist like a churle þat can chyde. 180
- Jud. 3a, sir, but and þe truthe schulde be tryed,
Of myrthe are þer materes I mell. 182
14. { For thurgh my dedis youre dugeperes
{ Fro dere may be drawe[n]. He comes to save the nobles from injury.
- { Jani. What! demes þou till oure dukes
{ That doole schulde be dight? The porter listens,
- { Ju. Nay, sir, so saide I noght¹,
{ If I be callid to counsaile
{ þat cause schall be knawen
{ Emang þat comely companye,
{ To clerke and to knyght. 186
- { Jani. Byde me here, bewchere,
{ Or more blore be blownen,
{ And I schall buske to þe benke
{ Wher baneres are bright,
{ And saie vnto oure souereynes,
{ Or seede more be sawen,
{ þat swilke a seege as þi self
{ Sewes to þer sight. [He goes to the lords.] 190
- My lorde nowe, of witte þat is well,
I come for a cas to be kydde.
- The porter explains the matter.

¹ The words *sir to noght* appear to be metrically in excess.

Pil. We! speke on, and spare not þi spell.

Cay. 3a, and if vs mystir to¹ mell,

Sen 3e bere of bewte þe bell,

If. 114 b.

Blythely schall we bowe as 3e bidde.

196

15. { Jani. Sir, withoute þis abatying,
 { þer houes as I hope,

A hasty angry
 fellow, clad in
 a cloak, with
 a sharp uncomely
 face.

A hyve helte full of ire, for hasty he is.

198

{ Pil. What comes he fore?

{ Jani. I kenne hym noght, but he is cladde in a cope,
 He cares with a kene face vncomely to kys.

200

{ Pil. Go, gete hym þat his greffe

{ We grathely may grope,

So no oppen langage be goyng amys.

[*Jānitor returns to Judas.*]

'Come in, but
 mind your
 tongue.'

{ Jani. Comes on by-lyue, to my lorde,

{ And if þe liste to lepe,

{ But vttir so thy langage

{ That þou lette noght þare blys.

204

[*Judas enters.*]

Judas salutes the
 nobles without
 kneeling.

Jud. That lorde, sirs, myght susteyne 3oure seele
 þat floure is of fortune and fame.

Pil. Welcome, thy wordis are but wele.

Cay. Say, harste þou knave? can þou not knele?

Pilate is civil
 to him.

Pil. Loo, here may men faute in you fele.

[*To Cayphas.*] Late be, sir, youre scornynge, for schame. 210

16. Bot, bewshere, be noȝt abayst to byde at þe bar².

{ Ju. Be-fore you, sirs, to be brought

{ Abowte haue I bene,

{ And allway for youre worschippe.

{ An. Say, wotte þou any were?

He wishes to
 make a bargain
 for their benefit.

{ Ju. Of werke sir, þat hath wretthid 3ou,

{ I wotte what I meene.

214

If. 115.
 Q v.

{ But I wolde make a marchaundyse

{ Your myscheffe to marre.

¹ MS. has *te*.

² MS. has *bay*.

{ Pil. And may þou soo?

{ Ju. Els madde I such maistries to mene.

{ An. Þan kennes þou of som comberaunce

{ Oure charge for to chere?

{ For cosyne, þou art cruell.

{ Ju. My cause, sir, is kene.

For if 3e will bargayne or by,

Jesus þis tyme will I selle 3ou.

i doc. My blissing, sone, haue þou for-thy,

Loo! here is a sporte for to spye.

Jud. And hym dar I hete 3ou in hye,

If 3e will be toward I telle 3ou.

218 A keen case;
he will sell Jesus.

The lawyers
rejoice.

224

17. { Pil. What hytist þou?

Jud. Judas scariott.

He is named
Judas Iscariot.

{ Pil. Þou art a juste mane,

{ þat will Jesu be justified

{ By oure jugement;

{ But howe-gates bought schall he be?¹

{ Bidde furthe thy bargayne.

{ Jud. But for a litill betyng

{ To bere fro þis bente.

228

{ Pil. Now, what schall we pay?

{ Jud. Sir, thirtipens and plete, no more þane.

{ Pil. Say, ar 3e plesid of this price

{ He preces to present?

He will do it
for 30 pence.

{ ii doc. Ellis contrarie we oure consciens,

{ Consayue sen we cane

{ þat Judas knawes h[y]m, culpabill.

{ Pil. I call 3ou consent.

But Judas, a knott for to knytt,

Wilte þou to þis comenaunt accorde?

Jud. 3a, at a worde.

232

If. 115 b.
They all agree

and 'knit a knot.'

Pil. Welcome is it.

¹ A red line here divides the speech, as though perhaps Anna were to speak, ll. 225, 226.

'Be off!
traitor! tell no
one how he stakes
his master.'

ii Mil. Take þee¹ of! a traytour, tyte!

i Mil. Now leue sir, late noman wete,
How þis losell laykis with his lorde.

238

Pilate is igno-
rant,

18. { Pil. Why, dwellis he with þat dochard,
{ Whos dedis hase us drouyd?

{ i Mil. þat hase he done sir, and dose,
{ No dowte is þis day.

and asks why he
cursedly

{ Pil. Than wolde we knawe why þis knave
{ þus cursidly contruyed?

{ ii Mil. Enquere hym sen 3e can best
{ Kenne if he contrarie².

242

sells his master.

{ Pil. Say, man, to selle þi maistir
{ What mysse hath he moved?

Ju. For of als mekill mony he made me delay;
Of 3ou, as I resayue, schall but right be reproued.

Even Annas
curses him.

{ An. I rede noght þat 3e reken vs
{ Oure rewle so to 'ray.

246

For þat þe fales fende³ schall þe fang,

i Mil. When he schall wante of a wraste.

If. 116.
Q vj.

i doc. To whome wirke we wittandly wrang,

ii doc. Tille hym bot 3e hastely hang⁴.

iii doc. 3oure langage 3e lay oute to lang,

But Judas, we trewly þe trast.

252

Judas must show
them how to take
Jesus, or he may
escape.

19. { For truly pou moste lerne vs

{ That losell to lache,

{ Or of lande, thurgh a-lirte,

{ That lurdayne may lepe.

{ Jud. I schall 3ou teche a token

{ Hym tyte for to take

{ Wher he is thryngand in þe thrang,

{ With-outen any threpe.

256

¹ MS. has *per*, contracted.

² *Contraye* is perhaps intended.

³ MS. has *frende*.

⁴ MS. has *hastely hym hang*, but this second *hym* seems an error.

- { i Mil. We knawe hym noght.
 { Ju. Take kepe þan þat caytiffe to catche ‘Take him whom
I kiss.’
 { The whilke þat I kisse.
 { ii Mil. Þat comes wele þe, corious, I cleepe ! Nice fellow !
I say, that be-
comes thee well.
 { But ȝitt to warne vs wisely,
 { All-wayes must ȝe wacche ;
 { Whan þou schall wende forth-with
 { We schall walke a wilde hepe, 260
 And therfore besye loke now þou be.
 Jud. ȝis, ȝis, a space schall I spie vs,
 Als sone as þe sonne is sette, as ȝe see.
 i Mil. Go forthe, for a traytoure ar ȝe. ‘Go forth,
traitor !
 ii Mil. ȝa, and a wikkid man.
 i doe. Why, what is he ?
 ii doe. A losell sir, but lewte shuld lye vs, 266
 20. He is trappid full of trayne þe truthe for to trist,
 I holde it but folye his [? faythe] for to trowe. He is full of
deceit.
 { Pil. Abide in my blyssing, lf. x r6 b.
 { And late youre breste,
 { For it is beste for oure bote
 { In bayle for to bowe. 270
 { And Judas, for oure prophite
 { We praye þe be prest.
 { Ju. ȝitt hadde I noght a peny ‘I have not got
the money yet.’
 { To purvey for my prowē.
 { Pil. Þou schalte haue delyueraunce ‘You shall have
it directly,
 { Be-lyue at þi list,
 { So þat þou schall haue liking
 { Oure lordschipp to loue. 274
 And therfore, Judas, mende þou thy mone¹,
 And take þer þi siluere all same. take it,
 Ju. ȝa nowē is my grete greffe ouere-gone.

¹ This line is two in the MS.

i **Mil.** Be lyght þan !

Ju. ȝis, latte me allone !

For tytte schall þat taynte be tone,

And þerto ȝocounde and ȝoly I am ¹.

280

keep your be-
hest, and we pro-
mise you our
help.

21. { **Pil.** Judas, to holde pi behest

{ Be hende for oure happe,

{ And of vs helpe and vpholde

{ We hete þe to haue.

{ **Ju.** I schall be-kenne ȝou his corse

{ In care for to clappe.

They gloat over
their bargain.

{ **An.** And more comforte in þis case

{ We coveyte not to craue.

284

{ i **Mil.** Fro we may reche þat rekeles

{ His ribbis schall we rappe,

{ And make þat roy, or we rest,

{ For rennyng to raffe.

If. 117.
Q vij.

{ **Pil.** Nay, sirs, all if ȝe scourge hym

{ ȝe schende noȝt his schappe,

{ For if þe sotte be sakles

{ Vs sittis hym to saue.

288

Pilate will save
Jesus if he is
innocent.

Wherfore when ȝe go schall to gete hym,

Vn-to his body brew ȝe no bale.

ii **Mil.** Our liste is fro lepyng to lette hym,

But in youre sight sownde schall we ² sette hym.

Pil. Do flitte nowe forthe till ȝe fette hym,

With solace all same to youre sale.

294

[*Exeunt Judas and soldiers.*]

¹ A side-note here, begun by one hand, finished by another, says—'caret hic Janitor and Judas.'

² MS. has *ve*.

XXVII. THE BAXTERES¹.

lf. 118 b.
Q viij b.

The Last Supper.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JESUS.	JACOBUS.
MARCELLUS.	JUDAS.
ANDREAS.	THOMAS.]
PETRUS.	

[SCENE, *A chamber in Jerusalem.*]

1. **Jesus.** **P**EEES be both be day and nyght
Vn-till pis house, and till all þat is here ! ²

Matt. xxvi. 19.
Mark xiv. 16, 17.
Luke xxii. 13.

Here will I holde as I haue hight,
The feeste of Paas with frendis in feere.

We will hold the
Paschal feast.

4

Marc. Maistir, we haue arayd full right
Seruise þat semes for youre sopere.
Oure lambe is roste, and redy dight,
As Moyses lawe will lely lere.

The lamb is ready
roast.

8

Jesus. That is, ilke man þat has
Pepill in his awne poste
Shall roste a lambe at paas,
To hym and his meyne.

12

2. **And.** Maistir, þe custome wele we kawe,
That with oure elthers euer has bene,
How ilke man with his meyne awe
To roste a lambe, and ete it clene.

16

Jesus. I thanke 3ou sothtly of youre sawe,
For 3e saye as youre selffe has sene,
Ther-fore array 3ou all on rawe,
My selfe schall parte itt 3ou be-twene.

'Sit in a row,
I will share the
lamb,

20

¹ Side-note in late hand, 'caret hic principio.'

² The original copyist omitted *all*, and wrote *þeryn* for *here*. A later hand corrected as above.

- the remnant
shall be given to
the poor.
- Wher-fore I will þat ȝe
Ette þerof euere ilkone,
The remelaunt parted schall be,
To þe poure þat purueyse none. 24
3. Of Moyses lawes here make I an ende,
In som party, but noght in all,
My comaundement schall otherwise be kende
With þam þat men schall craftely call. 28
- If. 119.
R j.
- But þe lambe of Pasc þat here is spende,
Whilke Jewes vses grete and small,
Euere forward nowe I itt deffende,
Fro cristis folke, what so befall. 32
- The Paschal
lamb henceforth
forbidden to
Christians.
- In þat stede schall be sette
A newe lawe vs by-twene,
But who þerof schall ette,
Behoues to be wasshed clene. 36
- A new law.
John xiii. 1-15.
'Marcellus, bring
water.'
4. For þat new lawe whoso schall lere,
In harte þam bus be clene and chaste.
Marcelle, myn awne discipill dere,
Do vs haue watir here in hast. 40
- 'Here it is, and a
clean towel.'
- Marc. Maistir, it is all redy here,
And here a towell clene to taste.
- Jesus. Commes forthe with me, all in feere,
My wordis schall noght be wroght in waste. 44
- Settis youre feete fourth, late see,
They schall be wasshen sone.
- Pet. A lorde, with þi leue, of þee
þat dede schall noȝt be done. 48
- Peter refuses,
5. I schall neuere make my membres mete,
Of my souerayne seruice to see.
- but Jesus makes
him obedient.
- Jesus. Petir, bott if þou latte me wasshe þi feete,
þou getis no parte in blisse with me. 52
- Pet. A l mercy, lorde and maistir swete,
Owte of þat blisse þat I noght be,

Wasshe on my lorde to all be wete,
Both hede and hande, beseke I þe.

56

Jesus. Petir, þou wotiste noȝt ȝitt
What þis werke will be-mene.

Here aftir schall þou witte,
And so schall ȝe all, be-dene.

lf. 119 b,

60

*Tunc lauat manus*¹.

6. ȝoure lorde and maistir ȝe me call,
And so I am, all welthe to welde,
Here haue I knelid vnto ȝou all,
To wasshe youre feete as ȝe haue feled.

64

Ensaumple of me take ȝe schall,
Euer for to ȝeme in ȝouþe and elde,
To be buxsome in boure and hall,
Ilkone for to bede othir belde.

68

For all if ȝe be trewe
And lele of loue ilkone,
ȝe schall fynde othir ay newe,
To greue whan I am gone.

72

7. Jac. [*Aside.*] Now sen oure maistir sais he schall
Wende, and will not telle vs whedir,
Whilke of vs schall be princepall,
Late loke now whils we dwell to-gedir.

76

Jesus. I wotte youre will, both grete and small,
And youre high hartis I here þam hedir,
To whilke of ȝou such fare schulde fall,
þat myght ȝe carpe when ȝe come thédir,
Where it so schulde be tyde
Of such materes to melle.

80

But first behoues ȝou bide
Fayndyngis full ferse and felle.

84

[*He sets a child before them.*]

8. Here schall I sette ȝou for to see
þis ȝonge childe for insaumpills seere,

¹ Marginal note in later hand.

'I, your master,
have washed your
feet,

take example of
meekness
thereby.'

'If he goes,
which of us shall
be chief?'

Mark ix. 33-37.

'I hear your
hearts,

but you must
abide many
trials.'

- Both meke and mylde of harte is he,
 And fro all malice mery of chere, 88
 So meke and mylde but if ȝe be ¹,
 * * * * *
- If. 120.
 R ij. [Jesus.] *Quod facis fac cicius,*
 þat þou schall do, do sone.
- John xiii. 27, 25. 9. Thom. Allas ! so wilsom wightis as we, 92
 Was neuere in worlde walkand in wede,
 Oure maistir sais his awne meyne
 Has be-trayed hym to synfull seede.
 Jac. A ! I hope, sen þou sittist nexte his kne, 96
 We pray þe spire hym for oure spede.
 Joh. *Domine quis est qui tradit te ?*
 Lord, who schall do þat doufull dede ?
 Allas ! oure playe is ² paste, 100
 Þis false forward is feste,
 I may no lenger laste,
 For bale myn herte may breste.
- John asks who
 will do that
 dolefull deed. 10. Judas [*Aside*]. Now is tyme to me to gang, 104
 For here be-gynnes noye all of newe,
 My fellows momellis pame emang
 þat I schulde alle þis bargayne brewe.
 And certis þai schall noȝt wene it wrang. 108
 To þe prince of prestis I schall pursue,
 And þei schall lere hym othir ought long
 That all his sawes sore schall hym rewe.
 I wotte whedir he remoues, 112
 With his meyne ilkone,
 I schall telle to þe Jewes,
 And tyte he schalle be tane. [*Exit.*]
- Matt. xxvi. 33-35. 11. Jesus. I warne ȝou nowe my frendis free, 116
 Mark xiv. 27-31. Sese to ther sawes þat I schall say,

¹ Here a leaf R ij is lost, containing about 65 lines, (the MS. is here closely written), which must have given the scene of Judas and the sop (John xiii. 21-27).

² MS. repeats *is*.

- The fende is wrothe with ȝou and me,
 And will ȝou marre if þat he may.
 But Petir I haue prayed for þe,
 So þat þou schall noȝt drede his dray ;
 And comforte þou þis meyne
 And wisse hem, whan I am gone away.
- Petrus.** A ! lorde, where wylte þou lende,
 I schall lende in þat steede,
 And with þe schall I wende
 Euermore in lyffe and dede.
- 12. And.** No wordely drede schall me withdrawe,
 That I schall with þe leue and dye.
- Thom.** Certis, so schall we all on rawe,
 Ellis mekill woo were we worthy.
- Jesus.** Petir, I saie to þe þis sawe,
 Þat þou schalte fynde no fantasie,
 Þis ilke nyght or þe cokkys crowe,
 Shall þou thre tymes my name denye,
 And saye þou knewe me neuere,
 Nor no meyne of myne.
- Pet.** Allas ! lorde, me were lever
 Be putte to endles pyne.
- 13. Jesus.** As I yow saie, so schall it bee,
 Ye nedis non othir recours to craue.
 All þat in worlde is wretyn of me
 Shall be fulfilled, for knyght or knave.
 I am þe herde, þe schepe are ȝe,
 And whane þe herde schall harmes haue,
 The flokke schall be full fayne to flee,
 And socoure seke þame selffe to saue.
 ȝe schall whan I am allone,
 In grete myslykyng lende,
 But whanne I ryse agayne,
 Þan schall youre myrthe be mende¹.

'The fiend will
 mar you, but
 Luke xxii. 31-34.

120

lf. 120 b.

Peter must guide
 you.'

124

The disciples
 will stay with
 him.

128

132

Jesus foretells
 that Peter will
 deny him.

136

140

144

'I am the shep-
 herd, ye are the
 sheep.'
 Mark xiv. 27.

Troubles to come,

148

lf. 121.
 R. iiij.

but joy after-
 wards.

¹ MS. has *mened*.

- Luke xxii. 28-30, 36-38.* **14.** 3e haue bene bowne my bale to bete, 152
 Therfore youre belde ay schall I be,
 And for 3e did in drye and wete
 My comaundementis in ilke contre,
 The kyngdome of heuen I you be-hete, 156
 Euen as my fadir has highte itt me ;
 With gostely mete þere schall we mete,
 And on twelffe seeges sitte schall 3e,
 For 3e trewlye toke 3eme 160
 In worlde with me to dwell,
 There shall 3e sitte be-deme ¹
 Xij kyndis of Israell.
- but first they will
 be bewildered,
 and many
 dangers shall
 come. **15.** But firste 3e schall be wille of wone, 164
 And mo wathes þen 3e of wene
 Fro tyme schall come þat I be tone,
 þan schall 3e turne away with tene.
 And loke þat 3e haue swerdis ilkone, 168
 And whoso haues non 3ou by-twene,
 Shall selle his cote and bye hym one,
 þus bidde I þat 3e do be-dene.
 Satcheles I will 3e haue, 172
 And stones to stynte all striffe,
 Youre selffe for to saue
 In lenghyng of youre liff.
- 16. And.** Maistir, we ² haue here swerdis twoo, 176
 Vs ³ with to saue on sidis seere.
Jesus. Itt is i-nowe, 3e nedis no moo,
 For fro all wathis I schall 3ou were.
 Butt ryse now vppe, for we will goo, 180
 By þis owre enemyes ordand are,
 My fadir saide it schall be soo,
 His bidding will I noȝt for-bere.
- If. 121 b.*

¹ MS. has *by dene*.³ The MS. has *Vs*.² MS. has *3e*.

Loke 3e lere forthe þis lawe 184
Als 3e haue herde of me,
Alle þat wele will itt knawe,
¹ Ay blessed schall þei bee. 187

¹ *Hic caret novo loquela*, marginal note in two later hands and inks.

XXVIII. THE CORDEWANERS¹.

The Agony and the Betrayal.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS.	ANGELUS.	MALCUS.
PETRUS.	ANNA.	1 ^{us} , 2 ^{us} , 3 ^{us} , 4 ^{us} MILES.
JACOBUS.	CAYPHAS.	1 ^{us} , 2 ^{us} , 3 ^{us} , 4 ^{us} JUDEUS.]
JOHANNES.	JUDAS.	

[SCENE I, *The Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane.*]

Matt. xxvi. 36-56.
Mark xiv. 26-50.
Luke xxii. 39-53.
'My soul is sorrowful unto death.'

1. **JESUS.** BEHOLDE my discipulis þat deyne is and dere²,
My flesshe dyderis & daris for doute of my dede,
Myne enemyes will newly be neghand full nere,
With all þe myght if þei may to marre my manhede. 4
{ But sen 3e are for-wakid
{ And wanderede in were,
{ Loke 3e sette 3ou doune rathely,
{ And reste 3ou I reede.
{ Beis noȝt heuy in 3oure hertis
{ But holde yow even here,
{ And bidis me a stounde
{ Stille in þis same steede. 8
Beeis witty and wyse in youre wandying,
So þat 3e be wakand alway,
And lokis nowē prestely 3e pray
To my fadir, þat 3e falle in no fandying. 12

He bids his disciples rest a while.

'Watch and pray.'

¹ The regular stanza of this play, in which the old copyist made more errors than usual, contains twelve lines, eight of four accents and four of three accents, riming a b a b a b a b c d d c. As several of the stanzas are imperfect and others confused, the short lines in stanzas 3, 4, 15, etc., should probably be taken as parts of missing lines, not as tags. Stanzas 6, 14 are each a line too long, while stanza 4 is short of four lines.

² Note in margin, 16th cent. hand, *de novo facto*.

2. { **Pet.** 3is, lorde, at thy bidding They all assent.
 { Full baynly schall we abide,
 { For þou arte boote of oure bale
 { And bidis for þe best.
 { **Joh.** Lorde! all oure helpe and oure hele,
 { That is noght to hyde,
 { In þe, oure faythe and oure foode,
 { All hollye is feste. [*Jesus goes from them.*] 16
-
- { **Jac.** Qwat way is he willid
 { In þis worlde wyde?
 { Whedir is he walked,
 { Estewarde or weste?
 { **Pet.** 3aa, sirs, I schall saye 3ou, They must rest,
 { Sittis vs doune on euery ilka side;
 And late vs nowe rathely here take oure reste; 20 lf. 122 b.
 My lymmys are heuy as any leede.
Joh. And I muste slepe, doune muste I lye. being heavy with sleep.
Jac. In faithe, felawes, right so fare I,
 I may no lenger holde vppe my hede. [*They lie down.*] 24
3. { **Pet.** Oure liffe of his lyolty
 { His liffe schall he lose,
 { Vnkyndely be crucified
 { And naylyd to a tree.
 { **Jesus** [*coming again*]. Baynly of my blissing, — Jesus bids them pray not to fall into temptation.
 { Youre eghen 3e vnclose,
 { So þat 3e falle in no fandying
 { For noght þat may be, 28
But prayes fast.
Joh. Lorde, som prayer þou kenne vs,
 That somewhat myght mirthe vs or mende vs. ‘Teach us some prayer.’
Jac. Fro all fandying vnfaythfull þou fende vs,
 Here in þis worlde of liffe whille we laste. 33
4. { **Jesus.** I schall kenne 3ou, and comforte 3ou,
 { And kepe 3ou from care;

{ 3e schall be broughte, wete 3e wele,
 { Fro bale vnto blisse.
 { Pet. 3aa, but lorde, and youre willis were,
 { Witte wolde we more,
 Of this prayer so precious late vs noȝt mys, 37
 We beseke þe.

Joh. For my felows and me all in feere,
 Some prayer þat is precious to lere. 40

Jac. Vn-to thy Fadir þat moste is of poure
 Som solace of socoure to sende þe ¹. 42

* * * * *

If. 123.
 R viij.

5. { Jesus. Þe nowys þat me neghed
 { Hase, it nedis not to neuen ;
 { For all wate 3e full wele
 { What wayes I haue wente ;
 { In-store me and strenghe
 { With a stille steuen,
 I pray þe interly pou take entent, 46
 Pou menske my manhed with mode. —
 My flessh is full dredand for drede,
 For my jorneyes of my manhed,
 I swete now both watir and bloode. 50

Jesus prays for
 strength,

his flesh trembles,
 he sweats for
 fear.

6. Þes Jewes hase mente in þer mynde full of malice,
 { And pretende me to take
 { With-uten any trespassse,
 { But Fadir, as þou wate wele,
 { I mente neuere a-mys,
 { In worde nor in werk
 { I neuer worthy was. 54
 Als þou arte bote of all bale and belder of blisse,
 And all helpe and hele in thy hande hase,
 { Þou mensk thy manhede,
 { Þou mendar of-mysse !

¹ A leaf, R. vij, is lost here.

- { And if it possible be
 { This payne myght I ouer-passe. 58 ' Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.'
 And Fadir, if þou se it may noght,
 Be it worthely wrought
 Euen at thyne awne will,
 Euermore both myldely and still,
 With worschippe all way be it wroght. 63
7. Vn-to my discipillis will I go agayne,
 { Kyndely to comforte þam
 { þat kacchid are in care. [Goes to the disciples.
 { What! are ȝe fallen on-slepe He finds the disciples asleep.
 { Now euer-ilkone?
 And þe passioun of me in mynde hase no more? 67 lf. 123 b.
 { What! wille ȝe leue me þus lightly,
 { And latte me allone, 'What! you so easily forget my sorrow, and leave me alone?
 { In sorowe and in sighyng
 { þat sattillis full sore?
 { To whome may I meue me
 { And make nowe my mone,
 I wolde þat ȝe wakened, and your will wore. — 71
 Do Petir, sitte vppe, nowe late se!
 þou arte strongly stedde in þis stoure,
 Might þou noght þe space of an owre
 Haue wakid nowe mildely with me? 75
 Peter, could'st thou not have watched with me one hour?
8. Pet. ȝis, lorde, with youre leue nowe will we lere,
 Full warely to were ȝou fro alle wandynge?
 Jesus. Beeis wakand and prayes faste 'all in fere,
 To my Fadir, þat ȝe falle in no fanding, 79 Watch and pray, lest you fall into temptation, for evil spirits are near.
 For euelle spiritis is neghand full nere,
 That will ȝou tarie at þis tyme with his tentyng;
 And I will wende þer I was withouten any were,
 But bidis me here baynly in my blissing. 83
 Agayne to þe mounte I will gang
 ȝitt este-sones where I was ere,

But loke þat ȝe cacche ȝow no care,
For lely I schall noȝt dwelle lange. [*He moves away.*] 87

Jesus returns to
pray again to the
Father for
strength.

9. Þou Fadir, þat all formed hase with fode for to fill,
I fele by my ferdnes my flesshe wolde full fayne
Be torned fro this turnement, and takyn þe vntill,
For mased is manhed in mode and in mayne. 91
But if þou se sothly þat þi sone sill¹
With-uten surfette of synne þus sakles be slayne,
Be it worthly wroght even at thyne awne will,
For fadir, att þi bidding am I buxum and bayne. 95
Now wightely agayne will I wende,
Vn-to my discipilis so dere. [*He comes again to the disciples.*]

'Father, thy will
be done.'
lf. 124.
Sj.

'What ! ye are
sleeping !'

What ! slepe ȝe so faste all in fere?
I am ferde ȝe mon faile of youre frende. 99

10. But ȝitt will I leue ȝou and late you allone,
And efte-sones þere I was agayne will I wende.
[*He moves away again.*]

He prays a third
time to the
Father,

Vn-to my fadir of myght now make I my mone,
As þou arte saluer of all sore som socoure me sende. 103
Þe passioun they purpose to putte me vppon,
My flesshe is full ferde and fayne wolde defende,
At þi wille be itt wrought worþely in wone,
Haue mynde of my manhed, my mode for to mende. 107
Some comforte me kythe in þis case,
And Fadir, I schall dede taste,
I will it noȝt deffende;
ȝitt yf thy willis be
Spare me a space². [*An Angel appears.*]

'Send me com-
fort, I shall taste
death, yet if it
were thy will,
spare me !'

The angel comes
down to comfort
Jesus.

11. { **Ang.**³ Vn-to þe maker vn-made
{ þat moste is of myght, 113

¹ sic.

² Four (short) lines next following have been erased, and are illegible. They may have been part of the error made in copying this incomplete stanza, or the two lines wanting to stanza 11.

³ The words 'and archangels' are added after angels in a 17th cent. hand.

Be louyng ay lastand in light þat is lente ;

{ Thy Fadir þat in heuen is moste,
{ He vppon highte,

{ Thy sorowes for to sobir
{ To þe he hase me sente. 116

{ For dedis þat man done has
{ Thy dede schall be dight,

{ And þou with turmentis be tulyd.
{ But take nowe entente,

Thy bale schall be for þe beste,

Thurgh þat mannys mys schall be mende ; 120 If. 124 b.

þan schall þou with-outen any ende

Rengne in thy rialte full of reste.

12. { Jesus. Now if my flesshe ferde be,
{ Fadir, I am fayne

{ þat myne angwisshe and my noyes
{ Are nere at an ende ; 124

Vn-to my discipilis go will I agayne, \

{ Kyndely to comforte þam

{ þat mased is in þer mynde.

[*He goes to the disciples.*]

{ Do slepe ȝe nowe sauely,

{ And I schall ȝou sayne,

{ Wakyns vppe wightely

{ And late vs hens wende ; 128

{ For als tye mon I be taken

{ With tresoune and with trayne,

{ My flesshe is full ferde

{ And fayne wolde deffende.

Full derfely my dede schall be dight,

And als sone as I am tane

þan schall ȝe forsake me ilkone,

And saie neuere ȝe sawe me with sight.

' Mine anguish is
near an end,

I must comfort
my disciples.'

' Arise, let us go
hence ;

132 as soon as I am
taken you will all
forsake me.'

13. Pet. Nay, sothely, I schall neuere my souereyne forsake,
If I schulde for þe dede darfely here dye, 136

They all protest
they will not.

Joh. Nay such mobardis schall neuere man vs make,

{ Erste schulde we dye all at onys.

{ **Jac.** Nowe in faith, felows, so shulde I.

{ **Jesus.** 3a, but when tyme is be-tydde,

{ þanne men schalle me take,

If. 125.
S ij.

{ For all 3oure hartely hetying

{ 3e schall hyde 3ou in hy,

140

' Like scattered
sheep ye will
run.'

{ Lyke schepe þat were scharid

{ A-way schall 3e schake,

{ þer schall none of 3ou be balde

{ To byde me þan by.

Peter boasts his
steadfastness.

Pet. Nay, sothely, whils I may vayle þe¹,

143

I schall were þe and wake þe,

And if all othir for-sake þe,

I schall neuere fayntely defayle þe.

146

Jesus rebukes
him and says he
will deny him ere
the cock crows.

14. { **Jesus.** A! Petir, of swilke bostying

{ I rede pou late bee,

{ Fo[r] all thy kene carpyng

{ Full kenely I knawe,

{ For ferde of myne enmyse

{ þou schalte sone denye me,

{ Thries 3itt full thraly,

{ Or the Cokkes crowe :

150

{ For ferde of my fo-men

{ Full fayne be for to flee,

{ And for grete doute of þi dede

{ þe to with-drawe.

¹ In the MS. the original copyist made two mistakes. Line 143, with 'I' appended, stands as the second line of Jesus' previous speech, making nonsense; and the first line given to Peter is, '3is sothly, quod Petir.' The 'I' gained from l. 143, no less than the '3is sothly' of the interloping line, and the rime, show that the right reading is as above; the '3is sothly, quod Petir' seems to have been the prompter's cue that the copyist unconsciously wrote down. At Coventry there was a 'keeper of the playe book,' or prompter (Sharp's Diss. on Coventry Pageants, 1816, p. 48); at York I have found no note of the 'keeper,' although one of the actor's books, i. e. of the Scriveners' Play, has been preserved. See Play XLI.

[SCENE II, *The High Priest's palace.*]

{ **An.** Sir Cayphas, of youre counsaile

{ Do, sone, late vs now see!

{ For lely, it langes vs to luke

{ Vn-to oure lawe ¹.

154

And therfore sir, prestely I pray 3ou,

Sen þat we are of counsaile ilkone,

That Jesus þat traytoure wer tane,

Do sone, late se sir, I pray 3ou.

158

Cayph. In certayne sir, and sone schall I saye 3ou,

lf, 125 b.

15. { I wolde wene by my witte

{ þis werke wolde be wele,

{ Late vs justely vs iune

{ Tille Judas þe gente,

{ For he kennes his dygnites

{ Full duly ilke a dele,

162

{ 3a, and beste wote, I warande,

{ What wayes þat he is wente.

{ **An.** Now þis was wisely saide

{ Als euer haue I seele,

{ And sir, to youre sai yng

{ I saddely will assente,

{ Therfore take vs of oure knyghtis

{ That is stedfast as stele,

166

{ And late Judas go lede þam be-lyffe

{ Wher that he last lente ².

[*Enter Judas.*

Cay. Full wele sir. Nowe Judas, dere neyhboure, drawe

 nere vs ³,

Lo! Judas, þus in mynde haue we ment,

To take Jesus is oure entent,

170

‘Judas, you must lead us.’

¹ The MS. has *lawys*.

² Lines 166, 167 stand in the MS. next following after l. 171.

³ In the MS. ‘Full wele sir’ stands as a separate line.

For þou muste lede vs and lere vs.

{ [And also beis ware
 { þat he wil not away¹]. 172

'I will show you
 the way, but have
 some strong men.'

16. { Judas. Sirs, I schall wisse you þe way
 { Euen at youre awne will ;
 { But loke þat ȝe haue
 { Many myghty men,

lf. 126.
 S iij.

{ That is both strang and sterand
 { And stedde hym stone stille. 175

'How shall we
 know him?'

{ An. ȝis, Judas, but be what knowlache
 { Shall we þat corse kenne?

{ Judas. Sirs, a tokenyng in þis tyme
 { I schall telle ȝou vntill ;

'Do not give him
 mercy : it is he
 whom I kiss.'

{ But lokis by youre lewty
 { No liffe ȝe hym lenne, . . . 178

{ Qwhat man som I kys,
 { þat corse schall ye kyl².

'We do not mean
 to let him off.'

Cay. Why, nay Judas, I schrew you all þenne,
 We purpose þe page schall not passe.

{ Sir knyghtis, in hy l [Calls the soldiers.

{ i Mil. Lorde we are here³. 182

The soldiers are
 told to go with
 Judas.

Cay. Calles fourth youre felaws in feere,
 And gose justely with gentill Judas. 184

17. { i Mil. Come, felaws, by youre faith
 { Come forthe all faste,

{ And carpis with Sir Cayphas,
 { He comaundis me to call.

{ i Mil. I schrewe hym all his liffe,
 { þat loues to be last.

¹ This line is in error, redundant.

² In the MS. l. 179 stands immediately before the redundant l. 172. Thus the order of the transposed lines in the MS. is 171, 166, 167, 179, 172, 173.

³ The rubricator placed 1 miles as the speaker of the first half, and 2 miles of the second half of l. 182, but ll. 183, 185, as well as the sense, show that Caiaphas himself calls the first soldier, who answers. See too l. 186.

- { **iii Mil.** Go we hens þan in hy,
 { And haste vs to þe halle. They hasten out,
188
- { **iv Mil.** Lorde, of youre will worthely,
 { Wolde I witte what wast? asking what they
are to do.
- { **Cay.** To take Jesus, þat sawntrelle,
 { All same, þat ȝe schall. ‘To take Jesus.’
- { **i Mil.** Lorde, to þat purpose
 { I wolde þat we paste.
- Anna.** ȝa, but loke þat ȝe be armed wele all, 192 If. 126 b.
They must go
well armed.
 The moste gentill of þe jury schalle gyde ȝow¹.
- Cay.** ȝa, and euery ilke a knyght in degre
 Both armed and harneysed ȝe be,
 To belde ȝou and baynely go by[de] ȝou. 196
- 18. An.** ȝa, and þerfore sir Cayphas, ȝe hye ȝou
 Your wirschippe ȝe wynne in þis cas².
 As ȝe are a lorde, most lofsom of lyre,
 Vndir sir Pilate þat lyfis in þis Empire, 200
 ȝone segger þat callis hym-selffe a sire
 With tresoure and tene sall we taste hym.
 Of ȝone losell his bale schall [he] brewe,
 Do trottes on for þat traytoure apas. 204
- Cay.** Nowe, sirs, sen ȝe say my poure is most beste,
 { And hase all þis werke
 { þus to wirke at my will, Annas is eager to
make haste,
Caiaphas says
that he is not
losing time, the
traitor will soon
be taken.
- Now certayne riȝt sone I thinke not to rest,
 But solempnely in hast youre will to fulfille. 208
 Full tyte þe traytoure schall be tane.

¹ Two lines in the MS.

² Here the late annotator wrote ‘hic caret’: he evidently was puzzled by the confusion made by the early copyist. The whole of this passage, from l. 197 to 240, which I believe represents three stanzas, is hopelessly confused out of rime and reason; the rubricator did not understand it, as he intended l. 203 to begin a new speech, but attempted no name, and put no guiding lines to the short phrases to connect them with their rimes, as usual where tag-phrases occur: the structure of other parts of the poem appears to show that no such tags are intended here. I therefore print this passage as it stands, except the transpositions of the words ‘in hast,’ in l. 208, which in the MS. are written, apart, at the end of l. 203; and ‘riȝt sone,’ l. 207, from the end of the line. Lines 203, 204 appear to belong to ll. 197, 198.

- Sirs knyghtis, 3e hye 3ou ilkone,
 For in certayne þe losell schall be slane ;
 Have done. Sir Anna, I praye 3ou haue done. 212
- An.** Full redy tyte I schall be boune
 Þis journey for to go till ;
 Annas is still eager in the pur-
 suit ; Als 3e are a lorde of grete renoune,
 3e spare hym not to spill. 216
- Þe devill hym spede ! go we with oure knyghtis in fere.
 Lo ! þay are arrayed and armed clere.
 Sir knyghtis, loke 3e be of full gud chere.
 Where 3e hym see, on hym take hede. 220
- i Judeus.** Goode tente to hym, lorde, schall we take,
 He schall banne þe tyme þat he was borne,
 All his kynne schall come to late,
 He schall noght skape withouten scorne 224
 fro vs in fere.
- ii Jud.** We schall hym seke both even and morne,
 Erly and late, with full gode chere,
 Is oure entente. 228
- iii Jud.** Styte nor strete we schall spare none,
 Felde nor towne, þus haue we mente,
 And boune in corde.
- Mal.** [*bringing a light.*] Malcus ! a ay ! and I schulde be
 rewarde 232
- And right, als wele worthy were,
 Loo ! for I bere light for my lorde.
- Cay.** A ! sir, of youre speche lette, and late vs spede
 A space, and of oure speche spare, 236
 And Judas go fande þou be-fore,
 And wisely þou wisse þam þe way,
 For sothely sone schall we 'saye,
 To make hym to marre vs nomore. [*Exeunt.*] 240
- lf. 127.
S iiij.
the soldiers will
hunt for him
everywhere.
Malcus brings a
light to bear
before them.

[SCENE III, *The Garden of Gethsemane.*]

21. **Jesus.** Now will þis oure be neghand full nere,
That schall certefie all þe soth þat I haue saide,
[Go fecche forth þe freyke for his forfette¹].

{ **Jud.** All hayll, maistir in faith,
{ And felawes all in fere,

244 Judas meets his
master, and asks
from him a kiss.

{ With grete gracious gretyng
{ On grounde be he graied.

{ I wolde aske you a kysse,
{ Maistir, and youre willes were,
{ For all my loue and my likyng
{ Is holy vppon þou layde.

Jesus. Full hartely, Judas, haue it even here,
For with þis kissing is mans sone be-trayed.

248 Jesus betrayed.

i **Mil.** Whe! stande, traytoure, I telle þe for tane.

lf. 127 b.

Cay. Whe! do knyghtis, go falle on be-fore.

ii **Mil.** Ȝis, maistir, moue þou nomore,

But lightly late vs allone. [*A light shines round Jesus.*] 253

22. iii **Mil.** Allas! we are loste, for leme of þis light.

The soldiers are
amazed and con-
founded by the
brilliant light
from Jesus.

{ **Jesus.** Saye ȝe here, whome seke ȝe?
{ Do saye me, late see!

{ i **Jud.** One Jesus of Nazareth
{ I hope þat he hight.

{ **Jesus.** Be-holdis all hedirward, loo!
{ Here, I am hee!

257

{ i **Mil.** Stande! dastarde, so darfely
{ Thy dede schall be dight,
{ I will no more be abasshed
{ For blenke of thy blee.

{ i **Jud.** We, oute! I ame mased almost
{ In mayne and in myght.

260

¹ This line is an interloper, it does not belong either to Jesus' speech or to the stanza. Perhaps it should follow l. 236.

{ ii Jud. And I am ferde, be my feyth,
 { And fayne wolde I flee ;

For such a sȳt haue I not sene.

iii Jud. Þis leme it lemed so light,

I saugh neuer such a sȳt,

Me meruayles what it may mene.

265

Whomseekyē? 23. Jesus. Doo¹, whame seke ȝe all same, ȝitt I saye?

{ i Jud. One Jesus of Nazareth,

{ Hym wolde we negh nowe.

{ Jesus. And I am he sothly,

{ And þat schall I a-saie.

{ Mal. For þou schalte dye, dastard,

{ Sen þat it is þowe.

269

Pet. And I schall fande be my feythe þe for to flaye,

Here with a lusshe, lordayne, I schalle þe allowe.

[*Cuts off his ear.*

Mal. We! oute! all my deueres are done².

273

Pet. Nay, traytoure, but trewly I schall trappe þe I trowe.

Jesus. Pees! Petir, I bidde þe,

Melle þe nor moue þe no more,

For witte þou wele, and my willis were³,

I myght haue poure grete plente :

277

If. 128.
 S v.
 Malcus
 threatens Jesus,
 so Peter attacks
 him.

Jesus bids Peter
 not to meddle ;

he could have
 angels to show
 his power.

24. { Of aungellis full many

{ To mustir my myght,

{ For-thy putte vppe þi swerde

{ Full goodely agayne,

{ For he þat takis vengeaunce

{ All rewlid schall be right,

{ With purgens and vengeaunce

{ þat voydes in vayne.

281

¹ *Doo* in MS. If it is the correct reading, it seems to be used here interjectionally. Perhaps 'say' is omitted; compare l. 255.

² Probably the line ended with Peter's exclaiming 'nay!' This would complete the rime and shorten the next line as it needs; it would begin 'Traytour.'

³ Two lines in MS.

- { Pou man þat is þus derede
 { And doulfully dyght,
 { Come hedir to me sauely,
 { And I schalle þe sayne,
 { In þe name of my fadir
 { Þat in heuene is most vpon hight,
 { Of thy hurtis be þou hole
 { In hyde and in hane.
- Jesus heals
 Malcus' ear.

Luke xxii. 51.
- 285
- Thurgh vertewe þi vaynes be at vayle.
Mal. What! ille hayle! I hope þat I be hole.
 Nowe I schrewe hym þis tyme þat gyvis tale,
 To touche þe for þi trauaile.
- Malcus is grate-
 ful.
- 289
25. { i **Jud.** Do felaws be youre faithe
 { Late vs fange on in fere,
 For I haue on þis hyne¹.
- lf. 128 b.
- { ii **Mil.** And I haue a loke on hym nowe.
 { Howe! felawes, drawe nere.
- 292
- { iii **Mil.** Ȝis, by þe bonys þat þis bare,
 { þis bourde schall he banne.
- The soldiers close
in and seize Jesus.
- { **Jesus.** Euen like a theffe heneusly
 { Hurle ȝe me here,
 { I taught you in youre tempill,
 { Why toke ȝe me noȝt panne?
 { Now haues mekenes on molde
 { All his power.
- 296
- { i **Jud.** Do, do, laye youre handes
 { Be-lyue on þis lourdayne.
- iii **Jud.** We haue holde þis hauk in þi handis.
Mal. Whe! ȝis, felawes, be my faith he is fast!
 iv **Jud.** Vn-to sir Cayphas I wolde þat he past²;
 Fare-wele for I wisse we will wenden.
- 301
- [*They lead Jesus away.*]

¹ The latter part of this line, which should rime with *banne*, is wanting.

² *Passen* in MS.

XXIX. THE BOWERS AND FLECCHERS¹.

Peter denies Jesus. Jesus examined by Caiaphas.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

CAYPHAS.	JESUS.
ANNA (ANNAS).	PRIMA, SECUNDA
PRIMUS, SECUNDUS, TERTIUS,	MULIER ² .
QUARTUS MILES.	MALCHUS.]

[SCENE I, *Hall in the High Priest's palace.*]

Matth. xxvi. 57-75.
John xviii. 12-27.
Caiaphas pro-
claims peace !
and his authority
and learning in
the law.

Mark xiv. 53-65.
Luke xxii. 54-71.

1. **Cayp.** PEES, bewshers, I bid no jangelyng 3e make,
And sese sone of yôure sawes, & se what I saye,
And trewe tente vnto me þis tyme þat 3e take,
For I am a lorde lerned lelly in youre lay ; 4
By connyng of clergy and casting of witte
Full wisely my wordis I welde at my will,
So semely in seete me semys for to sitte,
And þe lawe for to lerne you and lede it by skill. 8
What wyte so will oght with me
Full frendly in feyth am I founne right sone³ ;
Come of, do tyte, late me see
Howe graciously I schall graunte hym his bone. 12

¹ This poem is chiefly in long lines of four accents, riming alternately, varied occasionally by shorter lines of three, sometimes four, accents. It is difficult to find regular stanzas, partly owing no doubt to the corrupt arrangement of the lines, for the old copyist seems to have been puzzled by the length of some of them, and confused ends and beginnings together, so losing many rimes. I have remedied these as far as I could.

² According to *Matt.* xxvi. 69-71 there were two women. The rubricator has marked the speaker of l. 89 as *primus* (j^{us}) *mulier*, but has not numbered either of the other speeches given to a *mulier*. L. 136 indicates two women.

³ These two words in the MS. stand at end of l. 7.

2. Ther is nowder lorde ne lady lerned in þe lawe,
 Ne Bisshoppe ne prelate þat preued is for pris,
 Nor clerke in þe courte þat connyng will knawe,
 With wisdom may were hym in worlde is so wise. 16
 I haue þe renke and þe rewle of all þe ryall¹,
 To rewle it by right als reasoune it is,
 All domesmen on dese awe for to dowte me,
 That hase thaym in bandome in bale or in blis, 20
 Wherefore takes tente to my tales and lowtis vnto me.
 And therefore, sir knyghtis²,
 I charge you chalange youre rightis,
 To wayte both be day and by nyghtis
 Of the bringyng of a boy in-to bayle. 25
3. i Miles. Yis, lorde, we schall wayte if any wonderes walke,
 And freyne howe youre folkis fare þat are furth ronne.
- ii Miles. We schall be bayne at youre bidding and it not
 to balke, 'We will do your
 bidding as to the
 boy in bonds.'
- Yf þei presente you þat boy in a bande boune. 29
- Anna. Why syr? and is þer a boy þat will noght lowte
 to youre biding?
- Cayph. Ya, sir, and of þe coriousenesse of þat karle þer
 is carping; 'Yes, there is
 talk of the
 cleverness of
 that carl.
- But I haue sente for þat segge halfe for hethyng.
- Anna. What wondirfull werkis workis þat wighte? If. 129 b.
- Cayph. Seke men and sori he sendis siker helyng, 34
 And to lame men and blynde he sendis þer sight;
 Of croked crepillis þat we knawe,
 Itt is to here grete wondering,
 How þat he helis pame all on rawe, 38
 And all thurgh his false happenyng.
- He heals the sick,
 the lame and
 blind,
 to hear is great
 wonder;

¹ This word should perhaps be *ryalie*, which would rime with l. 19.
 In the MS. it is *Ryatt*.

² Here the late corrector wrote *tunc dicunt lorde*.

- it edges me to ire,
the way he breaks
our laws.'
4. I am sorie of a sight
 þat egges me to ire¹,
 Oure lawe he brekis with all his myght,
 þat is moste his desire. 42
 Oure Sabott day he will not safe,
 But is aboute to bringe it downe,
 And therfore sorowe muste hym haue ; 46
 May he be kacched in felde or towne,
 For his false stevyn !
 He defamys fowty þe godhed,
 And callis hym selffe God sone of hevene. 50
- ' I know the boy,
and his mother
and father, a
carpenter.'
5. **Anna.** I haue goode knowlache of þat knafe,
 Marie me menys, his modir highte,
 And Joseph his fadir, as god me safe,
 Was kidde and knowen wele for a wrighte. 54
 But o thyng me mervayles mekill ouere all,
 Of diuerse dedis þat he has done.
- ' He does it by
witchcraft.'
- Cayph.** With wicche-crafte he fares with-all,
 Sir, þat schall 3e se full sone. 58
 Oure knyghtis þai are furth wente
 To take hym with a traye,
 By þis I holde hym shente,
 He can not wende away. 62
- ' Will you rest,
and take some
wine ?
6. **Anna.** Wolde 3e, sir, take youre reste,
 This day is comen on hande,
 And with wyne slake youre thirste ?
 þan durste I wele warande, 66
 Ye schulde haue tithandis sone
 Of þe knyghtis þat are gone,
 And howe þat þei haue done
 To take hym by a trayne ; 70
 And putte all þought away,
 And late youre materes reste.
- If. 130.
S viij.
we shall soon
hear of the
soldiers that
were sent after
him.'

¹ Lines 40 and 41 are one in the MS.

- Cayph.** I will do as þe saie,
Do gette vs wyne of þe best ¹. 74
7. { **i Miles.** My lorde! here is wyne
 { þat will make you to wynke,
 { Itt is licoure full delicious,
 { My lorde, and you like,
 { Wherfore I rede drely
 { A draughte þat þe drynke,
 { For in þis contre, þat we knawe,
 { I wisse ther is none slyke. 78
- Wherfore we counsaile you
This cuppe sauerly for to kisse.
- Cayph.** Do on dayntely, and dresse me on dees,
And hendely hille on me happing,
And warne all wightis to be in pees,
For I am late layde vnto napping. [*Lies down to sleep.*]
- Anna.** My lorde with youre leue, 85
And it like you, I passe. [*Exit.*]
- Cayph.** A diew, be unte, 82
As þe manere is. [*Sleeps.*]
- ‘Here is wine, a
delicious liquor,’
- none like it in
this country.’
- ‘Lift me up
daintily, and
cover me nicely;
it is late.’
- ‘I will go.’
- ‘Adieu be unto
thee.’

[SCENE II, *the same, near a fire.*]

- i Mulier.** Sir knyghtys, do kepe þis boy in bande,
For I will go witte what it may mene,
Why þat yone wighte was hym folowand
Erly and late, morne and eue[n]². 92
- He will come nere, he will not lette,
He is a spie, I warand, full bolde.
- iii Miles.** It semes by his sembland he had leuere be sette, 96
By þe feruent fire, to fleme hym fro colde.
- Mulier.** Ya, but and þe wiste as wele as I,
- The woman saw
a fellow following
this prisoner, he
must be a spy.
Matt. xxvi. 69-71.
- ‘He’d like to sit
by the hot fire.’
lf. 130 b.

¹ A later hand has written here in the margin, as an addition:—

‘*Hic*, For be we ones well wett
the better we will reste!’

² The word looks like *eue*, if however we read it *ene*, the *u* and *n* being nearly alike, of course the suggested *n* at the end is not needed.

- What wonders þat þis wight has wrought,
 And thurgh his maistir sorssery
 Full derfely schulde his deth be bought. 100
- ' We have got the
 one we sought so
 long, the other
 may go.'*
- iv Miles. Dame, we haue hym nowe at will
 þat we haue longe tyme soughte,
 Yf othir go by vs still,
 Þer-fore we haue no thought. 104
- The woman jeers
 Peter; he lurks
 like an ape,*
- Mulier. Itt were grete skorne þat he schulde skape,
 Withoute he hadde resoune and skill,
 He lokis lurkand like an nape,
 I hope I schall haste me hym tille, 108
 [To Peter.] Thou caytiffe! what meves þe stande
 So stabill and stille in þi thoght?
 Þou hast wrought mekill wronge in londe,
 And wondirfull werkis haste þou wrought. 112
 A! lorell, a leder of lawe,
 To sette hym and suye has þou soght.
 Stande furth and threste in yone thrawe,
 Thy maistry þou bryng vn-to noght. 116
- He looks like a
 badger, bound
 for baiting,*
- Wayte nowe, he lokis like a brokke,
 Were he in a bande for to bayte;
 Or ellis like an nowele in a stok,
 Full preualy his pray for to wayte, 120
- or like an owl in
 a stump awaiting
 his prey.*
- Petrus. Woman, thy wordis and thy wynde thou not
 waste;
 Of his company never are I was kende.
 Þou haste þe mismarkid, trewly be traste;
 Wherfore of þi misse þou þe amende. 124
- Peter denies
 Jesus.*
- [ii] Mulier. Þan gayne-saies þou here þe sawes þat þou
 saide,
 How he schulde clayme to be callid God sonne,
 { And with þe werkis þat he wrought
 { Whils he walketh in þis flodde,
 { Baynly at oure bydding
 { Alway to be bonne. 128
- The woman
 repeats what he
 had said for
 Jesus.
 lf. 131.
 T j.*

{ **Petrus.** I will consente to youre sawes;
 { What schulde I saye more?

Peter gives in
 because women
 are crabbed by
 nature; but still
 denies.

{ For women are crabbed,
 { Pat comes þem of kynde.
 { But I saye as I firste saide,
 { I sawe hym neuere are,
 { But as a frende of oure felawschippe
 { Shall ye me aye fynde.

132

{ **Malchus.** Herke! knyghtis, þat are knawen
 { In this contre as we kenne,

Malchus shows
 how Peter has
 forsaken his
 master,

{ Howe yone boy with his boste
 { Has brewed mekill bale,
 { He has forsaken his maistir
 { Before þone womenne.

{ But I schall preue to þou pertly,
 { And telle you my tale.

136

{ I was presente with pepull
 { Whenne prese was full prest,
 { To mete with his maistir,
 { With mayne and with myght,
 { And hurled hym hardely,
 { And hastely hym arreste,

{ And in bandis full bittirly
 { Bande hym sore all þat nyght.

140

And of tokenyng of trouth schall I telle yowe,

{ Howe yone boy with a bande
 { Brayede me full nere,—

and tells how he
 struck off Malchus'
 ear,

Do move of theȝ materes emelle yowe,—

For swiftly he swapped of my nere.

144

His maistir with his myght helyd me all hole,

That by no syne I cowthe see noman cowþe it witten,

If. 131 b.
 which the master
 healed.

And þan¹ badde hym bere pees in euery ilke bale,

For he þat strikis with a swerd with a swerde schall be
 streken.

148

¹ MS. has þon.

Latte se whedir grauntest þou gilte,
 Do speke oon and spare not to telle vs,
 Or full faste I schall fonde þe flitte,
 The soth but þou saie here emelle vs. 152
 Come of, do tyte ! late me see nowe,
 In sauynge of thy selffe fro schame,
 3a, and also for beryng of blame.

'Come, speak!
 tell the truth.'

Peter's third
 denial.

Petrus. I was neuere with hym in werke þat he wrought,
 In worde nor in werke, in will nor in dede, 157
 I knawe no corse þat 3e haue hidir brought,
 In no courte of this kith, if I schulde right rede.

'Listen, sirs, he
 had denied his
 master thrice.'

Malchus. Here, sirs ! howe he sais and has forsaken 160
 His maistir to þis woman here twyes,
 And newly oure lawe has he taken,
 Thus hath he denyed hym thryes.

[Enter Jesus with 3rd and 4th soldiers.]

Jesus reminds
 Peter,

Jesus. Petir, Petir, þus saide I are, 164
 When you saide you wolde abide with me,
 In wele and woo, in sorowe and care,
 Whillis I schulde thries for-saken be.

whose heart is
 now shorn with
 sorrow.

Petrus. Alas ! þe while þat I come here ! 168
 That euere I denyed my lorde in quarte,
 The loke of his faire face so clere
 With full sadde sorowe sheris my harte.

iii Miles. Sir knyghtis, take kepe of þis karll and be
 konnand ; 172

Be-cause of Sir Cayphas we knowe wele his þoght.
 He will rewarde vs full wele þat dare I wele warand,
 Whan he wete of oure werkis how wele we haue wrought.

iv Miles. Sir, þis is Cayphas halle here at hande, 176
 Go we boldly with þis boy þat we haue here broght.
 Nay, Sirs, vs muste stalke to þat stede and full still stande,
 For itt is nowe of þe nyght, yf þei nappe oght. 179

The soldiers are
 taking Jesus to
 Caiaphas' hall,
 but haue to wait
 without, as
 lf. 132.
 T ij.
 it is night and
 they within may
 be asleep.

i Miles [*within*]. Say who is here? Say who is here?

iii Miles¹. I, a frende, 180 A parley,

Well knawyn in þis contre for a knyght. 181

ii Miles [*within*]. Gose furthe, on youre wayes may
yee wende,

For we haue herbered enowe for to-nyght.

i Miles [*within*]. Gose abakke, bewscheres, 3e both are
to blame, 184

To bourde whenne oure Busshopp is bonne to his bedde. the bishop is
gone to bed.

iv Miles. Why Sir! it were worthy to welcome vs home,
We haue gone for þis warlowe and we haue wele spedde.

ii Miles. Why, who is þat?

iii Miles. The Jewes kyng, Jesus by name. 188

i Miles. A! yee be welcome, þat dare I wele wedde.

My lorde has sente for to seke hym.

Ye will be wel-
come, wait a
minute.

iv Miles. Loo! se here þe same.

ii Miles. Abidde as I bidde, and be nocht adreed.

[*Calls Caiaphas from his sleep.*]

My lorde! my lorde! my lorde! here is layke, and 30u
list! 192

The man calls
Caiaphas, twice;
he does not want
to get up.

Cayph. Pees! loselles, leste 3e be nyse.

i Miles. My lorde! it is wele, and ye wiste.

Cayph. What! nemen vs nomore, for it is twyes, 195

{ Pou takist non hede to þe haste

{ That we haue here on honde,

{ Go frayne howe oure folke faris

{ That are furth ronne.

The soldiers who
were sent out
have come back
with the fellow
bound.

{ ii Miles. My lorde youre knyghtis has kared

{ As ye þame commaunde,

{ And thei haue fallen full faire.

{ Cayph. Why and is þe foole founne? [*Rises.* 199

Ya! lorde, þei haue brought a boy in a bande boune.

If. 132 b.

¹ In the MS. no speaker's name is set to line 179, and line 180-81 is given to i miles. But the text shows that it was the 3rd and 4th soldiers who were out by night, while the 1st and 2nd stayed in to guard their 'bishop.' 'I, a frende,' is set at beginning of l. 181.

Caiphas calls
Annas.

Cayph [*calls*]. Where nowe! sir Anna! þat is one and
able to be nere.

[*Enter Annas.*]

Anna. My lorde, with youre leue me be-houes to be here¹.

Cayph. A! sir, come nere and sitte we bothe in fere. 203

[*They sit in court.*]

Annas is eager,
but Caiaphas pro-
ceeds steadily.

Anna. Do sir, bidde þam bring in þat boy þat is bune.

Cayph. Pese now, sir Anna, be stille and late hym stande.
And late vs grope yf þis gome be grathly be-gune.

Anna. Sir, þis game is be-gune of þe best.

Nowe hadde he no force for to flee þame. 208

Cayph.² Nowe in faithe I am fayne he is fast,

Do lede in þat ladde, late me se þan.

ii **Miles** [*To 3 & 4 soldiers*]. Lo! sir, we haue saide to
oure souereyne,

Gose nowe and suye to hym selfe for þe same thyng. 212

The soldiers
bring in Jesus.

iii **Miles.** Milorde, to youre bidding we haue³ buxom
and bayne,

Lo, here is þe belschere broght þat ye bad bring.

iv **Miles.** My lorde, fandis now to fere hym.

Cayph. Nowe I am fayne,

They are
thanked,

And felawes, faire mott ye fall for youre fynding⁴.

{ **Anna.** Sir, and ye trowe þei be trewe
With-owten any trayne, 217

Bidde payme telle you þe tyme of þe takyng.

and questioned
how they took
him.

Cayph. Say, felawes, howe wente ye so nemely by nyȝt?

iii **Miles.** My lorde, was þere noman to marre vs ne
mende vs. 220

If. 133.
T. iij.

iv **Miles.** My lorde, we had lanternes and light,
And some of his company kende vs.

¹ Lines 201, 202 are written as four lines in MS.

² The names of this and the last six speakers were given wrong by the original rubricator, and are corrected in the margin as they stand above.

³ *sic.*

⁴ 'And felawes' stands at end of l. 215 in MS.

{ **Anna.** But saie, how did he, Judas?

{ **iii Miles.** A! sir, full wisely and wele,
He markid vs his maistir emang all his men,
And kyssid hym full kyndely his comferte to kele,
By-cause of a countenaunce þat karll for to kenne.

The behaviour of
Judas.

224

Cayph. And þus did he his deuere?

iv Miles. Ya, lorde, euere ilke a dele.

{ He taughte vs to take hym

{ The tyme aftir tenne.

228

'We took Jesuſ
after 10 o'clock.'

Anna. Nowe, be my feith! a faynte frend myght he
þer fynde.

{ **iii Miles.** Sire, ye myghte so haue saide,

{ Hadde ye hymn sene þenne.

230

iv Miles. He sette vs to þe same þat he solde vs,
And feyned to be his frende as a faytour,
This was þe tokenyng before þat he tolde vs.

by a sign from
that false one.'

Cayph. Nowe trewly, þis was a trante of a traytour. 234

'This was a
traitor's trick!'

Anna. 3a, be he traytour or trewe geue we neuer tale,
But takes tente at þis tyme and here what he telles.

Cayph. Now sees þat oure howsolde be holden here hale¹,
So þat none carpe in case but þat in court dwellis. 238

'Make ready the
court!'

iii Miles. A! lorde, þis brethell has brewed moche bale.

Cayph. Therfore schall we spede vs to spere of his spellis.
Sir Anna, takeis hede nowe, and here hym. 241

Anna [*To Jesus*]. Say ladde, liste þe noght lowte to a lorde?

'Make obeis-
ance, lad,

iv Miles². No sir, with youre leue, we schall lere hym.

If. 133 b.

[*Attempts to strike Jesus.*

Cayph. Nay sir, noght so, no haste.

Itt is no burde to bete bestis þat are bune,
And therfore with fayrenes firste we will hym fraste,
And sithen forþer hym furth as we haue fune.
And telle vs som tales, truly to traste.

247.

'Do not beat the
beast that is
bound; we will
question him
fairly.'

¹ MS. has *hole*. The line is two in the MS.

² In the MS. the next line is given to *4 Miles*. But an old corrector writes Cayphas to the speech beginning 'Nay,' which seems to be right.

'You might as
well talk to an
empty barrel.'

{ **Anna.** Sir, we myght als wele talke
Tille a tome tonne !

{ I warande hym witteles,
{ Or ellis he is wrang wrayste, 250

{ Or ellis he waitis to wirke
{ Als he was are wonne. 251

iii Miles. His wonne was to wirke mekill woo,
And make many maystries emelle vs.

Cayph. And some schall he graunte or he goo,
Or muste yowe tente hym and telle vs. 255

'To tell the tenth
of his miracles
would make our
tongues stir.'

iv Miles. My lorde, to witte þe wonderes þat he has
wroght,

For to telle you the tente it wolde oure tonges stere.

Cayph. Sen þe boy for his boste is in-to bale broght,
We will witte, or he wende, how his werkis were. 259

{ **iii Miles.** Oure Sabott day we saye
{ saves he right noght,

{ That he schulde halowe and holde
{ Full dingne and full dere.

{ **iv Miles.** No, sir, in þe same feste
{ Als we the sotte soughte,

{ He salued þame of sikenesse
{ On many¹ sidis seere. 263

lf. 134.
T iiij.

Cayph. What þan, makes he þame grathely to gange?

iii Miles. 3a, lorde even forthe in euery ilke a toune,
He þame lechis to liffe after lange.

Cayph. Al this makes he by the myghtis of Mahounde. 267

'He would re-
build the temple
were it pulled
down.'

iv Miles. Sir, oure stiffe tempill, þat made is of stone,
That passes any paleys of price for to preyse,
And it were doune to þe erth and to þe gronde gone,
This rebalde he rowses hym it rathely to rayse. 271

iii Miles. 3a, lorde, and othir wonderis he workis grete
wone,

And with his lowde lesyngis he losis oure layes.

¹ MS. has *sere sidis seere*.

- Cayp.**¹ Go lowse hym, and levis þan and late me allone, 'Loose him; I
For my selfe schall serche hym and here what he saies. 275 will speak with
him.'
- Anna.** Herke! Jesus of Jewes will haue joie,
To spille all thy sporte for thy spellis².
- Cayph.** Do meve, felawe, of thy frendis þat fedde þe 'Tell me of thy
be-forne, friends and thy
doings. He has
lost his tongue!'
- And sithen, felowe, of thi fare, forþer will I freyne. 279
Do neven vs lightly; his langage is lorne!
- iii Miles.** My lorde, with youre leve, hym likis for to layne,
But and he schulde scape skatheles, it wer a full skorne,
For he has mustered emonge vs full mekil of his mayne. 283
- iv Miles.** Malkus, youre man, lord, þat had his ere schorne,
This harlotte full hastely helid it agayne,
Cayph. What! and liste hym be nyse for þe nonys,
And heres howe we haste to rehetete hym.
- Anna.** Nowe, by Beliall bloode and his bonys, 288 Annas wishes to
beat Jesus,
I holde it beste to go bete hym!
- Cayph.** Nay, sir, none haste, we schall have game or
we goo. 290 lf. 134 b.
Caiaphas will try
him again,
- [*To Jesus.*] Boy, be not agaste if we seme gaye;
I coniure þe kyndely, and comaunde þe also,
By grete God þat is liffand & laste schall ay,
Yf þou be Criste, Goddis sonne, telle till vs two. 294
- Jesus.** Sir, þou says it pi selffe, and sothly I saye,
þat I schall go to my fadir þat I come froo,
And dwelle with hym wynly in welthe all-way.
- Cayph.** Why! fie on þe faitoure vn-trewe! 298 They are scandal-
ized. 'He hath
spoken blas-
phemy.'
- Thy fadir haste þou fowly defamed,
Now nedis vs no notes of newe,
Hym selfe with his sawes has he schamed.
- Anna.** Nowe nedis nowdir wittenesse ne counsaile to call,
But take his sawes as he saieth in þe same stede,
He sclaunderes þe godhed and greues vs all, 304

¹ Corrector of 16th cent. The original has 4 *Miles*.

² MS. here has 'hic caret' in the 16th cent. hand.

He is worthy of
death.

Wherefore he is wele worthy to be dede.

And therfore sir, saies hym þe sothe.

Cayph. Sertis so I schall.

Heres þou not, harlott? Ille happe on thy hede¹!

Aunswere here grathely to grete and to small, 308

And reche vs oute rathely som resoune, I rede².

Jesus. My reasouns are not to reherse, 310

Nor they þat myght helpe me are noȝt here nowe.

Anna. Say, ladde, liste þe make verse, 312

Do tell on, be-lyffe, late vs here nowe³.

Jesus. Sir, if I saie þe sothe, þou schall not assente,

But hyndir, or haste me [to] hyng;

I preched wher pepull was moste in present, 316

And no poynte in priuite to olde ne ȝinge⁴.

And also in youre tempill I told myne entente,

Ye myght haue tane me þat tyme for my tellyng, 320

Wele bettir þan bringe me with brondis vnbrente,
And þus to noye me be nyght, and also for no-thing.

Cayph. For nothyng! losell, þou lies!

Thy wordis and werkis will haue a wrekyng.

Jesus. Sire, sen þou with wrong so me wreyes, 324

Go, spere þame þat herde of my spekyng.

{ **Cayph.** A! þis traitoure has tened me

{ With tales þat he has tolde,

{ ȝitt hadde I neuere such hething

{ as of a harlott as hee.

{ i **Miles.** What! fye on þe beggarr!

{ who made þe so bolde

{ To bourde with oure Busshoppe?

{ thy bane schall I bee. [He strikes Jesus.] 329

¹ Line 307 is two in the MS.

² The late corrector here adds:—

‘Sir, my reason is not to rehers ought.’

³ In the MS. ll. 312, 313 stand before l. 310, throwing the two speeches together, without sense. The copyist following ear more than eye, probably reversed the couplets (which have the same rime) unconsciously.

⁴ MS. has *ȝonge*.

‘I taught daily
in the temple, in
public, ye laid
no hold on me.’
Matth xiv. 49.
Luke xxii. 53.

If. 135.
T v.

Jesus answers
Caiaphas,

who turns wrath
against him.

John xviii. 22.

Jesus. Sir, if my wordis be wrange or werse þan þou wolde, 'If I have spoken
A wronge wittnesse I wotte nowe are þe. evil bear witness
of the evil.'

And if my sawes be soth þei mon be sore solde,
Wherefore þou bourdes to brode for to bete me.

ii Miles. My lorde, will ȝe here? for Mahounde.
No more now for to neven þat it nedis.

Cayph. Gose, dresse you and dyng 3e hym doune,
And deffe vs no more with his dedis.

337

Go, strike him
down, deafen us
no more with his
deeds.

Anna. Nay, sir, þan blemysse yee prelatis estatis ;

Cayph. Why, sir, so were bettir þan be in debate,
Ye see þe boy will noȝt bowe for oure bidding. 341

Anna. Nowe sir, ye muste presente þis boy unto sir Pilate,
For he is domysman nere and nexte to be king. Pilate is judge.

And late hym here all þe hole, how ye hym hate,
And whedir he will helpe hym or haste hym to hyng. 345

i Miles. My lorde, late men lede hym by nyght, 'Take him away
by night.'

ii Miles. My lorde, it is nowē in þe nyght,
I rede ȝe abide tille þe mornynge. 349

Cayph. Bewschere, pou sais þe beste, and so schall it be, lf. 135 b.

But lerne yone boy bettir to bende and bowe. ‘Teach him obedience.’

i Miles. We schall lerne yone ladde, be my lewte,
For to loute vn-to ilke lorde like vn-to yowe. 353

Cayph. 3a, and felawes, wayte þat he be ay wakand.

[SCENE III, *the soldiers buffet Jesus.*]

ii Miles. 3is lorde, þat warant will wee !
Itt were a full nedles note to bidde vs nappe nowe.

iii Miles. Sertis, will ye sitte, and sone schall ye see
Howe we schall play papse for þe pages prowē. 358

iv **Miles.** Late see, who stertis for a stole?
For I have here a hatir to hyde hym.

'Fetch a stool,
here is a dress
to cover him.'

i Miles. Lo, here is one full fitte for a foole,
Go gete it, and sette þe beside hym. 362

ii Miles. Nay I schall sette it my-selffe and frusshe
hym also.

Lo, here a shrowde for a shrewe, and of shene shappe!

iii Miles. Playes faire in feere, and I schall fande to
feste it ¹

They beat Jesus, With a faire flappe, and þer is one and þer is ij; 366
And ther is iij, and there is iiij.

iii Miles. Say now, with an nevill happe,
Who negheth þe now? not o worde, no!

strike him with
their fists, { iv Miles. Dose noddil on hym with neffes
That he noght nappe. 370

and keep him
awake with was-
sailing shouts. { i Miles. Nay nowe to nappe is no nede,
Wassaille, Wassaylle!
I warande hym wakande.

ii Miles. 3a, and bot he bettir bourdis can byde,
Such buffettis schall he be takande. 374

lf. 136.
T vj. iii Miles. Prophete ysaie to be oute of debate,
Iniuste percussit, man rede giffe you may.

{ iv Miles. Those wordes are in waste,
What wenes þou he wate?
It semys by his wirkyng
His wittes were awaye. 378

i Miles. Now late hym stande as he stode in a foles state;
For he likis noȝt þis layke, my liffe dare I laye!

They take Jesus
back and say he
has found it hot
among them, ii Miles. Sirs, vs muste presente þis page to ser Pilate,
{ But go we firste to oure souerayne,
And see what he saies. 382

[*They lead him back to Caiaphas.*

¹ To make lines 365, 366 into sense, and also to agree with the rime, they should perhaps be read thus:—

‘Playes faire in feere, and there is one and there is two
I shall fande to feste it with a faire flappe.’

Pronounce *four* of the next line *fo*, to ryme with *two*, and *also* before and *no* after it.

iii Miles. My lorde! we haue bourded with þis boy,
And holden hym full hote emelle vs.

Cayph. Thanne herde ye some japes of joye?

iv Miles. The devell haue þe worde, lorde, he wolde but that he will
not say a word.
telle vs. 386

Anna. Sir, bidde belyue, þei goo and bynde hym agayne,
So þat he skape noght, for þat were a skorne.

Cayph. Do telle to sir Pilate oure pleyntes all pleyne, Tell Pilate our
complaints, and
that this lad
must be slain to-
day because it is
Sabbath to-
morrow.
And saie, þis ladde with his lesyngis has oure lawes
lorne; 390

And saie þis same day muste he be slayne,
Be-cause of sabott day þat schalbe to-morne;
And saie þat we come oure selffe for certayne,
And forto fortheren þis fare, fare yee be-forne. 394

i Miles. My lorde, with youre leve, vs muste wende,
Oure message to make as we maye.

Anna. Sir, youre faire felawshippe we be-take to þe
fende¹.

Cayph. Goose onne now, and daunce forth in þe deuyll
way. 398

¹ L. 397 is two in the MS.

XXX. THE TAPITERES AND COUCHERS.

The Dream of Pilate's Wife: Jesus before Pilate.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

PILATUS,	DIABOLUS,
VXOR PILATI <i>alias</i> DOMINA.	CAYPHAS.
BEDELLUS.	ANNA [ANNAS].
ANCILLA.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS
FILIUS [PILATI] ¹ .	MILITES.]

[SCENE I, *Pilate's judgment-hall.*]

1. Pil. YHE cursed creatures þat cruelly are cryand,

Matth. xxvii.
11-19.

Luke xxiii. 1-7.
Gosp. of Nichod.
ch. ii.
Pilate threatens
brawlers and
traitors.

- { Restreyne you for stryuyng
- { For strengþ of my strakis,
- { Youre pleyntes in my presence
- { Vse plately applyand,
- { Or ellis þis brande in youre braynes
- { Schalle² brestis and brekis.

4

þis brande in his bones brekis,
What brawle þat with brawlyng me brewis,
That wrecche may not wrye fro my wrekis³,

¹ The rubricator, in marking Filius, did not perceive that the son is the same boy throughout the piece, and gave 2 *Fil.* for scene i (ll. 116, 120), and 1 *Fil.* for scenes ii, iii.

² *Schalle* appears to be in error for *some*, or a similar adverb, *brestis and brekis* being pres. indicative, not infinitive as required by the auxiliary.

³ MS. has 'werkis.' This piece presents several difficulties; stanzas 8, 22, 30 are irregular; st. 10, 13, 15, 16, 47, 48 are imperfect; other changes I suggest in the notes. The first 18 stanzas rime a b a b c b b c. With st. 19 a fourth rime is introduced, a b a b c d d d c.

- Nor his sleightis noȝt slely hym slakis,
 Latte þat traytour noȝt triste in my trewys, 9
2. { For sir Sesar was my sier 9 ' Caesar was my
 { And I sothely his sonne, sire,
 That exelent Emperoure exaltid in hight,
 Whylk all þis wilde worlde with wytes had wone,
 And my modir hight Pila þat proude was o pight, 13 Pila my mother,
 O Pila þat prowde and Atus hir fadir he hight, daughter of Atus,
 This pila was hadde in to Atus,
 Nowe renkis, rede yhe it right?
 For þus schortely I haue schewid you in sight,
 Howe I am prowdeþy preued Pilatus. 18 whence I am
 Pilatus.
3. Loo! Pilate, I am proued a prince of grete pride,
 I was putte in to Pounce þe pepill to presse,
 And sithen Sesar hym selffe with exynatores be his side, 22 Cæsar and his
 Remytte me to þe remys, þe renkes to redresse. senators sent me
 And yitte am I graunted on grounde, as I gesse to these realms.
 To justifie and juge all þe Iewes¹.
 A! luffe! here lady! no lesse, [Enter dame Percula. Ah! here is my
 Lo! sirs, my worthely wiffe, þat sche is! love, my wife.
 So semely, loo! certayne scho schewys. 27
4. Vx. Pil. Was nevir juge in þis Jurie of so jocounde
 generacion,
 Nor of so joifull genolgie to gentrys enioyned,
 As yhe, my duke doughty, demar of dampnacion, lf. r38.
 { To princes and prelatys T viij.
 { Þat youre preceptis perloyned. 31 Pilate's wife
 Who þat youre perceptis pertely perloyned², salutes her lord.
 With drede in to dede schall ye dryffe hym,
 By my trouthe, he vntrewly is stonyd,
 Þat agaynste youre behestis hase honed;
 All to ragges schall ye rente hym and ryue hym. 36

¹ Lines 23, 24 are reversed in the MS.² *Pertely* and *perloyned* are both written with *p* contraction.

'I am dame Pro-
cula,

behold my
comely face,
and my rich
robes ;

no one has a nicer
companion,
though I say it.'
'You may say so !

let me kiss you.'

'There is no use
hiding it, all
ladies like to be
kissed.'

The beadle ob-
jects to this
behaviour

If. 138 b.
in court,

5. I am dame precious Percula¹, of prynces þe prise,
Wiffe to Sir Pilate here prince with-uten pere,
All welle of all womanhede I am, wittie and wise,
Consayue nowe my countenaunce so comly & clere. 40
The coloure of my corse is full clere,
And in richesse of robis I am rayed,
Ther is no lorde in þis londe as I lere,
In faith þat hath a frendlyar feere,
{ Than yhe my lorde,
{ My-selffe yof I saye itt. 45

6. { Pil. Nowe saye itt save may ye saffely,
{ For I will certefie þe same².
Vxor. Gracious lorde, gramercye, youre gode worde is
gayne.

Pil. Yhitt for to comforte my corse, me must kisse you,
madame !

Vx. To fulfille youre forward, my fayre lorde, in faith I
am fayne. 49

Pil. Howe ! howe ! felawys, nowe in faith I am fayne
Of theis lippis, so loffely are lappid,
In bedde is full buxhome and bayne.

Domina. Yha, sir, it nedith not to layne,

- { All ladise we coveyte þan
{ Bothe to be kyssed and clappid. 54

[Enter Beadle (of the court).]

7. Bed. My liberall lorde, O leder of lawis,
O schynyng schawe þat all schames escheues,
I beseke you my souerayne, assente to my sawes,
As ye are gentill juger and justice of Jewes. 58

¹ The name of Pilate's wife is here written pcula, i.e. Percula; in the Coventry accounts it is written pcula, i.e. Procula. See Th. Sharp's Dissertation on Coventry Mysteries, p. 30. The name does not occur in the Coventry play itself on the Dream of Pilate's Wife. It is Procula in the Gospel of Nichodemus, ch. ii.

² It may be suggested that 'sauē' and 'For' are too much in l. 46, and that l. 49 would be perfect without 'in faith.'

- Dom.** Do herke, howe þou, javell, jangill of Iewes !
Why, go bette, horosonne boy, when I bidde þe.
Bed. Madame, I do but þat diewe is.
Dom. But yf þou reste of thy resoune, þou rewis,
For all is a-cursed carle, hase in, kydde þe¹ ! 63
8. **Pil.** Do mende you, madame, and youre mode be
amendand,
For me semys it wer sittand to se what he sais.
Dom. Mi lorde, he tolde nevir tale þat to me was tendand,
But with wrynkis and with wiles to wend me my weys. 67
{ **Bed.** Gwise² of youre wayes to be wendand,
Itt langis to oure lawes.
{ **Dom.** Loo ! lorde, þis ladde with his lawes, she objects.
Howe thynke ye it prophitis wele
His prechyng to prayse?
Pil. Yha, luffe, he knawis
All oure custome³, I knawe wele. 72
Pilate says,
'he knows our
customs.'
9. **Bed.** My seniour, will ye see nowe þe sonne in youre sight,
For his stately strength he stemmys in his stremys,
Behalde ovir youre hede how he holdis fro hight
And glydis to þe grounde with his glitterand glemys⁴. 76
To þe grounde he gois with his bemys,
And þe nyght is neghand anone;
Yhe may dome afir no dremys,
{ But late my lady here
{ With all her light lemys,
Wightely go wende till her wone. 81
If. 139.
V j.
10. For ye muste sitte, sir, þis same nyght of lyfe and of lyme;
{ Itt is noȝt leeffull for my lady,
{ By the lawe of this lande,
for you must sit
in judgment this
night.

¹ L. 63 stands as two lines in MS., with 'þou rewis' of l. 62 as part of the first.

² The last section of st. 8 is evidently wrong; the rimes are lost, even if *lawes* be pronounced *layes*, as often occurs (e.g. l. 363).

³ Lines 71 and part of 72 stand as one in MS.

⁴ Lines 75, 76 are written as three in the MS.

- The lady must
not stop at night,
shemight stagger
in the street.
- { In dome for to dwelle
Fro þe day waxe ought dymme ;
For scho may stakir in þe strete
But scho stalworthely stande. 85
- Late hir take hir leve whill þat light is ¹.
- Pil. Nowe wiffe, þan ye blythely be buskand.
- Dom. I am here, sir, hendely at hande.
- 'The fellow has
said what is
right.'
- Pil. Loo ! þis is renke has vs redde als right is. 90
11. Dom. Your comaundement to kepe to kare forþe y
caste me,
My lorde, with youre leue, no lenger y lette yowe.
- 'I will hinder
you no longer.'
- { Pil. Itt were appreue to my persone
þat preuely 3e paste me,
Or ye wente fro this wones
Or with wynne 3e had wette yowe. 94
- { Ye schall wende forthe with wynne
Whenne þat 3e haue wette yowe.
- Get some drink !
Come sit down,
here it is.'
- Gete drinke ! what dose þou ! haue done ! [Calls out.
Come semely, beside me, and sette yowe,
Loke ! nowe it is even here, þat I are behete you,
Ya, 'saie it nowe sadly & sone ². 99
- 'You begin, my
lord.'
12. Dom. Itt wolde gladde me, my lorde, if 3e gudly begynne.
- Pil. Nowe I assente to youre counsaile, so comely &
clere ³ ;
- 'Drink, madam.'
- Nowe drynke [3e], madame : to deth all þis dynne !
- 'You need not
teach me !'
- Dom. Iff it like yowe myne awne lorde, I am not to
lere ; 103
- This lare I am not to lere.
- Pil. Yitt eft to youre damysell, madame.
- Dom. In thy hande, holde nowe, and haue here.
- An̄c. Cramarcy, my lady so dere.
- Pil. Nowe fares-wele, and walke on youre way. 108

¹ A line (should be l. 86) is wanting here.

² In the MS. the words 'what does þou, haue done' are repeated after 'Loke !' l. 98, and 'þat . . . you' stand at beginning of l. 99.

³ MS. has *clene*.

13. **Dom.** Now fare wele, ye frendlyest, youre fomen to fende¹. 'Farewell, my dear.'
- Pil.** Nowe fare wele, ye fayrest figure þat euere did fode fede, 'Farewell, ladies.
And fare wele, ye damysell, in dede.
- An.** My lorde, I comande me to youre ryalte. 112
- Pil.** Fayre lady, he þis schall you lede,
[*To his son*] Sir, go with þis worthy in dede, Son, go with her obediently.
{ And what scho biddis you doo,
{ Loke þat buxsome you be. 115
14. **Fil.** I am prowde and preste to passe on a passe,
To go with þis gracious, hir gudly to gyde.
Pil. Take tente to my tale, þow turne on no trayse,
Come tyte and telle me yf any thythngis be-tyde. 119 Come and tell me if anything happens.
Fil. If any thythngis my lady be-tyde,
I schall full sone sir, witte you to say.
This semely schall I schewe by hir side, The son goes.
Be-lyffe sir, no lenger we byde.
[*Exeunt Percula, son, and damsel.*]
- Pil.** Nowe fares-wele, and walkes on youre way. 124
15. Nowe wente is my wiffe, yf it wer not hir will,
And scho rakis tille hir reste as of no thyng scho rought.
Tyme is, I telle þe, þou tente me vntill,
And buske þe belyue, belamy, to bedde þat y wer broght. 128 'My lady goes to her rest, it is time, friend, that I went to bed.'
And loke I be rychely arrayed².
Bed. Als youre seruaunte I haue sadly it sought,
And þis nyght, sir, newe schall ye noght, If. 140.
I dare laye, fro ye luffely be layde. 132 V ij.
[*Pilate goes to his couch.*]
16. **Pil.** I comaunde þe to come nere, for I will kare to my
couche,
Haue in thy handes hendely and heue me fro hyne,
But loke þat þou tene me not with pi tastyng, but tendirly
me touche, 'Lift me into bed but don't hurt me.'

¹ Stanza 12 is somewhat corrupt, lines 104, 105 being imperfect; the two first lines of st. 13 are wanting.

² There is a line missing here, before l. 129.

'Sir, you weigh heavy !

{ **Bed.** A ! sir, yhe whe wele !
 { **Pil.** Yha, I haue wette with me wyne¹. 136
 Yhit helde doune and lappe me even [here], [*Is laid down.*
 For I will slelye slepe vnto synne.
 Loke þat no man nor no myron of myne
 With no noyse be neghand me nere. 140

'Tuck me up evenly, I will sleep for the present. Let no noise be made.

17. { **Bed.** Sir, what warlowe yow wakens
 { With wordis full wilde,
 { þat boy for his brawlyng
 { Were bettir be vn-borne.

Chastise those who chatter and roar.'

{ **Pil.** Yha, who chatteres, hym chastise,
 { Be he churle or childe,
 { For and he skape skatheles
 { Itt were to vs a grete skorne. 144
 Yf skatheles he skape, it wer a skorne ;
 What rebalde þat redely will rore,
 I schall mete with þat myron to-morne,
 And for his ledir lewdenes hym lerne to be lorne.
Bed. Whe ! so sir, slepe ye, and saies nomore. 149

'Sleep, sir, say no more.'

[SCENE II ; *Chamber of dame Percula, Pilate's wife.*]

18. **Dom.** Nowe are we at home, do helpe yf ye may,
 For I will make me redye and rayke to my reste.
Anc. Yhe are werie, madame, for-wente of youre way,
 Do boune you to bedde, for þat holde I beste. 153
Fil. Here is a bedde arayed of þe beste.
Dom. Do happe me, and faste hense ye hye.
Anc. Madame, anone all dewly is dressid.
Fil. With no stalkyng nor no striffe be ye stressed.
Dom. Nowe be yhe in pese, both youre carpyng and
 crye. 158

'I will get to rest.'

'Your bed is ready.'

If. 140 b.

'Cover me, and go.'

'You shall not be disturbed.'

¹ The last part of this stanza seems to be imperfect, the first four lines only are complete.

[*All sleep, enter Satan.*]

19. { **Diab.** Owte! owte! harrowe! in-to bale am I brought,
 { This bargayne may I banne,
 But yf y wirke some wile, in wo mon I wonne,
 This gentilman Jesu of cursednesse he can
 Be any syngne þat I see, þis same is goddis sonne. 162
 And he be slone, oure solace will sese,
 He will saue man saule fro oure sonde,
 And refe vs þe remys þat are rounde.
 I will on stiffely in þis stounde,
 Vnto Sir Pilate wiffe, pertely, and putte me in prese. 167
- The devil will
work against
Jesus.
- ‘If Jesus is slain,
I lose my realms.
I’ll go to Pilate’s
wife.’
- [*Whispers to Percula.*]
20. O woman! be wise and ware, and wonne in þi witte,
 Ther schall a gentilman, Jesu, vn-justely be juged
 Byfore thy husband in haste, and with harlottis þe hytte.
 And þat doughty to-day to deth þus be dyghted, 171
 Sir Pilate, for his prechyng, and þou,
 With nede schalle ye namely be noyed,
 Your striffe and youre strenghe schal be stroyed,
 Youre richesse schal be refte you þat is rude,
 With vengeaunce, and þat dare I auowe. 176
- ‘Woman, if the
gentleman, Jesus,
is unjustly
doomed, Pilate
and you will be
destroyed.’
- [*Percula awakes, starting.*]
21. **Dom.** A! I am drecchid with a dreame full dredfully to
 dowte,
 Say, childe! rise vppe radly, and reste for no roo,
 Thow muste launce to my lorde and lowly hym lowte,
 Comaunde me to his reuerence, as right will y doo. 180
- ‘Ah! I am tor-
mented with a
horrid dream! I
say, child! get
up and run to my
lord.’
- Fil.** O! what! schall I trauayle þus tymely þis tyde?
 Madame, for the drecchyng of heuen,
 Slyke note is newsome to neven,
 And it neghes vnto mydnyght full even.
- ‘Must I go so
early? By God’s
passion it is
disagreeable.’
- Dom.** Go bette, boy, I bidde no lenger þou byde, 185
- If. 141.
V ij.
22. And saie to my souereyne, þis same is soth þat I send hym.
 All naked þis nyght as I napped,
- ‘Go, boy, tell
him as I slept,
naked, a dream
struck me, of
Jesus that just
man; I beg he

may be de-
livered.

With tene and with trayne was I trapped
With a sweuene, þat swiftly me swapped, 189
Of one Iesu, þe juste man þe Iewes will vndoo;
She prayes tente to þat trewe man, with tyne be noȝt
trapped,

But als a domes man dewly to be dressand, 192
And lelye delyuere þat lede.

'Madam, I will
go, but I will
nap first.'

Fil. Madame, I am dressid to þat dede;
But firste will I nappe in þis nede,
For he hase mystir of a morne slepe þat mydnyght is
myssand. [Sleeps.] - 196

[SCENE III; *On the way from the palace of Caiaphas to
Pilate's judgment-hall.*]

John xviii. 28.

23. { **An.** Sir Cayphas, ye kenne wele
{ This caytiffe we haue cached,
{ That ofte tymes in oure tempill
{ Hase teched vntrewly,
{ Oure meyne with myght
{ At mydnyght hym mached,
{ And hase drevyn hym till his demyng
{ For his dedis vndewly. 200
Wherefore I counsaile þat kyndely we care¹
Vnto sir Pilate, oure prince, and pray hym
That he for oure right will arraye hym,
This faitour for his falsed to flay hym,
{ For fro we saie hym þe soth
{ I schall sitte hym full sore. 205

Annas and Caia-
phas agree to
take Jesus before
Pilate.

24. **Cay.** Sir Anna, þis sporte haue ye spedely aspid,
As I am pontificall prince of all prestis.
We will prese to Sir Pilate, and presente hym with pride,
With þis harlott þat has hewed owre hartis fro oure
brestis, 209

✕
'He has hewn
our hearts from
our breasts.'

¹ MS. has *carie*.

Thurgh talkyng of tales vntrewe. And perfor, Sir knyghtis! lf. 141 b.

i Mil. Lorde¹!

Cay. Sir Knyghtis, þat are curtayse and kynde,

We charge you þat chorle be wele chyned,

Do buske you and grathely hym bynde,

And rugge hym in ropes, his rase till he rewe. 214

25. i Mil. Sir, youre sawes schall be serued schortely and sone, They bind Jesus:
Yha, do felawe, be thy feith, late vs feste þis faitour full fast².

ii Mil. I am douty to þis dede, delyuer, haue done,

Latte vs pulle on with pride till his poure be paste. 218

i Mil. Do haue faste and halde at his handes.

ii Mil. For this same is he þat lightly avaunted,

And god sone he grathely hym graunted.

i Mil. He bese hurled for þe highnes he haunted;

Loo! he stonyes for vs, he stares where he standis. 223

26. ii Mil. Nowe is the brothell boune for all þe boste þat he Now he is ready.
blowne,

And þe laste day he lete no lordynges myȝt lawe hym³.

An. Ya, he wende þis worlde had bene haly his awne,

{ Als ye are dowyest to-day

{ Tille his demyng ye drawe hym. 227

{ And þan schall we kenne

{ How þat he canne excuse hym.

i Mil. Here, ye gomes, gose a rome, giffe vs gate,

We muste steppe to yone sterne of a-state.

ii Mil. We muste yappely wende in at þis yate,

For he þat comes to courte, to curtesye muste vse hym. 232

27. { i Mil. Do rappe on the renkis,
{ þat we may rayse with oure rolyng;

lf. 142.
V iij.

{ Come forthe, sir coward!

{ Why cowre ye behynde.

[Knocks at Pilate's hall.

Come forth,
coward.'

¹ The line must end with *vntrewe*, which rimes with *rewe* of l. 214. The copyist was perhaps thinking aloud as he wrote *and perfor*; the following four words seem to be a prose call and answer.

² Line 216 is complete without the words *be thy feith*. ³ MS. has *lawne*.

'Who are you
with that noise?'

Bed. [*within.*] O, what javellis are ye þat jappis with
gollyng?

'Words are but
wind,

i Mil. A! goode sir, be noȝt wroth, for wordis are as þe
wynde. 236

let us tell you.'

Bed. I saye, gedlynges, gose bakke with youre gawdes.

ii Mil. Be sufferand, I beseke you,
And more of þis matere yhe meke yow.

'You knaves, I'll
kill you.'

Bed. Why, vnconand knaves, an I cleke yowe,
I schall felle yow, be my faith, for all youre false frawd¹. 241

'Who is chatter-
ing so?'

28. { Pil. [*within, in bed.*] Say childe, ill cheffe you!
What churles are so claterand?

'Ignorant
knaves.'

Bed. My lorde, vn-conand knaves þei crye and þei call.

'Beat and put
them in prison,

Pil. Gose baldely beliffe, and þos brethellis be battand,
And putte þam in prisoune vpon peyne þat may fall. 245
Yha, spedely spir þam yf any sporte can þei spell,
Yha, and loke what lordingis þei be.

Bed. My lorde, þat is luffull in lee,
I am boxsom and blithe to your blee.

but see if they
have any tidings.'

{ Pil. And if they talke any thythyngis
Come tyte and me tell. 250

The beadle asks.

29. { Bed. [*To the soldiers.*] My felawes, by youre faith,
Can ye talke any thythandis? ²

'The priests have
taken

i Mil. Yha, sir Cayphas and Anna ar come both to-gedir.
To sir Pilate o pounce and prince of oure lawe;

If. 142 b.

{ And þei haue laughte a lorell

a lawless wretch.'

{ þat is lawles and liddir.

Bed. My lorde! my lorde! 254
[*Runs to Pilate.*

Pil. Howe! ³

'My lord, get up
quickly, Sir Caiaphas
and Annas have brought a
traitor!'

Bed. My lorde, vnlappe yow belyve wher ye lye.

Sir Cayphas to youre courte is caried,

And sir Anna, but a traytour hem taried,

¹ This line is two in MS.

² Read 'Can you talke any thythands, by your faith, my felawes?' to correspond to l. 253.

³ The beadle's call and Pilate's answer appear to be outside the verse, as in st. 24 they do not belong to the other lines, which are complete without them.

Many wight of þat warlowe has waried,
They haue brought hym in a bande, his balis to bye. 259

30. **Pil.** But are thes sawes certayne in soth þat þou saies?

{ **Bed.** Yha, lorde, þe states yondir standis,
{ For striffe are they stonden.

{ **Pil.** Now þan am I light as a roo,
{ And ethe for to rayse,

[*He rises.*]

{ Go bidde þam come in both
{ And the boye þey haue boune.

263

{ **Bed.** Siris, my lorde geues leue
{ Inne for to come.

Pilate is doubtful, but afterwards glad.

The beadle bids all to enter.

[SCENE IV; *Pilate's judgment hall; enter Caiaphas and company.*]

Cay. Hayle! prince þat is pereles in price,
Ye are leder of lawes in þis lande,
Youre helpe is full hendely at hande.

The priests salute Pilate.

An. Hayle! stronge in youre state for to stande,
Alle þis dome muste be dressed at youre dulye deuyse. 269

31. **Pil.** Who is there¹? my prelates?

{ **Cay.** Yha, lorde.

{ **Pil.** Nowe be þe welcome, i-wisse!

If. 143.
V v.

{ **Cay.** Gramercy, my souerayne,
{ But we þeseke you all-same,

{ By-cause of wakand you vnwarly
{ Be noght wroth with þis.

They excuse themselves for waking him.

{ For we haue brought here a lorell,
{ He lokis like a lambe.

273

Pil. Come byn, you bothe, and to þe benke brayde yow.

Cay. Nay gud sir, laughter is leffull for vs.

Pil. A! sir, Cayphas, be curtayse yhe bus.

An. Nay goode lorde, it may not be þus.

{ **Pil.** Sais no more, but come sitte you beside me,
{ In sorowe as I saide youe.

278

He bids them 'come ben,' and sit by him; they affect humility.

¹ The MS. has *thenne* or *theme*, it is uncertain which.

[Enter Pilate's son.]

32. **Pil.** Hayle! þe semelieste seeg vndir sonne sought,
Hayle! þe derrest duke and doughtiest in dede.

'Welcome, beau-
sire! what mes-
sage from my
lady?'

{ **Pil.** Now bene-veneuew, beuscher,
What boodworde haste pou brought?
Hase any langour my lady newe laught in þis hede? 282

The boy relates
the dream.

Pil. Sir, þat comely comaundes hir youe too,
And sais, al nakid þis nyght as sche napped,
With tene and with traye was sche trapped,
With a sweuene þat swiftly hir swapped,
Of one Jesu þe juste man, þe Iewes will vndo. 287

33. She beseches you as hir souerayne þat symple to saue,
Deme hym noght to deth, for drede of vengeance.

'I suppose this
is he that ye
bring?'
lf. 143 b.

Pil. What! I hope þis be he þat hyder harlid 3e haue.

{ **Cay.** Ya, sir, þe same and þe selfe;
But þis is but a skaunce, 291

Caiaphas says
Jesus has
wrought the
dream with
witchcraft.

He with wicchecrafte þis wile has he wrought¹,
Some feende of his sand has he sente,
And warned youre wiffe or he wente,
Yowe²! þat schalke shuld not shamefly be shente.
Þis is sikir³ in certayne, and soth³ schulde be sought. 296

Annas says he
has done many
wonders through
devilcraft.

34. { **An.** Yha, thurgh his fantome and falshed and fendes-craft,
He has wroght many wondir
Where he walked full wyde,
Wherfore my lorde it wer leeffull
His liffe were hym rafte.

Pilate sees their
evil feelings;

Pil. Be ye neuere so bryme, ye bope bus abide, 300
But if þe traytoure be taught for vntrewe,
And þerfore sermones you no more;
I will sikirly sende hym selfe fore,

he will judge for
himself.

¹ Line 292 is two in MS.

² There is a dot after *yowe* in the MS., perhaps indicating a pause of exclamation, as after *ha!* p. 347, l. 322. The word is either an interjection or an adverb.

³ *Soh* in MS. seems to be intended for *soth*.

And se what he sais to þe sore.

{ Bedell, go brynge hyme,
{ For of þat renke haue I rewþe.

'Beadle, fetch him.'

305

35. { Bed. This forward to fulfille
{ Am I fayne moued in myn herte¹;

Gosp. of Nichodemus, ch. i.

{ Say, Jesu, þe juges and þe Iewes
{ Hase me enioyned

{ To bringe þe before þam,
{ Even bounden as þou arte,

{ Yone lordyngis to lose þe
{ Full longe haue þei heyneð.

309

{ But firste schall I wirschippe þe
{ With witte and with will,

The beadle goes, but first worships Jesus.

This reuerence I do þe for-thy

[*He bows to Jesus.* If. 144.

V vj.

For wytes þat wer wiser þan I,

They worshipped þe full holy on hy,

And with solempnite sange Osanna till.

314

36. i Mil. My lorde þat is leder of lawes in þis lande,
All bedilis to your biding schulde be boxsome and bayne,

The soldiers are scandalised at the beadle's behaviour.

{ And ȝitt þis boy here before yowe

{ Full boldely was bowand,

{ To worschippe þis warlowe.

{ Me thynke we wirke all in vayne.

318

ii Mil. Yha, and in youre presence he prayed hym of pees,

In knelyng on knes to þis knave,

He be-soughte hym his seruaunte to saue.

Caip. Loo, lord such arrore amange þem þei haue,

It is grete sorowe to see, no seeg may it sese.

323

'Such contempt of your worship ought to be avoided in your sight.'

37. It is no menske to youre manhed þat mekill is of myght,
To for-bere such forfettis þat falsely are feyned,
Such spites in especial wolde be eschewed in your sight.

{ Pil. Sirs, moves you noȝt in þis matere,

{ But bese myldely demeaned,

327

'Calm yourselves, there must be a reason for it.'

For yone curtasie I kenne had som cause.

¹ In the MS. *moued* stands after *herte*.

An. In youre sight sir, þe soth schall I saye,
 As ye are prince, take hede I you praye,
 Such a lourdayne vnlele, dare I laye,
 { Many lordis of oure landis
 { Might lede fro oure lawes.

332

Pilate questions
 the beadle,

38. { Pil. [*to the Beadle.*] Saye, losell, who gaue þe leve
 { So for to lowte to yone ladde,
 { And solace hym in my sight
 { So semely, þat I sawe?
 { Bed. A! gracious lorde, greue you noght
 { For gude case I hadde.

lf. 144 b.

{ Yhe comaunded me to care,
 { Als ye kende wele and knawe,
 To Jerusalem on a journay, with seele;
 And þan þis semely on an asse was sette,
 And many men myldely hym mette,
 Als a god in þat grounde þai hym grette,
 Wele semand hym in waye with worschippe lele.

336

he replies that he
 saw Jesus met in
 Jerusalem by the
 people when
 Hosanna was
 sung to him.

341

39. Osanna þei sange, þe sone of dauid,
 Riche men with þare robes þei ranne to þis fete,
 And poure folke fecched floures of þe frith,
 And made myrthe and melody þis man for to mete.

345

'What does
 Hosanna mean?'

{ Pil. Nowe gode sir, be þi feith,
 { What is Osanna to saie?

{ Bed. Sir, constrew it we may
 { Be langage of þis lande as I leue,
 It is als moche to me for to meue,
 (Youre prelatis in þis place can it preue),
 { Als, 'oure Sauour and souerayne,
 { þou saue vs, we praye.'

350

The beadle
 explains it.

Pilate appeals to
 the lords,

40. { Pil. Loo, senioures, how semes yow
 { þe soþe I you saide?

Cai. Yha, lorde, þis ladde is full liddir, be þis light!
 Yf his sawes wer serchid and sadly assaied,

{ Saue youre reuerence,
 { His resoune þei rekenne noȝt with right. 354

but they say the
 man construes
 wrongly,

This caytiffe þus cursedly can construe vs.

Bed. Sirs, trulye þe troupe I haue tolde,
 Of þis wighte ȝe haue wrapped in wolde.

{ An. [*Rising.*] I saie, harlott, thy tonge schulde þou holde, lf. 145.
 And noght agaynste þi maistirs to meue þus. 359 V vij.

and angrily
 would silence
 him.

41. Pil. Do sese of youre seggyng, and I schall examyne full
 sore. Pilate is annoyed
 at their persist-
 ence.

An. Sir, demes hym to deth, or dose hym away.

{ Pil. Sir, haue ye saide?

An. Yha, lorde.

{ Pil. Nowe go sette you with sorowe and care,
 For I will lose no lede þat is lele to oure law. 363

'Sit down, be
 quiet.'

[*To Jesus.*] But steppe furth and stonde vppe on hight,

And buske to my bidding, þou boy,

And for þe nones þat þou neven vs anoy.

He tells the
 beadle to pro-
 claim attention !
 (an Oy).

Bed. I am here at youre hande to halow a hoy,
 Do move of youre maister, for I shall melle it with myȝt. 368

42. Pil. Cry, Oyas!

Be. Oyas!

Pil. Yit este, be þi feithe.

Bed. Oyas! a lowde.

{ Pil. Pilatus, yit lowder

{ That ilke lede may light¹,

369 'Cry, oyez,
 peace! and
 quiet!

Crye pece in this prese, vppon payne þer-vppon,

¹ The first line of st. 42 is lost in the confusion here. Pilate would not call out his own name, and 'alowde' must be a stage direction to the Beadle, not words uttered by him; Pilate's 'yit lowder' may be the same; 'feithe' is the best rime to 'swithe.' I should therefore venture to restore the line thus—casting out 'that ilke lede may light' altogether, as irrelevant and without sense. Perhaps it belongs to st. 48.

Pil. Cry Oyas!

Bed. Oyas!

Pil. Yit lowder!

Bed. Oyas! (*a-lowde*).

Pil. Yit este, be þi feithe.

Cry pece in þis prese, etc.

- { Bidde them swage of þer sweying
 { Bothe swiftly and swithe,
 And stynte of þer stryuyng and stande still as a stone. 372
 Call Jesus to the bar.
 Calle 'Jesu, þe gentill of Jacob, þe Jewe,
 Come preste and appere,
 To þe barre drawe þe nere,
 To þi jugement here,'
 To be demed for his dedis vndewe. 377
- If. 145 b. 43. i Mil. Whe! harke how þis harlott he heldis oute of harre,
 This lotterelle liste noght my lorde to lowte.
 ii Mil. Say beggar, why brawlest þou? go boune þe to þe
 barre.
 i Mil. Steppe on thy standyng so sterne and so stoute. 381
 ii Mil. Steppe on thy standyng so still.
 i Mil. Sir cowarde, to courte muste yhe care,
 ii Mil. A lessoune to lerne of oure lare¹.
 i Mil. Flitte fourthe, foule myght þou fare!
 ii Mil. Say, warlowe, þou wantist of þi will. 386
- Pilate's son asks why he does not fall flat in obeisance.
 44. Junior Fil. O Jesu vngentill, þi joie is in japes,
 Þou can not be curtayse, þou caytiffe I calle þe,
 No ruthe were it to rug þe and ryue þe in ropes,
 Why falles þou nozt flatte here, foule falle þe, 390
 For ferde of my fadir so free?
 Þou wotte noght his wisdomes i-wys,
 All thyne helpe in his hande þat it is,
 Howe sone he myght saue þe fro þis;
 Obeye hym, brothell, I bidde þe. 395
- Pilate encourages him.
 45. Pil. Now, Jesu, þou art welcome ewys, as I wene,
 Be nozt abashed, but boldely boune þe to þe barre.
 What! seyniour will sewe for þe sore, I haue sene;
 To wirke on þis warlowe, his witte is in warre². 399

¹ MS. has *lawe*.² The MS. has *waste*, but *warre* may be intended. The sense of the passage is obscure.

- ' Come preste, of a payne, and appere,
 And sir prelatys, youre pontes bes prevyng,
 What cause can ye caste of accusyng?
 Pis mater ye marke to be mevyng,
 And hendly in haste late vs here. 404
46. Cay. Sir Pilate O Pounce, and prince of grete price,
 We triste ye will trowe oure tales þei be trewe,
 To deth for to deme hym with dewly device,
 For cursidnesse yone knave hase in case, if ye knew, 408
 In harte wolde ye hate hym in hye.
 For if it wer so
 We mente not to misdo;
 Triste, sir, schall ye þerto,
 We hadde not hym taken to þe ¹. 413
47. { Pil. Sir, youre tales wolde I trowe,
 { But þei touche none entente,
 { What cause can ye fynde
 { Nowe pis freke for to felle?
 An. Oure sabbotte he saues not, but sadly assente
 To wirke full vnwisely, pis wote I riȝt wele ²; 417
 He werkis whane he will, wele I wote,
 And þerfore in herte we hym hate,
 Itt sittis you to strenghe youre estate
 Yone losell to louse for his lay. 421
48. Pil. Ilke a lede for to louse, for his lay is not lele,
 Youre lawes is leffull, but to youre lawis longis it
 Pis faitoure to feese wele with flappes full fele,
 And woo may ye wirke hym be lawe, for he wranges it. 425
 Therfore takes vn-to you full tyte,
 And like as youre lawes will you lede,
 Ye deme hym to deth for his dede.
 Cay. Nay, nay sir, þat dome muste vs drede ³, 429

' Come ! prelates,
 quickly appear,
 what are the
 points of accusa-
 tion ?'

If. 146.
 V viij.

' We trust you
 will believe us
 and judge him to
 death.'

' What cause
 have you to kill
 this fellow ?'

' He does not
 keep our Sab-
 bath.'

' By your law you
 can punish him
 with scourging,

or doom him to
 death.'

They refuse.

¹ These four lines are written as two in the MS.

² A line is wanting after l. 417, to fill up the sense, and to rime with l. 421.

³ A line is here wanting; perhaps 'that ilk lede may light' (see note to l. 369) is the stray, it supplies both sense and rime.

49. It longes noȝt till vs no lede for to lose.

Pilate is angry
with them, and
pities Jesus.

{ Pil. What wolde ye I did þanne?
{ þe deuyll motte you drawe!

Full fewe are his frendis, but fele are his fooes.

His liff for to lose þare longes no lawe;

433

Nor no cause can I kyndely contryue

þat why he schulde lose þus his liffe.

lf. 146 b.

An. A! gude sir, it raykes full ryffe

'He has stirred
strife,

In steedis wher he has stirrid mekill striffe

Of ledis þat is lele to youre liffe.

438

he has healed the
lame, the deaf
and dumb;

50. Cay. Sir, halte men and hurte he helid in haste,

The deffe and þe dome he delyuered fro doole,

By wicchecraftes, I warande, his wittis schall waste,

the people follow
him.

{ For þe farles þat he farith with,

{ Loo! how þei folowe yone fole;

442

Oure folke so þus he frayes in fere.

He raises the
dead and cures
the leper.'

An. The dethe he rayses anone,

þis lazare þat lowe lay allone

He graunte hym his gates for to gone,

And pertely þus proued he his poure.

447

51. Pil. Now goode siris, I saie, what wolde yhe?

'Do him out of
day.'

{ Cay. Sir, to dede for to do hym or dose hym a-dawe.

'Condemn him
because he has
done well? where
learnt ye such
law? This is no
treason.'

{ Pil. Yha, for he dose wele his deth for to deme?

{ Go, layke you, sir, lightly,

{ Wher lerned ye such lawe?

451

This touches no tresoune, I telle you.

Yhe prelatis þat proued are for price,

Yhe schulde be boþe witty and wise,

And legge oure lawe wher it lyse,

Oure materes ye meve þus emel you.

456

52. { An. Misplesse noȝt youre persone,

{ Yhe prince with-ouen pere!

'It does touch
treason: he for-
bid the tribute to
Cæsar.'

It touches to tresoune, þis tale I schall tell;

Yone briboure, full baynly he bed to for-bere

- The tribute to þe Emperoure, þus wolde he compell 460
 Oure pepill þus his poyntis to applye.
Cay. The pepull, he saies he schall saue,
 And Criste garres he calle hym, yone knave,
 And sais he will þe high kyngdome haue.
 Loke whethir he deserue to dye! 465
53. **Pil.** To dye he deserues yf he do þus in-dede,
 But y will se my-selffe what he sais.
 Speke Jesu, and spende nowe þi space for to spede¹;
 þeȝ lordyngis þei legge þe þou liste noȝt leve on oure
 lawes². 469
- They accuse þe cruelly and kene,
 And perfore, as a chiftene y charge þe,
 Iff þou be Criste þat þou telle me,
 And God sone þou grughe not to graunte ye,
 For þis is þe matere þat y mene. 474
54. **Jesus.** Þou saiste so þi-selue, I am sothly þe same,
 Here wonnyng in worlde to wirke al þi will,
 My fadir, is faithfull to felle all þi fame;
 With-uten trespas or tene am I taken þe till. 478
- Pil.** Loo! Bussþoppis, why blame ye þis boye?
 Me semys þat it is soth þat he saies,
 Ye meve all þe malice ye may,
 With youre wrenchis and wiles to wrythe hym away,
 Vn-justely to juge hym fro joie. 483
55. **Cay.** Nought so, sir, his seggyng is full sothly soth,
 It bryngis oure bernis in bale for to bynde.
An. Sir, douteles we deme als dewe of³ þe deth,
 Þis foole þat ye fauour, grete fautes can we fynde 487
 This daye, for to deme hym to dye.
Pil. Saie, losell, þou lies be þis light!
 Saie! þou rebalde! þou rekens vnright.
Cay. Advise you sir, with mayne and with myght,

'He says he will
have the king-
dom.'

If. 147.
Xj.

'If he do thus he
deserves to die.'

'Art thou the
Christ?'

'Thou sayest.

I am taken with-
out guile.'

'Bishops, why
do you blame the
boy?'

You are mali-
cious.'

'If his saying is
true, it brings us
harm;'

doom him!'

'You lie! you
reckon wrongly.'

¹ MS. has *speke*.

² Line 469 is too long, probably *þe* and *liste* should be omitted.

³ MS. has *als*.

- 'Be not angry.' And wreke not youre wrethe nowe for-thy. 492
- If. 147 b. 56. Pil. Me likes noȝt [t]his langage so largely for to lye.
 Cay. A! mercy, lorde, mekely, no malice we mente.
- Pilate is molli-
 fied. Pil. Noo done is it douteles, balde and be blithe,
 Talke on þat traytoure and telle youre entente. 496
- 'Where learnt he
 such subtlety?' Yone segge is sotell ye saie,
 Gud sirs, wher lerned he such lare?
- 'We know not ;' Cay. In faith we cannot fynde whare.
 Pil. Yhis, his fadir with some farlis gan fare,
 And has lered þis ladde of his laie ¹. 501
- his father was but
 a wright.' 57. An. Nay, nay, sir, we wiste þat he was but a write ²,
 No sotelte he schewed þat any segge saw.
 Pil. Thanne mene yhe of malice to marre hym of myght,
 Of cursidnesse convik no cause can yhe knawe. 505
- 'I wonder at
 your malice.'
 'His works are
 known in Galilee,' Me meruellis ye malyngne o mys.
 Cay. Sir, fro Galely hidir and hoo
 The gretteste agayne hym ganne goo,
 Yone warlowe to waken of woo,
 And of þis werke beres witness y-wis. 510
58. Pil. Why, and hase he gone in Galely, yone gedlyng on-
 gayne?
- where he was
 born.' An. Yha, lorde þer was he borne, yone brethelle, and
 brede ³.
- Pil. Nowe with-uten fagyng, my frendis, in faith I am
 fayne,
 For now schall oure striffe full sternely be stede. 514
- 'Sir Herod is
 king in Galilee ;' Sir Herowde is kyng þer, ye kenne,
 His poure is preued full preste,
 To ridde hym, or reue hym of rest ;
 And þefore, to go with yone gest,
 Yhe marke vs out of þe manliest men. 519
- pick out some
 men.'

¹ This word is clearly *lare* in MS., but *laie* was probably intended.

² Line 502, *was but a write þat we wiste*, in MS.

³ 'And bredde' is suggested in later hand; the original has *borne*, repeated from last half-line, this being written as two lines in MS.

59. **Cay.** Als witte and wisdome youre will schalbe wrought,
Here is kempis full kene to þe kyng for to care.
An.¹ Nowe seniours, I saie yow sen soth schall be soght,
But if he schortely be sente it may sitte vs full sare. 523
Pil. Sir knyghtis þat are cruell and kene,
That warlowe ye warrok and wraste,
And loke þat he brymly be braste ;
And perfore, sir knyghtis [in haste]²,
Do take on þat traytoure you be-twene. 528
60. **Tille Herowde in haste with þat harlott ye hye,**
Comaunde me full mekely vnto his moste myght,
Saie þe dome of þis boy, to deme hym to dye³,
Is done vpponne hym dewly, to dresse or to dight, 532
Or liffe for to leue at his liste.
Say ought I may do hym in dede,
His awne am I worthely in wede.
i Mil. My lorde, we schall springe on a-spede, 536
Come þens to me⁴ þis traitoure full tyte.
61. **Pil.** Bewe sirs, I bidde you ye be not to bolde,
But takes tente for oure tribute full trulye to trete.
ii Mil. Mi lorde, we schall hye þis be-hest for to halde,
And wirke it full wisely, in wille and in witte. 541
Pil. So sirs, me semys itt is sittand.
i Mil. Mahounde, sirs, he menske you with myght :
ii Mil. And saue you, sir, semely in sight.
Pil. Now in þe wilde vengeaunce ye walke with þat wight,
And fresshely ye founde to be flittand. 546
- ‘ Here are good
soldiers to take
him.’
If. 148.
X ij.
‘ Let him be
sent at once.
Soldiers, strongly
bind this de-
ceiver ;
commend me to
Herod, say I
have sent him
this boy for life
or death.’
‘ Look after our
tribute.’
‘ Mahomet keep
you, sirs.’
‘ Be off at once !’

¹ The MS. has *Pilatus*, repeating the same at line 524. Annas or Caiaphas seems here intended.

² In the MS. l. 527 stands next after l. 523, followed by a blank and the disconnected word ‘lorde’; the copyist evidently felt he had made a blunder. Its transposition as in the text restores the sense, and the words ‘in haste,’ according with both rime and repeated idea (see l. 529), are probably what are lost.

³ The words ‘is done’ are put at end of l. 531 in MS., evidently a mistake.

⁴ *Sic*, but these words must be wrong, perhaps *to me* should be *dome*.

XXXI. THE LYTSTERES¹.

Trial before Herod.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

REX (i.e. HEROD).

1, 2 MILITES.

JESUS.

1, 2, 3 FILII.]

1, 2 DUCES.

[SCENE, *Herod's Court.*] X

Luke xxiii. 6-12.
Gospel of Nicho-
demus (Latin),
ch. ix.

King Herod
boastfully pro-
claims himself
and his power.

Rex. PES, ye brothellis and browlys, in pis broydenesse
in brased,

And frekis pat are frendely your freykenesse to frayne,

Youre tounges fro tretyng of trifillis be trased,

Or pis brande pat is bright schall breste in youre brayne. 4

Plextis for no plasis, but platte you to pis playne,

And drawe to no drofyng, but dresse you to drede,

with dasshis.

Traueylis nojt as traytours pat tristis in trayne,

Or by pe bloode pat mahounde bledde, with pis blad schal
ye blede. 8

Pus schall I brittyn all youre bones on brede, 3ae,

And lusshe all youre lymmys with lasschis.

Dragons pat are dredfull schall derke in per denne

In wrathe when we writhe, or in wrathenesse ar wapped, 12

Agaynste jeauntis on-gentill haue we joined with ingendis 2,

And swannys pat are swymmyng to oure swetnes schall be
suapped,

¹ The normal stanza of this piece appears to consist of sixteen lines, eight long, riming alternately a b, six shorter, riming c d c c c d, and two long (containing interwoven rimes), e e. But this is not strictly adhered to, whether it is that there are omissions and errors, or that the original poet indulged in considerable variety within the limits of these rimes and lines. I have therefore only tentatively marked what appear to be stanzas or parts of stanzas, of which but four, viz. 8, 11, 12, 15, are regular. The first seventeen lines, strongly alliterative, do not conform.

² Line 13 stands after l. 14 in the MS.

And joged doune þer jolynes oure gentries engenderand ;
 Who so repreue oure estate we schall choppe þam in
 cheynes. 16

All renkkis þat are renand to vs schall be reuerande.

- (1) Ther-fore I bidde you sese or any bale be,
 þat no brothell be so bolde boste for to blowes,
 And ȝe þat luffis youre liffis, listen to me, 20
 As a lorde þat is lerned to lede you be lawes.
 And ye þat are of my men and of my menȝe,
 Sen we are comen fro oure kyth as ȝe wele knawe[s],
 And semlys all here same in þis cyte,
 It sittis vs in sadnesse to sette all oure sawes. 24

'We must gravely
 utter our say-
 ings.'

i Dux. My lorde, we schall take kepe to youre call,
 And stirre to no stede but ȝe steuen vs ;
 No greuaunce to grete ne to small. 28

'We will take
 heed.'

Rex. Ya, but loke þat no fawtes be-fall.

ii Dux. Lely, my lorde, so we shall.

Ye nede not nomore for to nevyn vs !

- (2) i Dux. Mounseniour, demene you in menske in mynde
 what I mene, 32
 And bounne to youre bodword, for so holde I best,
 For all þe comons of þis courte bene avoyde clene.
 And ilke a renke, as resoun is ¹, are gone to þer reste,
 Wher-fore I counsaile my lorde, ȝe comaunde you a
 drynke. 36

If. 149 b.
 'My lord, all the
 commons are
 gone to rest, will
 you order your
 wine.'

Rex. Nowe certis, I assente as þou sais,
 Se ych a qwy ² is wente on his ways,
 Lightly with-uten any delayes.

Giffe vs wyne wynly and late vs go wynke,
 And se þat no durdan be done ³. 40

He will have
 wine and go
 wink.

i Dux. My lorde, vn-lase you to lye,
 Here schall none come for to crye.

'My lord, un-
 lace you,'

¹ MS. has *as*.

² The words 'see ilk a wy,' i. e. a man (A. S. *wīga*, a warrior), may be intended. But this is the only example in the volume of *ilk* being spelt *ych*.

³ 'Tunc bibit Rex' here written in later hand.

- Rex.** Nowe spedely loke þat þou spie, 44
 þat no noyse be neghand þis none.
 'No noise.'
- (3) **i dux.** My lorde, youre bedde is new made,
 You nedis not for to bide it.
 'Your bed is new-made.'
- Rex.** Ya, but as þou luffes me hartely, 48
 Laye me doune softly,
 'Lay me softly,
 For þou wotte full wele
 þat I am full tendirly hydid. [*Lies down.*
 my skin is tender.'
- i Dux.** Howe lye ȝe, my goode lorde? 52
Rex. Right wele, be þis light,
 All hole at my desire,
 'Satan and Lucifer save you !
 Good night !'
 Wherefore I praye sir Satan, oure sire,
 And Lucifer moste luffely of lyre, 56
 He sauffe you all sirs, and giffe you goode nyght.
 [*Soldiers, outside.*
- Soldiers at the gate with Jesus. (4) **i Miles.** Sir knyght, ye wote we ar warned to wende,
 To witte of þis warlowe what is þe kyngis will.
ii Miles. Sir, here is Herowde all even here at oure hende, 60
 And all oure entente tyte schall we tell hym vntill.
- i Miles.** Who is here? [*At the door.*
 If. i go.
 X iiij.
- i Dux.** Who is there ?
i Miles. [*Outside.*] Sir, we are knyghtis kende,
 Is comen to youre counsaill þis carle for to kill.
- i Dux.** Sirs, but youre message may myrthis amende, 64
 Stalkis furthe be yone stretis, or stande stone still.
ii Miles. Yis certis, sir, of myrthis we mene,
 The kyng schall haue matteres to melle hym,
 We brynge here a boy vs be-twene, 68
 Wherfore haue worschippe we wene.
- i Dux.** Wele sirs, so þat it turne to no tene,
 Tentis hym and we schall go telle hym. [*Goes to the king.*
 The duke goes to tell the king.
- (5) My lorde, yondir is a boy boune, þat brought is in blame; 72
 Haste you in hye, þei houe at youre ȝates.

- Rex.** What! and schall I rise nowe, in þe deuyllis name? He does not like it,
 To stighill among straungeres in stales of a state.
- But haue here my hande, halde nowe! [Rising.] 76 but he gets up.
 And se þat my sloppe be wele sittande. ‘See that my shirt fits.’
- i Dux.** My lorde, with a goode will y wolde youe,
 No wrange will I witte at my wittande.
- (6) **But my lorde, we can tell þou of vncouthe tythandes.** 80 ‘My lord, there is some to-do about this prisoner,’
- Rex.** 3a, but loke ye telle vs no tales but trewe.
- ii Dux.** My lorde, þei bryngyouyondira boyboune in a bande,
 þat bodus outhir bourdyng or bales to brewe.
- Rex.** þanne gete we some harrowe full hastely at hande. 84
- i Dux.** My lorde, þer is some note þat is nedfull to neven
 you of new.
- Rex.** Why, hoppis þou þei haste hym to hyng? lf. 150 b.
- ii Dux.** We wotte noght þer will nor þere wenyng.
 But boodword full blithely þei bryng. 88 but they bring you a good message.’
- Rex.** Nowe do þan and late vs se of þere sayng.
- ii Dux.** [*Calls to the soldiers.*] Lo! sirs, ye schall carpe
 with the kyng, ‘Sirs, come talk with the king.’
- And telles to hym manly youre menyng. [*Enter soldiers.*]
- (7) **i Miles.** Lorde, welthis and worschippis be with you alway. 92
- Rex.** What wolde þou?
- ii Miles.** A worde, lorde, and youre willis were.
- Rex.** Well, saye on þan.
- i Miles.** My lorde, we fare foolys to flay,
 þat¹ to you wolde forfette.
- Rex.** We! faire falle you þefore!
- i Miles.** My lorde, fro 3e here what we saie, 96 ‘What we say will raise your spirits.’
 Itt will heffe vppe youre hertis.
- Rex.** 3a, but saie what heynde haue 3e þore?
- ii Miles.** A presente fro Pilate, lorde, þe prince of oure lay. A present from Pilate to the king.
- Rex.** Pese in my presence, and nemys hym nomore. 99
- i Miles.** My lorde, he woll worschippe you faine.

¹ MS. has *Yz*, with a distinct *y*; but the *þ* and *y* are frequently interchangeable.

Luke xxiii. 12.**Rex.** I consayue ȝe are ful foes of hym.

ii Miles. My lorde, he wolde menske you with mayne,
And therfore he sendis you þis swayne. 103

'I don't care for
him a borrowed
bean.'

Rex. Gose tyte with þat gedlyng agayne,
And saie hym a borowed bene sette I noght be hym.

If. 151.
X v.

(8) **i Dux.** A! my lorde, with youre leve, þei haue faren ferre;
And for to fraiste of youre fare was no folye. 107

ii Dux. My lorde, and þis gedlyng go þus it will greue
werre,

For he gares growe on þis grounde grete velanye.

Rex. Why, menys þou þat þat myghtyng schulde my
myghtes marre?

Herod is per-
suaded to listen,

i Dux. Nay lorde, but he makis on þis molde mekill
maystrie. 111

Rex. Go ynne, and late vs see of þe sawes ere,
And but yf þei be to oure bordyng, þai both schall abyē¹.

ii Miles. My lorde, we [were] worthy to blame,
To brynge you any message of mysse. 115

Rex. Why, þan can ye nemyn vs his name?

i Miles. Sir, Criste haue we called hym at hame.

and is glad when
he hears this is
Christ sent to
him.

Rex. O! þis is the ilke selue and þe same!
Nowe sirs, ye be welcome y-wisse, 119

{ And in faith I am fayne he is fonne,
{ His farles to frayne and to fele,
{ Nowe þes games was grathely begonne.
{ **ii Miles.** Lorde, lely, þat likis vs wele. 121

(9) **Rex.** Ya, but dar ȝe hete hartely þat harlott is he?

i Miles. My lorde takis hede, and in haste ye schall here
howe.

Rex. Ya, but what menys þat þis message was made
vn-to me?

ii Miles. My lorde, for it touches to tresoun, I trowe. 125

i Miles. My lorde, he is culpabill kende in oure contre,
Of many perillus poyntis, as Pilate preues nowe.

'Are you sure he
is the right man?
and why sent to
me?'

¹ Line 113 is written as two in the MS.

- ii **Miles.** My lorde, when Pilate herde he had gone thurgh Galyle,
 He lerned vs þat þat lordschippe longed to ȝou, 129
 And or he wiste what youre willis were,
 No ferther wolde he speke for to spille hym.
Rex. Þanne knawes he þat oure myghtis are þe more?
 i **Miles.** ȝa, certis sir, so saie we þore. 133
Rex. Nowe sertis, and oure frenschippe þerfore
 We graunte hym, and no greuaunce we will hym.
 (10) And sirs, ye are welcome y-wisse, as ye wele awe,
 And for to wende at youre wille y you warande; 137
 For I haue coveite kyndely þat comely to knawe,
 For men carpis þat þe carle schulde be konnand.
 ii **Miles.** My lorde, wolde he saie you soth of his sawe,
 ȝe saugh nevir slik selcouth, be see nor be sande. 141
Rex. Nowe gois a-bakke both, and late þe boy blowe,
 For I hope we gete some harre hastely at hande.
 i **Miles.** Jerusalem and þe Jewes may haue joie,
 And hele in ther herte for to here hym. 145
Rex. Saie! beene venew in bone fay,
 Ne plesew et a parle remoy. Herod addresses Jesus in French.
 ii **Miles.** Nay, my lorde, he can of no bourdyng, þis boy. 'He cannot jest, my lord.'
Rex. No sir, with þi leue we schall lere hym. 149
 [Enter Herod's son.
 (11) i **Fil.** My lorde, se ther knyghtis, þat knawe and are kene, The son is surprised at the company of strangers.
 How þai come to youre courte withoutyn any call.
Rex. ȝa, sone, and musteris grete maistries, what may þis by-mene? ¹
 i **Dux.** My lorde, for youre myghtis are more þan ye all, If. 152. X vj.
 They seke you as souerayne, and sertis þat is sene. 154 It is an acknowledgment of sovereignty.
Rex. Nowe certis, sen ȝe saie so, assaie hym I schall,
 For I am fayner of þat freyke þen othir fiftene.
 ȝae, and hym þat firste fande, faire myght hym fall!
 i **Miles.** Lorde, lely we lereth you no legh, 158

¹ Line 152 is written as two in MS. .

'Sirs, drawaside;
bring him near.

þis liffe þat he ledis will lose hym.

Rex. Wele sirs, drawes you a-drygh,
And bewscheris, bryngis 3e hym nygh,
For yif all þat his sleghtis be slye,
3itte or he passe we schall appose hym.

162

My heart hops
for joy to see
him.

{ O ! my harte hoppis for joie
{ To se nowe þis prophette appere,
{ We schall haue goode game with þis boy,
{ Takis hede, for in haste 3e schall here.

165

(12) I leve we schall laugh and haue likyng

To se nowe þis lidderon her he leggis oure lawis.

The soldiers ad-
vise Jesus how
to talk to a king.

ii **Dux.** Harke, cosyne, þou comys to carpe with a kyng,
Take tente and be conande, and carpe as þou knowis. 169

i **Dux.** Ya, and loke þat þou be not a sotte of thy
saying,

But sadly and sone þou sette all þi sawes.

Rex. Hym semys full boudisch, þat boy þat þei bryng.
Mi lorde, and of his bordyng grete bostyng men blawes.

Rex. Whi, þerfore haue I soughte hym to see, 174
Loke bewscheris, ye be to oure bodis boune.

Jesus will not
kneel,

i **Dux.** Knele doune here to þe kyng on thy knee.

ii **Dux.** Naye, nedelyngis yt will not be.

lf. 152 b.

Rex. Loo ! sirs, he mekis hym no more vnto me 178
þanne it were to a man of þer awne toune.

at which all are
shocked.

{ i **Dux.** Whe ! go lawmere, and lerne þe to lowte,
{ Or þai more blame þe to bring.

Herod excuses
him.

{ **Rex.** Nay, dredeles with-uten any doute
{ He knawes no3t þe course of a kyng, 181

(13) And her beeis in oure bale. Bourde or we blynne !

Saie firste at þe begynnyng withall, where was þu borne ?

Do felawe, for thy faith latte vs falle ynne

Firste of þi ferleis, who fedde þe be-forne ? 185

What ! deynes þou not ? lo ! sirs, he dethis vs with dynne !

Say, deynis þou not, whare ledde 3e þis lidrone ? his
langage is lorne.

Jesus deigns no
answer. Herod,
in joke, pretends
to be deafened.

i **Miles.** My lorde, his mervaylis to more and to myne, 188
Or musteres emange vs both mydday and morne.

ii **Miles.** My lorde, it were to fele

The soldiers tell
Herod

Of wonderes, he workith þam so wightely.

i **Miles.** Whe! man, momelyng may no thyng a-vayle, 192

Go to þe kyng, and tell hyme¹ fro toppe vnto tayle.

Rex. Do bringe vs þat boy vnto bale,

For lely we leffe hym noȝt lightly.

(14) i **Dux.** This² mop meynes þat he may marke men to þer
mede, 196

He makis many maistries and mervayles emange.

ii **Dux.** V¹ m. folke faire gon he feede.

With fyve looffis and two fisshis to fange.

of the works and
miracles done by
Jesus, especially
of the feeding
five thousand folk
with five loaves
and two fishes.
Math. xiv. 13-21.
Mark vi. 14, 33-
44.

Rex. Howe fele folke sais þou he fedde?

200

ii **Dux.** V¹ m. lorde, þat come to his call.

Rex. Ȝa, boye, howe mekill brede he þem bedde?

i **Dux.** But V looffis, dare I wele wedde.

Rex. Nowe, be þe bloode þat mahounde bledde,

204

What! þis was a wondir at all.

{ ii **Dux.** Nowe lorde, ij fisshis blissid he efte,

{ And gaffe þame and þer none was for-getyn.

{ i **Dux.** Ȝa, lorde, and xij lepfull þer lefte

{ Of releue whan all men had eten.

(15) **Rex.** Of such anodir mangery noman mene may. 208

ii **Dux.** Mi lorde, but his maistries þat³ musteris his myght,

Rex. But saie sirs, ar þer sawis soth þat þei saie?

ii **Miles.** Ȝa lorde, and more selcouth were schewed to
oure sight.

One Lazar, a ladde þat in oure lande lay,

Lay loken vndir layre fro lymme and fro light,

And his sistir come rakand in rewoffull arraye,

And lorde, for þer raryng he raysed hym full right,

214

Also of the rais-
ing of Lazarus.

¹ The words 'tell hyme' are interlined by later hand.

² Thus in MS.

³ The MS. repeats þat.

And fro his grath garte hym gang.

Euere forthe, with-uten any evill.

Rex. Wel such lesyngis lastis to lange. 218

i Miles. Why lorde, wene þe þat wordis be wronge?

Dis same ladde lenys vs emange.

'These are deeds
of the devil.'

Rex. Why, there hope y be dedis of þe deuyll.

{ Why schulde þe haste hym to hyng
{ That sought not newly youre newys? 222

{ **ii Miles.** My lorde, for he callis hym a kyng,
{ And claymes to be a kyng of Jewis.

(16) **Rex.** But saie, is he kyng in his kyth where he come
froo? 224

'He calls himself
king.'
lf. 153 b.

i Miles. Nay lorde, but he callis hym a kyng, his caris to kele.

Rex. Thanne is it litill wondir yf þat he be woo,
For to be weried with wrang sen he wirkis wele.

'He shall sit near
me, I will have
fun with him.'

But he schalle sitte be my-selfe sen þe saie soo, 228

Comes nerre, kyng, into courte, saie can þe not knele?

We schalle haue gaudis full goode and games or we goo.

Howe likis þa? wele, lorde? saie, what! deuyll neuere
a dele?

Herod tries
shouting and
strange tongues,

I faute in my reuerant in otill moy, 232

I am of fauour, loo! fairer be ferre.

Kyte oute yugilment, vta! oy! oy!

Be any witte þat y watte it will waxe werre.

*Seruicia primet*¹ such losellis and lurdaynes as pou, loo! 236

Respicias timet, what þe deuyll and his dame schall y
now doo?

(17) Do carpe on carle, for y can þe cure,

but Jesus will
not speak.

Say may pou not here me? oy! man, arte pou woode?

Nowe telle me faithfully before howe pou fore, 240

Forthe frende, be my faith, pou arte a fonde foode.

'Your big voice
frightens him.'

i Dux. My lorde it astonys hym, youre steuen is so store,

Hym had leuere haue stande stone still þer he stode.

¹ *Sic*; 'primet' is clearly written with the contraction, *pmet*. There seems little attempt at sense (purposely) in this jumble of French and Latin.

Rex. And whedir þe boy be abasshid of Herrowde byg
 blure, 244 It is a joke if he
be abashed at
Herod's big
bluster!

That were a bourde of þe beste, be mahoundes bloode!

ii Dux. My lorde, y trowe youre fauchone hym flaies
 And lettis hym.

Rex. Nowe lely I leue þe,
 And therfore schall y waffe it away. 248

And softly with a septoure assaie.

Herod puts a
sceptre in Jesus'
hand,

Nowe sir, be perte y þe pray,

For none of my gromys¹ schall greue þe².

Si loqueris tibi laus, pariter quoque prospera dantur,

Si loqueris tibi fraus, fell fex et bella parantur.

Mi menne, 3e go menske hym with mayne,

254 and the men
mock him.

And loke yhow þat it wolde seme.

i Dux (Deweus³). Fayff sir, and sofferayne.

ii Dux (Sir vðins). Amangidre demayne.

Rex. Go, aunswer thaym grathely agayne : 258

What deuyll! whedir dote we or dremys!

(18) **i Miles.** Naye we gete noȝt o worde, dare y wele wedde,
 For he is wraiste of his witte or will of his wone.

lf. 154.
X viij.
They cannot get
a word out of
him.

Rex. 3e saie he lakkid youre lawes as 3e þat ladde ledde.

ii Miles. 3a, lorde, and made many gaudis as we haue gone.

Rex. Nowe sen he comes as a knave and as a knave
 cledde, 264

Wherto calle ye hym a kyng?

i Dux. Nay lorde, he is none,
 But an harlotte is hee.

Rex. What deuyll! y ame harde stedde,
 A man myght as wele stere a stokke as a stone.

i Fil. My lorde, þis faitour so foully is affrayde,

The son thinks
he is afraid.

He loked neuere of lorde so langly allone. 269

¹ This word was first written *gomys*, the *r* was added above the line, apparently by the same hand.

² These last six lines are irregularly written as four in the MS.

³ The copyist here wrote the names of the two speakers, as well as the rubricator. I add the brackets.

'No, he takes us
for angels with
our gay gear.'

Rex. No sone, þe rebalde seis vs so richely arayed,
He wenys we be aungelis euere ilkone.

ii Dux. My lorde, y holde hym agaste of youre gaye gere.

Rex. Grete lordis augh to be gay; 273

'No one shall
hurt thee;
whisper in my
ear.'

Here schall noman do to þe dere,

And therefore yit nemyne in my nere,

For by the grete god, and þou garre me swere

þou had neuere dole or this day, 277

{ Do carpe on tyte, karle, of thy kynne.

{ **i Dux.** Nay, nedelyngis he neuyns you with none.

Herod is getting
angry,

{ **Rex.** þat schalle he bye or he blynne.

{ **ii Dux.** A! leues lorde!

(19) **Rex.** Lattis me allone. 279

i Dux. Nowe goode lorde and ye may meue you nomore,

Itt is not faire to feght with a fonned foode,

But gose to youre counsaile and comferte you pere.

and is advised to
retire to his
council.
lf. 154 b.

Rex. Thou sais soth, we schall see yf so will be goode, 283

For certis oure sorowes are sadde.

ii Fil. What a deuyll ayles hym?

My lorde, I can garre you be gladde,

The sons take it
up. 'What ails
the prisoner? he
must be mad or
witless.'

For in tyme oure maistir is madde, 287

He lurkis loo, and lokis like a ladde,

He is wode, lorde, or ellis his witte faylis hym.

(20) **iii Fil.** My lorde, 3e haue meste you as mekill as 3e may,

For yhe myght menske hym nomore, were he mahounde.

And sen it semys to be soo, latte vs nowe assaie. 292

Rex. Loke bewscheris, 3e be to oure boddis boune.

i Dux. My lorde, howe schulde he dowte vs, he dredis
not youre drays.

Rex. Nowe do fourthe, þe deuyll myght hym drawe [sonne]!

And sen he freyins falsed and makis foule frayes,

'Shout at him.'

Raris on hym rudely, and loke 3e not ronne¹. 297

i Fil. My lorde, I schall enforce my selffe sen 3e saie soo,

¹ The 16th cent. hand has *nota* before l. 295 and *hic* at end of l. 297, and again, before l. 307 and at end of 306.

Felawe, be not afferde nor feyne not perfore,
But telle vs nowe some truffillis be-twene vs twoo,
And none of oure men schall medill þam more.

The eldest son
begs Jesus to tell
him something
in his favour.

And perfore by resoune array þe,
Do telle vs some poynte for thy prowē,
Heris þou not what y saie þe?
Þou mummeland myghtyng, I may þe
Helpe and turne þe fro tene, as y trowe.

303

'Do you hear?
You mumbling
midget! I could
help you.'

- (21) **ii Fil.** Loke vppe, ladde, lightly and loute to my lorde here,
For fro bale vnto blisse he may nowē þe borowe;
Carpe on knave cautely and caste þe to corde here,
And saie me nowē somewhat, þou sauterell with sorowe.
Why standis þou as still as a stone here?

The second son
tries persuasion.

Spare not, but speke in þis place here,
Þou gedlyng! it may gayne þe some grace here.

312

My lorde, þis faitour is so ferde in youre face here,
None aunswere in þis nede he nevyys you with none here.

If. 155.
Y j.

iii Fil. Do bewscheris, for Belial bloode and his bonys¹,
Say somewhat or it will waxe werre.

The third is out
of patience.

i Fil. Nay we gete nouȝt one worde in þis wonys. 318

ii Fil. Do crie we all on hym at onys, Oȝes! Oȝes! Oȝes!

They all cry out
together,
'Listen!'

Rex. O! ȝe make a foule noyse for þe nonys.

'What a noise!

iii Fil. Nedlyng my lorde, it is neuere þe nerre.

- (22) **i Fil.** My lorde, all youre mutyng amendis not a myte,

To medill with a madman is meruaille to me², 323

'There's no use
in all your bark-
ing.'

Comaunde youre knyghtis to clothe hym in white,

And late hym carre as he come to youre contre.

They wish to
clothe him in
white, as a fool.

Rex. Lo sirs, we lede you no lenger a lite,

Mi sone has saide sadly how þat it schuld be;

327

But such a poynte for a page is to parfite.

i Dux. Mi lorde, fooles þat are fonde þei falle such a fee.

Rex. What! in a white garmente to goo,

The king objects
that it is too gay,

¹ The later hand gives these two lines to 'Pylatus,' the name of 'tercius filius' being inserted before l. 327 as well as here.

² MS. has *mene*, which does not agree with the rime.

Dus gayly girde in a gowne? 331

ii **Dux.** Nay lorde, but as a foole forcid hym froo.

Rex. How saie ȝe, sirs, schulde it be soo?

Al chylder. ȝa, lord.

[**Rex.**] We! þan is þer no moo,

But boldely bidde þam be boune.

but finally con- (23) Sir knyghtis, we caste to garre you be gladde, 336
sents.

Oure counsaile has warned vs wisely and wele,

White clothis we saie fallis for a fonned ladde,

And all his foly in faith fully we feele.

i **Dux.** We will with a goode will for his wedis wende, 340

For we wotte wele anowe what wedis he schall were.

ii **Dux.** Loo! here is an haterell here at youre hent,

Alle facionnd þerfore foolis to feere.

i **Miles.** Loo! here a jappon of joie, 344

All such schulde be gode for a boy,

i **Dux.** He schalle be rayed like a Roye,

And schall be fonne in his folie. [*They robe him.*]

ii **Dux.** We! thanke þam, euyll motte þou the! 348

i **Miles.** Nay we gete noȝt a worde, wele y warand.

ii **Miles.** Man, mustir some meruaile to me.

i **Dux.** What! wene ȝe he be wiser þan we.

Leffe we and late þe Kyng see, 352

Howe it is forcyd and farand.

{ Mi lorde, loke yf ȝe be paid,

{ For we haue getyn hym his gere.

{ **Rex.** Why, and is þis rebalde arayed,

{ Mi blissing, bewscheris, ȝe bere. 355

Go cry it in court;
if no one is ag-
grieved; let the
fellow go free.

(24) { Gose, garre crye in my courte,

{ And grathely garre write

All þe dedis þat we haue done in þis same degre.

And who fyndis hym greued late hym telle tyte¹,

{ And yf we fynde no defaute

{ Hym fallis to go free. 359

¹ These four last words in the MS. stand at beginning of the next line.

i **Dux.** [*Crys in the court.*] O yes! if any wight with þis
wriche any werse wate

Werkis, beris wittenesse who so werkis wrang,

Buske boldely to þe barre, his balis to a-bate,

362 The crying is
done and no one
appears.

For my lorde, be my lewte, will not be deland!

[*To Herod.*] Mylorde, here apperes none to appeyre his estate.

Rex. Wele þanne fallis hym goo free¹.

Sir knyghtis, þanne grathis you goodly to gange,

366 The soldiers are
to go back to
Pilate

And repaire with youre present and saie to Pilate,

We graunte hym oure frenschippe all fully to fang.

with Herod's
friendship.

i **Miles.** My lorde, with youre leue þis way schall we lere,

lf. 156.
Y ij.

Vs likis no lenger here to abide².

370

ii **Miles.** Mi lorde, and he worþe ought in were,

We come agayne with goode chere.

Rex. Nay bewscheris, 3e fynde vs not here,

Oure leue will we take at þis tyde.

374 Herod goes now
to rest; the busi-
ness has annoyed
him.

{ And rathely³ araye vs to reste,

{ For such notis has noyed vs or nowe.

{ i **Dux.** 3a, certis lorde, so holde y beste,

{ For þis gedlyng vngoodly has greued you.

376

(25) ii **Dux.** Loke 3e bere worde as ye wotte,

Howe wele we haue quitte vs þis while¹.

i **Miles.** We! wise men will deme it we dote,

But if we make ende of oure note.

380

Rex. Wendis fourth, þe deuyll in þi throte!

We fynde no defaute hym to slee,

Go forth with
curses, we find
no fault in him
to kill him.

Wherfore schulde we flaye hym or fleme hym

We fynde noȝt in rollis of recorde.

384

And sen þat he is dome, for to deme hym,

Ware þis a goode lawe for a lorde?

¹ Line 365 seems out of place, as shown by the rime, though the sense is good. Can it belong to l. 378, which ought to rime with l. 382? The sentence of l. 365 agrees well with the scorn of the soldier, l. 379. The whole passage, from l. 365 to the end, is difficult to read, both for rime and for sense.

² In l. 370 *here* stands after *abide* in MS.

³ MS. has *pathely*.

- (26) Nay losellis, vn-lely 3e lerned all to late, 387
 Go lere þus lordingis of youre londe such lessons to lere.
 Repaire with youre present and saie to Pilate,
 We graunte hym oure poure all playne to appere,
 And also oure greuaunce for-geue we algate,
 And we graunte hym oure grace with a goode chere. 392
 As touchyng þis brothell þat brawlis or debate,
 Bidde hym wirke as he will, and wirke noght in were.
 Go telle hym þis message fro me,
 And lede fourth þat mytyng, euyll motte he the! 396
i Miles. Mi lorde, with youre leue, late hym be,
 For all to longe ledde hym haue we.
ii Miles. What! 3e sirs, my lorde will 3e see?
Rex. What! felawes, take 3e no tente what I telle you 400
 And bid you? þat yoman ye 3eme.
ii Miles. Mi lorde, we schall wage hym an ill way.
Rex. Nay bewscheris, be not so bryme,
 Fare softly, for so will it seme. 404
i Miles. Nowe sen we schall do as ye deme,
 A dewe, sir!
Rex. Daunce on, in þe deuyll way!

Tell Pilate we
 grant him our
 grace,

and do as he will
 with this midget.

If. 156 b.

'Be not fierce;
 go softly.'

'Adieu, sir!'

lf. 157 b.
Y iii.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

1, 2 MILITES.

FILIUS.

ARMIGER.]

JUDAS.

[SCENE, *Pilate's Hall.*]

1. **Pilatus.** **P**EES, bewscheres, I bidde you, þat beldis
here aboute me,
And loke þat 3e stirre with no striffe but stande stone still,
Or, by þe lorde þat me liffe lente, I schall garre you lowte me,
And all schall byde in my bale þat wirkis noȝt my will. 4
Ye rebaldis þat regnys in þis rowte,
3e stynte of youre steuening so stowte,
Or with þis brande þat dere is to doute,
All to dede I schall dryue you þis day. 8
2. For sir Pilate of pounce as prince am y preued,
As renke moste royall in richeste array, To knawe.
þer is no berne in þis burgh has me aboute heuyd,
But he sekis me for souereyne, in certayne y saie, 12
Therfore take hede to youre lordis estate,
þat none jangill nor jolle at my ȝate,
- Matt. xxvii. 1-10.*
Luke xxiii. 13-15,
23.
Mark xv. 1-10.
Pilate commands
peace;
- as prince most
royal,
- all barons own
him lord.

¹ As this piece presents three kinds of stanzas, it is perhaps no wonder that some parts are in confusion. Several lines are lost and words wrong: I have tentatively supplied a few omissions, in brackets. The *first*, a b a b c c d, are found in stanzas 1, 2; stanzas 3 and 4 I cannot define; the *second*, a b a b c d c d, are in stanzas 5-15, and in 35-39; stanzas 16, 17, appear to be imperfect; *third*, stanzas 18-34, 40, 41, rime as the second, but with three lines added, e d e, of which one is a tag. The repetition-links are of much help in studying this piece, which must have undergone some vicissitudes.

- Nor no man to grath hym no gate,
 Tille I haue seggid and saide all my sawe. 16
- He boasts his beauty,
 For I ame þe luffeliest lappid and laide,
 With feetour full faire in my face,
 My forhed both brente is and brade,
 And myne eyne þei glittir like þe gleme in þe glasse. 20
 And þe hore þat hillis my heed
 Is even like to þe golde wyre,
 My chekis are bothe ruddy and reede,
 And my coloure as cristall is cleere ¹. 24
 Ther is no prince preuyd vndir palle
 But I ame moste myghty of all,
 Nor no kyng but he schall come to my call,
 Nor grome þat dare greue me for golde. 28
 Sir Kayphas, thurgh counsaill þi clergy is kid,
 For thy counsaile is knowyn for connand and clere,
 And Sir Anna, þyn aunswer aught not to be hidde,
 For þou is one and is abill and aught to be nere, 32
 In Parlament playne.
 And I am Prince pereles, youre poyntis to enquere.
 How saie 3e, Jues, of Jesus þat swayne?
 Haue done, sirs, sais on youre sawis, 36
 What tytill nowe haue 3e vnto hym?
 And lely 3e loke vppon youre lawes.
 Saye, why sente 3e so sone for to spille hym?
5. Anna. Sir, þat is prince and lorde of oure laye, 40
 That traitour vntrewe þat ye of telle vs,
 Nowe certayne and sone þe soth schall I saie,
 It is Jesus þat japer þat Judas ganne selle vs.
 He marres oure men in all þat he may, 44
 His ² merueylis full mekill is mustered emelle vs,
 He dois many derffe dedis on oure sabotte day,
 Þat vn-connand conjeon he castis hym to quelle vs.
- He will settle the claims of Caiaphas and Annas in Parliament.
- They accuse Jesus again of harming the people, of showing miracles, of breaking the Sabbath.

lf. 158.

Y iij.

'By what title
 will you now kill
 Jesus?'

¹ The late hand adds *to behold* at the end of this line.

² The MS. has 'This,' but 'His' seems intended.

6. That faitoure so false ¹ 48
 Fro man on to man he will compelle vs,
 And vndo you and our selffe als.
 Youre selffe he will for-do
 And he halde furth þis space, 52
 And all þis Jurie to,
 Yf þat ye graunte hym grace ².
7. Pilat. Sir Anna, þis aunswere allow I no thyng, 48
 I holde it but hatereden, þis artikill hale, 56
 And therfore, sir Busshoppe, at my biddyng,
 Do telle me nowe trewly þe texte of þis tale.
 Do termyne it trewly and tyte,
 And lely 3e lede it by þe lawe, 60
 Felonye or falsed euyñ here I defie it,
 Saie me sadly þe soth, for loue or for awe.
8. Kayphas. Sir Pilate, þe talis þe traitoure has tolde, 64
 It heuys vs in harte full haly to here þam,
 Þe warlowe with his wilis he wenys þam to wolde,
 Þe ladde with his lesyngis full lightly gan lere þam.
 Full tyte will he take þam vntill hym,
 And he þus forth go with his gaudis, 68
 Or speche ouer-sprede; 3a, bettir is to spille hym,
 The faitoure is so felle with his false fraudis.
9. Pilat. Youre aunsweres is hedouse and hatefull to here, lf. 158 b.
 Hadde I nowe herde hym and myselfe had hym sene, 72
 Yitt 3e myght haue made me to trowe you intere,
 But faute in hym I fynde none, but conande & clene.
 For conande and clene can I clepe hym,
 No faute can I fynde to reffuse hym, 76
 I hope yitt in haste 3e schall here hym,
 Whanne he comys to racleyme, þan may 3e cuse hym.
10. i Miles. Lorde, fele of his ferles in faith haue we fonne, 80
 Yone harlotte heuys oure hartis full of hate ire,

'He will ruin
you and Judea.'

Pilate does not
allow this answer:

'Tell me the
truth, seriously.'

Anna is most
eager to kill him.

lf. 158 b.
'Your answer is
hideous; I find
no fault in him.'

With hatred the
soldiers repeat
the sayings of
Jesus (*Matth.*
xxiv, 29-31).

¹ Line 48 stands after l. 45 in the MS., but the rime appears to point this out as the right place for it. There seems to be a line wanting before l. 48.

² Lines 51-54 stand as two lines in MS.

He sais hym selffe þat he is goddis sone,
And schall sitte on þe right hande beside his awne sire.

ii Miles. Þer talis is full trewe þat we telle,

'He will judge
us after our
deeds.'

On þe rayne-bowe þe rebalde it redis,
He sais he schall haue vs to heuene or to hell
To deme vs a day aftir oure dedis.

84

11. { **Pilat.** To deme vs! in þe deuyll name!

{ Say, whedir? saie whedir to þe deuyll?

87

What dastardis! wene ye be wiser þan we?

i Miles. Mi lorde, with youre leue, we neuen it¹ for non ill
He has mustered his meruayles to mo þan to me.

Mi souerayne lorde, yone sauterell he sais,

91

'He will cast
down the temple
and raise it in
three days.'

He schall caste doune oure tempill, noȝt for to layne,
And dresse it vppe dewly with-in thre daies,
Als wele as it was, full goodely agayne.

12. **Anna.** Ȝa, sir, and on oure awne sabott day,

95

þanne werkis he werkis full wele.

Pilat. We! fye on hym, faitour, for ay!

For þei are darke dedis of þe deuyll.

'More noisome
than all, he calls
himself king of
the Jews.'

If. 159.

Y v.

John xviii. 33-37.

Pilate is now
stirred to wrath;
'Where is he?'

Kayph. Sir, a noysomemare note newly is noysed,

þat greuis me more þan any-kynne thyng,

100

He claymes hym clerly till a kyngdome of Jewes,

And callis hym selffe oure comeliest kyng.

13. **Pilat.** Kyng! in þe deuyllis name, we! fye on hym, dastard!

What! wenys þat woode warlowe ouere-wyn vs þus lightly?

A begger of Bedlem, borne as a bastard,

105

Nowe by Lucifer lath I þat ladde, I leue hym not lightly.

Anna. Sir, þe harlotte is at Heroudes hall, euyn her at
your hande.

Pilat. I sente to þat warlowe, þe deuyll myght hym wery.

Kaiph. It langis to youre lordschippe, be lawe of þis land,
As souerayne youre selffe, to sitte of enquiry.

110

14. **Anna.** Sir, þe traitoure has tolde vs mo trufullis truly,

Wolde tene you full tyte, and we you þam tolde :

¹ MS. has *neuenist*.

Pilat. Nowe, be Beliall bonis, þat boy schall abie,
And bring on his bak a burdeyne of golde.

i Filius. Mi lorde þat is ledar of lawis of þis lande, 115
þe sente hym youre selfe to Herowde þe kyng,
And sais, 'þe dome of þat doge lies holy in your hande
To deme hym or lose hym, at youre likyng.'

Pilate's son reminds him that as he sent Jesus to Herod, he must await the king's judgment.

15. And þus þe comaunded youre knyghtis for to saie, 119
'For sir Heroude will serche hym full sore,
So þat he wende with no wilis away,'
And þefore, my goode lorde, moue you nomore¹.

{ **Kaiph.** Nowe certis, þis was wele saide,
{ But sir, will þe sese nowe, and we schall se syne. 123

Pilat. Sir Kayphas and Anna, right so nowe I thynke, ,
Sittis in mahoundis blissing, and aske vs þe wyne.
þe knyghtis of my courte, comaundis vs to drynke². 126

[*They drink. Enter Judas, speaking to himself.*

16. **Judas.** Allas! for woo þat I was wrought
Or euere I come be kynde or kynne,
I banne þe bonys þat me furth brought,
Woo worthe þe wombe þat I bredde ynne, 130
So may I bidde.

'Alas! that I was born.'

lf. 159 b.

For I so falsely did to hym³
þat vnto me grete kyndnesse kidde.

Judas repents having betrayed his master.

17. þe purse with his spens aboute I bare, 134
þer was none trowed so wele as I,
Of me he triste no man mare,
And I be-trayed hym traytourly
With a false trayne, 138
Sakles I solde his blessid body,
Vnto Jues for to be slayne³.

'Guiltless I sold his blessed body.'

18. To slaa my souereyne assente I,
And tolde þem þe tyme of his takyng, 142

¹ Line 122 stands after l. 119 in the MS.

² Marginal note in late hand, 'Hic caret loquela de primo filio et aliis.'

³ Lines 132, 133 are written as one in MS.; so are ll. 139, 140.

Shamously my selfe þus schente I
 So sone for to sente to his slayng.
 Nowe wiste I howe he myght passe þat payne,
 To loke howe beste þat bote myght be ¹ 146
 Vnto þe Jues I will agayne,
 To saue hym he myght passe free,
 þis ware my will. [*Advances towards Pilate.*

Lorde, welthe and worschippe mot with yow be ! 150

Pilat. What tythandis, Judas, tellis þou vs till ?²

He begs Pilate
 to let Jesus go.

19. Judas. My tydyngis are tenefull, I telle þou,
 Sir Pilate, perfore I you praye,
 My maistir þat I gune selle þou, 154
 Gode lorde, late hym wende on his way.

Kaiph. Nay, nedelyngis, Judas, þat we denye,
 What mynde or mater has moued þe þus ?

Judas. Sir, I haue synned full greuously, 158
 Betraied þat right-wisse bloode, Jesus
 And maistir myne.

Caiaphas throws
 his sin back upon
 himself,

Kaiph. Bewscher, what is þat till vs,
 þe perill and þe plight is thyne. 162

20. Thyne is þe wronge, þou wroughte it,
 þou hight vs full trewlye to take hym,
 And oures is þe bargayne, we boughte [it] ³,
 Loo ! we are alle sente for to slee hym. 166
 Judas ⁴. Allas ! þat may me rewe full ill,
 Giffe þe assente hym for to slaa.

'We are all of
 assent to kill
 him.'
 lf. 160.
 V vj.

Pilat. Why, what wolde þou þat we did þer-till ?

Judas offers back
 the money.

Judas. I praie you goode lorde, late hym gaa, 170
 And here is of me youre paymente [playne] ⁵.

'Nay, we bought
 him ; you assent-
 ed yourself.'

Kayph. Naie, we will noght so,
 We bought hym for he schulde be slayne ;

¹ In the MS. l. 146 runs, 'To loke þat howe beste myght be bote,' and it stands after l. 147.

² Marginal note in late hand, 'Hic caret loquela magna et diversa.'

³ MS. has *hym*.

⁴ The name *Judas* is inserted by the late hand ; evidently needed.

⁵ MS. has *hale*, perhaps a reminiscence of l. 197. The line is also too long.

21. To slee hym þi selffe þou assente it. 174
 þis wate þou wondirly wele,
 What right is nowe to repente [it],
 þou schapist þi selffe vn-seele.
Anna. Do waie, Judas, þou dose for noght. 178 None of them
 Thy wordis I warne þe are in waste. listen to Judas ;
 Thy selffe to selle hym whanne þou vs sought,
 þou was agaynste hym þanne þe moste,
 Of vs ilkan. 182
Kayph. We schall be venged on hym in haste,
 Whedir þat euere he will or none.
22. **Pilat.** þer wordis þat þou nenys noght nedis it, 186
 þou on-hanged harlott, hark what I saie,
 Spare of thy spekyng, noght spedis it,
 Or walke oute at þe dore, in þe deuill way. he is told to walk
 out of the door.
Judas. Why will ye þanne noȝt latte hym passe,
 And haue of me agayne youre paie? 190
Pilat. I telle þe, traytoure, I wille it noght.
Judas. Allas ! þanne am I lorne [this day]
 Boþe bone and bloode,
 Allas þe while ! so may I saie, 194
 That euere I sente to spille his bloode.
23. To saue his bloode, sirs, I saie you, 198 He prays them
 And takes you þare youre payment hole, to take the
 Spare for to spille hym, I praye youe, money and spare
 Ellis brewe ȝe me full mekill bale. Jesus.
 If. 160 b.
Pilat. Nay, heriste þou, Judas, þou schall agayne, Pilate forcibly
 We will it nouȝt, what deuyll art þou? refuses.
 When þou vs sought þou was full fayne 202
 Of þis money ; what aylis þe nowe
 For to repente?
Judas. Agayne, sirs, here, I giffe it you,
 And saue hym þat he be noȝt schent. 206
24. **Pilat.** To schende hym thy-selfe has þe schamed, and taunts him
 þou may lathe with þi liffe þat þou ledis, with his
 treachery.

Fondely as a false foole þi selfe has famed,
 Therfore þe deuyll þe droune for thy darfe dedis.

Judas. I knawe my trespasse and my gilte, 211

It is so grete, it garres me grise,
 Me is full woo he schulde be spilte ;

Might I hym saue of any wise,

Wele were me þan 215

Saue hym, sirs, to youre seruise

I will me bynde to be your man.

Judas offers to be
 bondman to
 Pilate.

25. Yourre bonde-man, lorde, to be

Nowe euere will I bynde me, 219

Sir Pilate, ye may trowe me,
 Full faithfull schall ȝe fynde me.

' Find thee faith-
 ful ? a traitor
 worthy to be
 hanged and
 drawn !'

Pilat. Fynde þe faithfull ? a ! foule mot þe falle !

Or þou come in oure companye, 223

For by mahoundes bloode, þou wolde selle vs all,
 Thi seruice will we noght for-thy¹

þou art unknowen

Fals tiraunte, for þi traitoury 227

þu art wo[r]þi to be hanged & drawn.

26. Hanged and drawn schulde þou be, knave²,

And þou had right, by all goode reasoun,
 Thi maistirs bloode þou biddist vs saue, 231

And þou was firste þat did him treasoun.

Judas. I cry ȝou mercy, lorde, on me rewe,

þis werryd wight þat wronge has wrought,

If. x6x.
 Y vij.

Haue mercy on my maistir trewe, 235

þat I haue in youre bandome brought.

[I cry ȝou sore].

Pilat. Goo, jape þe, Judas, and neuen it noght,

Nor move vs of þis matere more.

They laugh at
 the sorrow of
 Judas, and jeer
 him.

27. Anna. No more of þis matere þou move þe, 239

þou momeland mytyng emell,

¹ The MS. has *for it* ; and ll. 225, 226 are reversed.

² The MS. has *knownen*. See *knave* in l. 319.

Oure poynte expresse her reproues þe,
Of felonye falsely and felle.

Kaiph. He grucchis noȝt to graunte his gilte, 243

Why schonnys þou noȝt to schewe þi schame?

We bought hym for he schulde be spilte,

‘We bought him
from you.’

All same we were consente to þe same,

And þi selffe als; 247

Þou feyned noȝt for to defame,

Þou saide he was a traytoure fals.

28. **Pilat.** ȝaa, and for a false faitoure,

Thy selffe full fully gon selle hym,

‘Yea, it was a
traitor’s trick.’ 251

O! þat was a trante of a traytour,

So sone þou schulde goo to begile hym.

i Miles. What, wolde þou þat we lete hym ga?

Yon weried wight, þat wrought such wronge,

255

We will not lose oure bargayne swaa,

‘We can’t lose
our bargain:’

So lightly for to late hym gang;

And reson why

Latte we þat lotterell liffe ought long,

It will be fonde, in faith, foly.

260

29. **ii Miles.** Yone folte for no foole schall he fynde vs,

We wotte all full wele howe it was,

we are not such
fools.’

His maistir whanne he gunne bringe vs,

He praied yow my goode lord late hym not passe.

264

Pilat. Nay, sertis, he schalle noȝt passe free.

Þat we for oure mony has paied.

Judas. Take it a-gayne þat ȝe toke me,

And saue hym fro þat bittir braide,

If. 161 b.
‘Take the
money.’ 268

þan were I fayne.

Anna. Itt serues of noȝt þat þou has saide,

And therfore takis it tyte agayne.

30. **Pilat.** Tyte agayne, traytoure, þou take it,

We wille it noȝt welde with-in oure wolde,

‘We will not take
the money nor
give him up.’ 272

ȝitt schalte þou noȝt, sawterell, þu sune for-sake it,

For I schall sers hym my selffe sen þou has hym solde.

Kaiph. For-sake it in faith, þat he ne schall, 276
 For we will halde hym þat we haue,
 The payment chenys þe with-all,
 The thar no nodir comenaunte craue.

[Nor mercy none].

Judas. Sen 3e assente hym for to slaa, 280
 Vengeaunce I crie on you ilkone !

'The payment
 binds the cove-
 nant.'

Judas cries
 vengeance on
 them all !

31. Ilkane I crie, þe deuill for-do youe ¹ !
 And þat myghte I both here and see,
 Herde heuenyng here I wn-to youe. 284
 For sorowe on-sought ye on me se.

They send him
 off with hard
 words.

Kaiph. Whe ! fye on the, traytoure attaynte, at þis tyde ;
 Of treasoune þou tyxste hym, þat triste þe for trewe.
 Do buske þe henne, brothell, no lenger þou abide, 288
 For if þou do, all þi respouns sare schall þe rewe.
 Say wote þou noght who is I ?

Nowe be my nociens, myght I negh nere þe,
 In certayne, ladde, yitt schulde I lere þe 292
 To lordis to speke curtaily.

Pilat. Go thy gatis, geddlyng, and greue vs no more,
 Leffe of þi talke, þe deuill mot þe hange.

Judas sets down
 the money ;

Judas. Þat att 3e toke me, take it you þere, 296
 Ther with youre maistrie make yowe emange,

And clayme it you clene,

Me lathes with my liff, so liffe I to lang.

My traitourfull torne he turment my tene. 300

If. 162.
 Y viij.

he loathes his
 life ; his traitorous
 action torments
 him ; no mercy is
 to be had, he will
 kill himself.

32. Sen for my treasoune haue I tane vnto me,
 Me thare aske no mercy, for none mon y gete,
 Ther-fore in haste my-selffe schall for-do me,
 Allas ! þe harde while þat euere ete I meete. 304
 Thus schall I marke my mytyng meede,
 And wirke me wreke with harte and will,

¹ If we take out the speech of Caiaphas, ll. 286-293, the four lines before it and the seven after it make a perfect stanza.

To spille my selffe nowe wille I spede,

For sadly haue I seruyd þer-till ;

308

So wala way !

' Alas ! that euer
I betrayed that
trust.

þat euere I was in witte or wille,

þat tristy trewe for to be-traye.

33. Allas ! who may I meue to ?

312

Shall I me take non othir reede,

Mi-selffe in haste I schall for-doo,

In haste I will
slay myself.'

And take me nowe vn-to my dede. [*Exit Judas.*] 315

Kaiph. Haue done nowe, Sir Pilate, late se what ȝe saie,

They consult
what to do with
the money.

As touchyng þis money þat we here haue,

þat Judas in a wreth has wayyd away,

And keste vs crabbidly, þat cursed knave.

Howe saie ȝe þer-by ?

320

Anna. Sir, sen he it slang, we schall it saue.

Kaiph. Tite truste it tille oure tresorie.

34. **Pilat.** Nay sir, noght soo.

323

Kaiph. Why sir, how þan ?

Pilat. Sir, it schall not combre vs,

Nor come in oure Corbonan.

{ **Kaiph.** No, tille oure tresory certayne

It shall not go in
the treasury,

{ Farther schall it nought.

327

And se youre selffe soth certayne and skill ¹

It is price of þe bloode þat we with it boght,

it is the price of
blood.

Therfore some othir poynte I purpose it till.

And þus I deuyse ;

331

[**Pilat.** ²] A spotte of erthe for to by, wayte nowe I will,

If. 162 b.

To berie in pilgrimes þat by þe wey dies.

We will buy a
spot of earth to
bury pilgrims in.

35. Pilgrimes and palmeres to putte þere,

Sir Kaiphas and Anna, assente ȝe perto ?

And opere false felons þat we for-fare.

336

Anna. As ȝe deme, lorde, so wille we doo.

[*Enter an Esquire.*

¹ MS. has *skall*.

² The rubricator forgot to insert the name of Pilate, but it seems likely that his speech begins with l. 332.

The squire sa-
lutes Pilate ;

¹ **Armiger.** Hayle! Sir Pilate, perles and prince of pis empire,
Haile! þe gaïest on grounde, in golde þer 3e glide,
Haile! þe louffeliest lorde of lyme and of lyre, 340
And all þe soferans semely þat sittith þe béside.

Pilat. What wolde þou?

Armig. A worde, lorde, and wende.

Pilat. Nowe þou arte welcome i-wisse.

36. **But** delyuere þe lightly with-uten any lette, 344
We haue no tome all day to tente on-to þe.

Armig. A place here beside lorde, wolde I wedde-sette.

Pilat. What title has þou þer-to? is it þyne awne free?

Armig. Lorde, fre be my fredome me fallis it. 348

Dis tale is full trewe þat I telle 3ou,

And Caluary locus men callis it,

I wolle it wedde-sette, but not for to selle 3ou.

37. **Pilat.**² What wolde þou borowe, bewshire, be-lyve, late
me se? 352

Armig. If it ware youre lekyng, my lorde, for to lene it,
xxx pens I wolde 3e lente on-to me.

Kayph. Yis, bewshire, þat schall þou haue.

Pilat. Shewe vs thi dedis and haue here pi mony. 356

Armig. Haue her, gode lord, but loke 3e þame saue.

[*Gives the deeds.*]

As soon as the
deeds are given
up they defy the
squire and cheat
him of his land.

38. **Pilat.** 3is, certis, we schall saue þame full soundely,
And ellis do we noght dewly oure deuere.
Faste, freke, for thy faith, on thy fote fonde þe! 360
For fro þis place, bewschere, I soile þe for euere³.

Armig. Now sorowe on such socoure as I haue soght,
For all my tresoure thurgh tresoune I tyne;

39. I tyne it vn-trewly by tresoune, 364
þer-fore nowe my way will I wende;

He goes his way
mourning,

¹ The late hand here writes 'Hic caret.'

² There seem to be two lines missing here, one before l. 352 riming to 'lene it,' the other before l. 355 riming to 'mony.'

³ Marginal note in late hand, 'hic caret loquela'; two lines (riming to 'soght' and 'tyne') are seen to be wanting here.

For ȝe do me no right nor no resoune,

I be-take you all to þe fende !

[*Exit Esquire.*

'Go to the devil,
all of you !'

Pilat. Nowe certis, we are serued att all,

368

Þis place is purchesed full propirly,

The felde of bloode loke ȝe it call,

I you comaunde ilkone for-thy.

40. Kaiph. Sir, as ȝe comaunde vs, call it schall we soo, 372

But my lorde, with youre leue, we may lende her no lengar,

But faste late vs founde to fang on oure foo,

'Let us go ;

ȝone gedlyng on-godly has brewed vs grete angir.

Anna. Do way, Sir busshoppe, and be not a-þaste, 376

For loste is all oure lekyng, lepe he so light.

Kaiph. Nay, Sir, he schall not trusse so tite, and þat be

ȝe traste,

For it wynnes vs no worschippe, þe werkis of yone wight,

the doings of
that fellow win
us no respect.'

But grete angir.

380

For-thy late vs dresse vs his deth for to dite,

And late we þis lotterell leue her no lengar.

41. Pilat. Sir Kayphas, thurgh counsaile comaunde we our lf. 163 b.

knyghtis,

{ To wacche on yone warlowe

{ What way þat he wendis,

384

{ Do dresse ȝou nowe dewly,

{ To yone doderon ȝou dightis,

{ And lette noȝt to laite hym

{ In lande where he lendis,

Nor leuys hym noȝt lightly.

387

{ **ii Miles.** In faith we schall fette hym

{ Full farre fro his frendis.

{ **Pilat.** Nowe walkis on in þe wanyand,

{ And wende youre way wightely.

389

XXXIII. THE TYLLEMAKERS¹.

*The second Trial before Pilate continued;
the Judgmen of Jhesus.*

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS.	CAYPHAS.
PILATUS.	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 MILITES.
ANNA.	PRECO (Beadle or Porter).
BARABBAS.]	

[SCENE, *Pilate's Hall.*]

Matth. xxvii.
22-31.

Mark xv. 15-20.
John xix. 1-16.

Pilate commands
obedience from
his followers.

1. Pil. **L**ORDYNGES, þat are lymett to þe lare of my
liaunce,
þe schappely schalkes and schene for to schawe,
I charge þou as þour chiften þat þe chatt for no chaunce,
But loke to youre lord here, and lere at my lawe. 4
As a duke I may dampne þou and drawe,
Many bernys bolde are aboute me,
And what knyght or knave I may knawe
þat list noȝt as a lord for to lowte me, 8
I sall lere hym
In the deueles name, þat dastard, to dowte me.
þa, who werkis any werkes with-oute me,
I sall charge hym in chynes to chere hym. 12
2. Tharfore þe lusty ledes, with-in þis lenglht lapped,
Do stynte of þoure stalyng and of stoutnes be stalland,
What traytours his tong with tales has trapped, 15
That fende for his flater yng full foull sall be falland.

No noise,

¹ *Tillemakers* is crossed through, and *Mylmers* is written in the later hand as a fresh heading, on five of the pages of this piece.

What broll ouere brathely is bralland, or quarrellings.
 Or vnsoftely will sege in þer sales,
 Þat cayteffe¹ þus carpand and calland
 As a boy sall be broght vn-to bales. 20

þerfore

Talkes not nor trete not of tales,
 For þat gome þat gyrnes or gales, ‘He who grins or
screams I will
hurt him!’
 I myself sall hym² hurte full sore. 24

3. **An.** 3e sall sytt hym full sore, what sege will assay 3ou, Chorus of adula-
tion from the
priests.
 If he like not youre lordshippe, þat ladde, sall 3e lere hym,
 As a pereles prince full prestly to pay 3ou,
 Or as a derworth duke with dyntes sall 3e dere hym. 28

Cay. 3aa, in faythe 3e haue force for to fere hym,
 Thurgh youre manhede and myght bes he marred,
 No chyualrus chiftan may chere hym,
 Fro that churll with charge 3e haue charred 32
 [and hasted?]

Cay. In pynynge payne bees he parred,

An. 3aa, and with schath of skelpys yll scarred
 Fro tyme þat youre tene he haue tasted. 36

4. Now certes, as me semes, who so sadly has soght 3ou, lf. 164 b.
 Your praysyng is prophetable, 3e prelates of pees,
 Gramercy, 3oure goode worde, and vngayne sall it noȝt you, ‘Thanks for your
good words and
truth-saying.’
 That 3e will say the sothe and for no sege cese. 40

Cay. Elles were it pite we appered ir þis prees,
 But consayue how 3oure knyghtes ere command. ‘The soldiers are
coming,’

An. 3a, my³ lord, þat leve 3e no lese
 I can telle you, 3ou tydes sum tythandis 44
 ful sadde.

Pil. Se, they bring 3oone brolle in a bande;
 We sall here nowe, hastely at hand, we shall hear
what unhap he
had with Herod.’
 What vnhappe before Herowde he had. 48

¹ The MS. has *caysteffe*.

² MS. has *hyn*.

³ The MS. repeats *my* twice.

Salutation.

5. i Mil. Hayll! louelyest lorde þat euere lawe led ȝitt,
 Hayll! semelyest vndre on euere ilka syde,
 Hayll! stateliest on stede in strenghe þat is sted ȝitt,
 Hayll! liberall, hayll! lusty to lordes allied. 52

' Herod greets
you,

Pil. Welcome, what tydandis þis tyde,
 Late no langgage lightly nowe lette ȝou.
 ii Mil. Sir Herowde, sir, it is not to hyde,
 As his gud frende grathely he grete yowe 56
 for euere,

and gives you
his friendship.

In what manere þat euere he mete ȝou,
 By hym-selfe full sone wille he sette you,
 And sais þat ȝe sall not disseuer. 60

The lad would
not speak, but
was dumb as a
door; he found
no fault in him,

6. Pil. I thanke hym full thrally, and sir, I saie hym þe same,
 But what meruelous materes dyd þis myron þer mell?

i Mil. For all þe lordis langage his lipps, sir, wer lame,
 For any spirringes in þat space no speche walde he spell.
 Bot domme as a dore gon he dwell, 65
 þus no faute in hym gon he fynde,
 For his dedis to deme hym to qwell,
 Nor in bandis hym brathely to bynde, 68
 and þus

If. 165.
Z. 111j.
and sent him to
you.

He sente hym to youre self, and assynde
 þat we, youre knyghtis, suld be clenly enclyned,
 And tyte with hym to you to trus. 72

' Listen, sirs,
Herod found no
fault in me,

7. Pil. Syrs, herkens! here ȝe not what we haue oppon
 hand,

Loo, howe pere knyghtes carpe þat to þe kyng cared!
 Syr Herowde, þai say no faute in me fand,
 He fest me to his frenschippe, so frendly he fared. 76
 More-over sirs, he spake, and noght spared,
 Full gentilly to Jesu þis iewe,
 And sithen to ther knyghtis declared
 How fawtes in hym fand he but fewe 80

and small fault in
Jesus to die.'

To dye,

He taste hym, I telle þou for trewe,
For to dere hym he demed vndewe,

And sirs, þe sothly saie I. 84

8. **Cai.** Sir Pilate oure prince, we prelatys nowe pray þou,
Sen Herowde fraysted no ferþer þis faitour to slaye,
Resayue in þour sall þer sawes þat I saie you,
Late bryng hym to barre, and at his berde sall we baye. 88

Caiaphas wishes
to bring Jesus to
the bar :

An. 3a, for and he wende þus by wiles away, *
I wate wele he wirke will vs wondre,
Oure menþe he marres þat he may,
With his seggynges he settes þam in sondre, 92
With synne.

he does much
harm among the
people, breeding
blunders.

With his blure he breidis mekill blondre ;
Whills 3e haue hym, nowe haldes hym vndir,
We sall wery hym away yf he wyne. 96

'Hold him now
you have him.'

9. **Cay.** Sir, no tyme is to tarie þis traytour to taste,
Agayne Sir Cesar hym selfe he segges and saies,.
All þe wightis in this world wirkis in waste,
þat takis hym any tribute ; þus his teching outrayes. 100
3itt forther he feynes slik affraies,
And sais þat hym self is God son ;
And sir, oure lawe leggis and layes
In what faytour falsed is fon 104,
Suld be slayne.

They falsely
accuse him.

Pil. For no schame hym to shende will we shon.

An. Sir, witnesse of þis wanes may be wonne, 108
þat will tell þis with-owten any trayne.

If. 165 b.

10. **Cayp**¹. I can reken a rable of renkes full right,
Of perte men in prese fro this place ar I pas,
þat will witnesse, I warande, þe wordis of þis wight,
How wikkidly wrought þat þis wrecche has ; 112
Simon, 3arus, and Judas,
Datan and Gamaliell,

They bring for-
ward false wit-
nesses.

¹ This name is inserted by the later hand.

Neptalim, Leui, and Lucas,
 And Amys þis maters can mell 116
 to-githere;
 Þer tales for trewe can they telle,
 Of this faytour þat false is and felle,
 And in legyng of lawes ful lithre. 120

Pilate sets them
 aside; this pro-
 ceeding is urged
 by hatred.

11. **Pil.** 3a, tussch! for youre tales, þai touche not entente,
 Þer witesse I warande þat to witesse 3e wage,
 Some hatred in ther hartis agaynes hym haue hent,
 And purpose be this processe to putt down þis page. 124
Caip. Sir, in faith vs fallith not to fage,
 Þai are t[r]yst men and true þat we telle 3ou,
Pil. Youre swering, seris, swiftly 3e swage,
 And no more in this maters ye mell 3ou, 128
 I charge.
An. Sir, dispise not þis speche þat we spell you,
Pil. If 3e feyne slike frawdys, I sall felle 3ou,
 For me likis noght youre langage so large. 132

Pilate is dis-
 pleased with the
 persistent
 charges,

12. **Cai.** Oure langage is to large, but 3oure lordshipp re-
 leue vs,
 3itt we both beseke you, late brynge hym to barre,
 What poyntes þat we putte forth, latt your presence
 appreue vs,
 3e sall here how þis harlott heldes out of herre. 136
Pil. 3a, butt be wise, witty, and warre.
An. 3is, sir, drede 3ou noȝt for no thyng we doute hym.
 Fecche hym, he is noght right ferre,
 Do bedell, buske þe abowte hym. 140
 Preco. I am fayne,
 My lorde, for to lede hym or lowte hym,
 Vncleth hym, clappe hym, and clowte hym,
 If 3e bid me, I am buxhome and bayne. 144

but at length is
 persuaded to
 send for Jesus
 again.

If. 166.
 Z v.

[Goes to the soldiers.]

13. Knyghtis, 3e er commaundid with þis caityf to care,
 And bryng hym to barre, and so my lord badd.
i Mil. Is þis thy messege? [*Præco*] 3a, sir. [*i Mil.*] Þan
 moue þe no mare,
 For we ar light for to leppe and lede forthe þe ladd. 148
ii Mil. [*To Jesus.*] Do steppe furth, in striffe ert þou stadde, The soldiers, in-
 I vphalde full euyll has þe happed. sulting, bring
i Mil. O man, thy mynde is full madde, Jesus in.
 In oure clukis to be clowted and clapped, 152
 And closed.
ii Mil. Þou bes lassched, lusschyd, and lapped.
i Mil. 3a, rowted, russched, and rapped,
 þus thy named with noye sall be noysed. 156
14. *ii Mil.* [*To Pilate.*] Loo, this sege her, my souerayne, þat
 3e for-sente.
Pil. Wele, stirre noȝt fro þat stede, but stande stille þare ;
 Bot he schappe som shrewdnesse, with shame bese he shente,
 And I will frayst in faith, to frayne of hir fare. 160
Caip. [*Starting.*] We, outte ! stande may I noȝt, so I stare. The priests sud-
An. 3a, harrowe, of this traytour with tene. denly exclaim,
Pil. Say, renkes, what rewth gars you rare ? *Gosp. of Nicho-*
 Er ye woode, or wittles I wene, *demus*, ch. i.
 What eyles 3ou ? 'What do you
 164 roar at, are you
Caip. Out ! slike a sight suld be sene. mad ?'
An. 3a ! allas, conquered ar we clene. 'We are con-
Pil. We ! ere 3e fonde, or youre force fayles 3ou ? 168 quered !'
 15. *Cai.* A ! sir, saugh 3e noȝt þis sight, how þat þer schaftes
 schuke,
 And theȝ baneres to this brothell þai bowde all on brede ?
An. 3a, ther cursed knyghtes by crafte lete them croke, If, 166 b.
 To worshippe þis warlowe vnworthy in wede. 172
Pil. Was it dewly done, þus in dede ?
Caip. 3a, 3a, sir, oure selfe we it sawe.

Pilate is angry
with the stan-
dard-bearers,

Pil. We ! spitte on them, ill mott þai spede !
Say, dastard, þe deuyll mote 3ou drawe, 176

How dar 3e

þer baners on brede þat her blawe,
Lat lowte to þis lurdan so lawe ?

O faytouris, with falsched how fare 3e ? 180

but they declare
they could not
hinder the
lances bowing.

16. **iii Mil.** We beseke you and tho seniouris beside 3ou, sir,
sitte,

With none of oure gouernaunce to be greuous and gryll,
For it lay not in oure lott þer launces to lett,
And þis werke þat we haue wrought it was not oure will. 184

Pil. þou lise, harstow, lurdan ? full ille,
Wele þou watte if þou witnes it walde.

iv Mil. Sir, oure strenght myght no3t stabill þam stille,
They hilded for ought we couthe halde, 188

Oure vnwittyng.

v Mil. For all oure fors, in faith, did þai folde,
As þis warlowe worschippe þai wolde ;
And vs semid, forsoth, it vnsittyng. 192

The priests do
not believe the
men.

17. **Cai.** A ! vnfrendly faytours, full fals is youre fable,
þis segge with his suttelte to his seett hap you sesid.

vi Mil. 3e may say what you semes, sir, bot þer standerdes
to stabill

What freyke hym enforces full foull sall he be fesid. 196

An. Be þe deuyllis nese, 3e ar doggydly diseasid,
A ! henne-harte ! ill happe mot 3ou hente.

Pil. For a whapp so he whyned and whesid
And 3itt no lasshe to þe lurdan was lente, 200
foul fall 3ou !

iii Mil. Sir, i-wisse no wiles we haue wente,
Shamefully 3ou satt to be shente,

Here combred caystiffes, I call 3ou ! 204

If. 167.
Z vj.
' Let the biggest

18. **iv Mil.** Sen 3ou lykis not, my lord, oure langage to leve,
Latte bryng the biggest men þat abides in þis land,

Proprirly in youre presence þer pouste to preve,
 Be-holde þat they helde nott fro þei haue þaim in hand. 208

men in the coun-
 try come and try
 to hold them.

Pil. Now ȝe er ferdest þat euere I fand,

Fy on youre faynte hertis in feere,

Stir þe, no langer þou stande,

þou bedell, þis bodworde þou bere

212

Thurgh þis towne ;—

þe wyghtest men vn-to were,

And þe strangest þer standerdis to stere,

Hider blithely bid þam be bowne.

216

Pilate sends for
 the strongest
 men,

19. **Preco.** My souerayne full sone sall be serued youre sawe,

I sall bryng to þer baneres right bigg men and strange,

A company of keuellis in this contre I knawe

That grete ere and grill, to þe gomes will I gange. 220

[Goes to two soldiers.

Say, ye ledis botht lusty and lange,

ȝe most passe to sir Pilate a pace.

i **Mil.** If we wirke not his wille it wer wrang,

We are redy to renne on a race,

224

And rayke.

Preco. Then tarie not, but tryne on a trace,

And folow me fast to his face.

and the beadle
 brings two tall
 soldiers.

ii **Mil.**¹ Do lede vs, vs lykes wele þis lake. 228

[The Beadle returns with them to Pilate.

20. **Pre.** Lorde, here are þe biggest bernes þat bildis in þis

burgh,

Most stately and strange if with strenght þai be streyned,

Leve me, sir, I lie not, to loke þis lande thurgh,

þai er myghtiest men with manhode demened. 232

¹ If we take this rubric as correct, the beadle goes out and fetches in the same soldiers (1st and 2nd) who had brought Jesus back from Herod to Pilate, and we may suppose had then retired. See line 157. They as well as Pilate are, however, quite unconscious of the identity (see next page), and we should probably name them seventh and eighth soldiers.

Having made
sure that they are
true,
lf. 167 b.

Pil. Wate þou wele, or ellis has þou wenyd.

Pre. Sir, I wate wele, withoute wordis moo.

Caip. In thy tale be not taynted nor tenyd.

Pre. We! nay sir, why shuld I be soo? 236

Pil. Wele þan,

We sall frayst er they founde vs fer fro,

To what game þai be-gynne for to go,

Sir Cayphas, declare þam ȝe can. 240

Caiaphas bids
them keep the
shafts up from
bowing, or
suffer endless
penalty.

21. **Caip.** ȝe lusty ledis, nowe lith to my lare,
Schappe ȝou to þer schaftis þat so schenely her schyne,
If ȝou barnes bowe þe brede of¹ an hare,
Platly ȝe be putte to perpetuell pyne. 244

i **Mil.** I sall holde þis as even as a lyne.

An. Who so schakis, with schames he shendes.

ii **Mil.** I certayne, I saie as for myne,
Whan it sattles or sadly discendis 248

Whare I stande,

If it twists, turns,
or bends, hack off
my hands.

When it wryngis or wronge it wendis,

Outher bristis, barkis, or bendes,—

Hardly lat hakke of myn hande! 252

22. **Pil.** Sirs, waites to þer wightis þat no wiles be wrought,
þai are burely and brode, þare bost haue þai blowen.

They are threat-
ened sore if they
fail.

An. To neven of þat nowe, sir, it nedis right noght,
For who curstely hym quytes, he sone sall be knawen. 256

Cay. ȝa, þat dastard to dede sall be drawen,
Who so fautis, he foully sall falle.

The cock has
crowed;

Pil. Nowe knyghtis, sen þe cokkis has crowen,
Haue hym hense with hast fra this halle 260

His wayes;

Do stiffely steppe on þis stalle,

Make a crye, and cautely þou call,

Euene like as sir Annay þe sais. 264

¹ *Of* is written twice in MS.

23. **An.** ¹ Jesu ! þou rewe of gentill Jacob kynne,
 þou nerthrist of Nazareth, now neuend is þi name,
 Alle creatures þe accuses, we commaunde þe comme in,
 And aunswer to þin enemys, deffende now thy fame. 268
Et Preco, semper post Annam, recitabit, Judicatur Jesus ².
 [The banners bow, and Pilate rises.]
Cay. We ! out, we are shente alle for shame,
 þis is wrasted all wrange, as I wene. All are afraid.
An. For all þer boste, 3one boyes are to blame.
Pil. Slike a sight was neuere 3it sene ! 272
 Come sytt ;
 My comforth was caught fro me clene,
 I vpstritt ! I me ³ myght noȝt abstene
 To wirschip hym in wark and in witte. 276
 Pilate forced to
 rise and worship
 Jesus,
24. **Cay.** Þer-of meruayled we mekill what moued þou in
 mynde,
 In reuerence of þis ribald so rudely to ryse.
Pil. I was past all my powre, þogh I payned me and pynd,
 I wrought not as I wolde in no maner of wise. 280 in spite of him-
 self ;
 Bot syrs, my spech wele aspise,
 Wightly his wayes late hym wende,
 þus my dome will dewly deuyse,
 For I am ferde hym in faith to offende, 284 he is afraid to
 offend Jesus.
 In sightes.
An. þan oure lawe were laght till an ende
 To his tales if 3e treuly attende ;
 He enchaunted & charmed oure knyghtis. 288
25. **Cay.** Be his sorcery, sir, youre selfe þe soth sawe,
 He charmes oure chyualers & with myscheffe enchaunted,
 To reuerence hym ryally we rase all on rowe,
 Doutles we endure not of þis dastard be daunted. 292
⁴ By sorcery he
 has charmed our
 soldiers and our-
 selves.

¹ The later hand here adds in the margin *Oyes !*² Original rubric or stage direction in the MS.³ MS. has *me*.

' But I know no-
thing to convict
him.'

Pil. Why, what harmes has þis hatell here haunted?
I kenne to co[n]vyk hym no cause.

An. To all gomes he God son hym graunted,
And liste not to leve on oure lawes. 296

' Knowest thou
why they accuse
thee ?'
lf. 168 b.

Pil. [*To Jesus.*] Say, man
Consayues þou noȝt what comberous clause
þat þis clargye accusyng þe knowse ?
Speke, and excuse þe if þou can. 300

26. Jesus. Euery man has a mouthe þat made is on molde,
In wele and in woo to welde at his will,
If he gouerne it gudly like as God wolde,
For his spirituale speche hym [thar] not to spill. 304
And what gome so gouerne it ill,
Full vnhendly and ill sall he happe,
Of ilk tale þou talkis vs vntill,
þou accounte sall, þou can not escappe. 308

' For all the
words of his
mouth man must
account.'

Pilate finds no
points to punish,

Pil. Sirs myne,
ȝe foune in faithe all ȝe frappe,
For in þis lede no lese can I lappe,
Nor no poynte to putt hym to pyne. 312

27. Cai. With-oute cause, sir, we come not þis carle to
accuse hym,
And þat will we ȝe witt, as wele is worthy.

but gives the
priests power to
judge him.

Pil. Now I recorde wele þe right, ȝe will no rapere
refuse hym,
To he be dreuen to his dede and demed to dye ; 316
But takes hym vn-to you forthy¹,
And like as youre lawe will you lere,
Deme ȝe his body to abyne.

An. O ! sir Pilate, with-uten any pere, 320
Do way,

¹ *Forthe* in MS.

ȝe wate wele with-outen any were,
 Vs falles not, nor oure felowes in feere
 To slo noman¹, youre self þe soth say. 324

They refuse this,

28. Pil. Why suld I deme to dede þan with-oute deseruyng
 in dede?

But I haue herde al haly why in hertes ȝe hym hate,
 He is fautles in faith, and so god mote me spede,
 I graunte hym my gud will to gang on his gate. 328

Cai. Nought so, sir, for wele ȝe it wate,
 To be kyng he claymeth with croune,
 And who so stoutely will steppe to þat state,
 ȝe suld deme, sir, to be dong doune 332
 And dede.

lf. 169.
Z viij.
and persuade
Pilate that Jesus
treasonably
claims the
crown.

Pil. Sir, trulye þat touched to tresoune,
 And or I remewe, he rewe sall þat reasoune,
 And or I stalke or stirre fro þis stede. 336

‘He shall rue
that before I stir
from this place;’
and gives orders
to scourge Jesus.

29. Sir knyghtis þat ar comly, take þis caystiff in keping,
 Skelpe hym with scourges and with skathes hym scorne,
 Wrayste and wryng hym to, for wo to he be wepyng,
 And þan bryng hym before vs as he was be-forne. 340

i Mil. He may banne þe tyme he was borne;
 Sone sall he be serued as ȝe saide vs.

An. Do wappe of his wedis þat are worne.

ii Mil. All redy sir, we haue arayde vs,
 Haue done. 344

‘Unwrap his
clothes.’

To þis broll late vs buske vs and brayde vs,
 As sir Pilate has propirly prayde vs.

iii Mil. We sall sette to hym sadly sone. 348
[They take Jesus to another part of the Hall.]

30. iv Mil. Late vs gete of his gere, God giffe hym ille grace. The soldiers
 unclothe,

¹ MS. has *nonan*.

- bind,
and brutally
scourge him.
- i **Mil.** Pai ere tytt of tite, lo I take per his trasshes.
 iii **Mil.** Nowe knytte hym in pis corde.
 ii **Mil.** I am caut in pis case.
 iv **Mil.** He is bun faste, nowe bete on with bittir brasshis.
 i **Mil.** Go on, lepis, har 3e, lordyngis, with lasshes,
 And enforce we pis faitour to flay hym.
 ii **Mil.** Late vs driffe to hym derfly with dasshes,
 Alle rede with oure rowtes we aray hym 356
 And rente hym.
 iii **Mil.** For my parte I am prest for to pay hym.
 iv **Mil.** 3a, sende hym sorow, assaye hym.
 i **Mil.** Take hym þat I haue tome for to tente hym.
- If, 169 b.
31. ii **Mil.** Swyng to this swyre, to swiftly he swete. 361
 iii **Mil.** Swete may pis swayne for sweght of our swappes!
 iv **Mil.** Russhe on this rebald and hym rathely rehetē!
 i **Mil.** Rehetē hym I rede you with rowtes and rappes! 364
 ii **Mil.** For all oure noy, pis nygard he nappes.
 iii **Mil.** We sall wakken hym with wynde of oure whippes.
 iv **Mil.** Nowe flynge to pis flaterer with flappes.
 i **Mil.** I sall hertely hitte on his hippes 368
 and haunch.
 ii **Mil.** Fra oure skelpes not scatheles he skyppes.
 iii **Mil.** 3itt hym list not lyft vp his lippis,
 And pray vs to haue pety on his paunch. 372
- The brutality of
four soldiers.
32. iv **Mil.** To haue petie of his paunche he propheres no
 prayer.
 i **Mil.** Lorde, how likis thou pis lake and pis lare þat we
 lere 3ou?
 ii **Mil.** Lo, I pull at his pilche, I am prowde payer.
 iii **Mil.** Thus youre cloke sall we cloute to clence you
 and clere 3ou. 376

i Mil. 3a, it is gode i-nowe in þis nede,
Late vs gudly hym grete on þis grounde. 408

If. 170 b.
and mock him
with 'Hail, king
of the Jews.'

35. Aue! riall roy and rex judeorum!
Hayle! comely kyng, þat no kyngdom has kende,
Hayll! vndughty duke, þi dedis ere dom,
Hayll! man, vnmyghty þi menze to mende. 412

iii Mil. Hayll! lord with-out lande for to lende,
Hayll! kyng, hayll! knave vnconand.

iv Mil. Hayll! freyke, without forse þe to fende.
Hayll! strang, þat may not wele stand 416
To stryve.

i Mil. We! harlott, heve vp thy hande,
And vs all þat þe wirschip are wirkand
Thanke vs, þer ill mot þou pryve. 420

36. ii Mil. So late lede hym be-lyve, and lenge her no lenger,
To Sir Pilate oure prince our pride will we prayse.

The men take
him,

iii Mil. 3a, he may synge or he slepe of sorowe and angir,
For many derfe dedes he has done in his dayes. 424

iv Mil. Now wightly late wende on oure wayes,
Late vs trusse vs, no tyme is to tarie. [*They go to Pilate.*]

and go to tell
Pilate what they
have done.

i Mil. My lorde, will 3e listen oure layes?
Here þis boy is, 3e bade vs go bary 428
With battis.

ii Mil. We ar combered his corpus for to cary,
Many wightis on hym wondres and wary;
Lo! his flesh al be be-flapped þat fat is. 432

Pilate sees how
he has suffered,

37. Pil. Wele, bringe hym be-fore vs; [*They do so.*] A! he
blisshes all bloo,
I suppose of his seggyng he will cese euermore.
Sirs, be-holde vpon hight and ecce homoo,
þus bounden and bette and broght you be-fore. 436
Me semes þat it sewes hym full sore.
For his gilte on this grounde is he greuyd,

and is going to
speak,

If þou like for to listen my lore,

In race.

38. [Pil.] For propirly by þis processe will I preve 440

I had no force fro þis felawshippe þis freke for to lende.

Preco. Here is all, sir, þat 3e for sende,

Will 3e wasshe whill þe watir is hote²?

[*Barabbas is brought in.*]

Pil. Nowe þis Barabas bandes 3e vnbende,

With grace late hym gange on his gate³

Where 3e will.

Bar. 3e worthy men, þat I here wate,

God encrece all youre comely estate,

For þe grace 3e haue graunt me vn-till.

39. Pil. Here þe jugement of Jesu, all Jewes in þis stede,

Crucifie hym on a crosse and on Caluerye hym kill,

I dampne hym to-day to dy þis same dede,

þefore hyngis hym on hight vppon þat high hill.

And on aythir side hym I will,

þat a harlott 3e hyng in þis hast,

Me thynkith it both reasoune and skill

Emyddis, sen his malice is mast,

3e hyng hym.

þen hym turmente, som tene for to tast;

Mo wordis I will not nowe wast,

But blynne not to dede to 3e bryng hym.

40. Cay. Sir, vs semys in oure sight þat 3e sadly has saide,

Now knyghtis þat are conant with þis catyf 3e care,

The liffe of þis losell in youre list is it laide.

¹ A leaf, & ij, is lost here. The words *In race* are written at the end of l. 439, but should follow the next line missing.

² In the margin, in later hand, 'Tunc lavat manus suas.' 'Hote' (probably pronounced hôte) is intended to rime with 'gate,' as shown by the red connecting line.

³ MS. has *gatis*.

If. 171.

& iij.

The beadle
brings water for
Pilate to wash
his hands.

'Let Barabbas
go.'

'Crucify Jesus
to-day, on the
hill of Calvary,
and on either
side hang a
harlot.'

- Bind round his
body with cords.
- i **Mil.** Late vs alone, my lorde, and lere vs na lare.
Siris, sette to hym sadly and sare,
All in cordis his coorse vmbycast.
- ii **Mil.** Late vs bynde hym in bandis all bare, 468
- iii **Mil.** Here is one, full lange will it laste.
- iv **Mil.** Lay on hande here.
- v **Mil.** I powll to my poure is past.
- lf. 171 b. Nowe feste is he, felawes, ful fast, 472
Late vs stere vs, we may not long stand here.
- 'Drawhimaway; 41. **An.** Drawe hym faste, hense delyuere þou, haue done.
go, see him to
death; he must
be dead by noon!'
- Go, do se hym to dede withoute lenger delay.
For dede bus hym be nedlyng be none. 476
All myrthe bus vs move to-morne þat we may;
Itt is sothly oure grette Sabott day,
No dede bodis vnberid sall be.
- On the Sabbath
no dead body
may be unburied.
- vi **Mil.** We see wele þe soth 3e vs say. 480
We sall traylle hym tyte to his tree,
þus talkand.
- iv **Mil.** Fare wele, now wightely wende we.
- Pil. Nowe certis, 3e are a manly men3e!
Furth in þe wylde wanyand be walkand. 485

XXXIV. THE SHERMEN.

lf. 172.
& v.

Christ led up to Calvary.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOHANNES.

PRIMUS MILES.

MARIA.

SECUNDUS MILES.

JESUS.

WYMOND 3 MILES.

SYMON.

SECUNDA MARIA.

TERTIA MARIA.]

[SCENE I; *The soldiers making ready for the crucifixion.*]

Luke xxiii. 26-33.
Mark xv. 21.

i Miles.

P EES, barnes and bachillers þat beldis here
about, 'Peace! barons
and bachelors, I
am sent to lead
this lad to exe-
cution,

Stirre noȝt ones in þis stede but stonde stone stille,

Or be þe lorde þat I leue on, I schall gar you lowte,

But ȝe spare when I speke youre speche schall I spille 4

Smertely and sone;

For I am sente fro sir Pilate with pride,

To lede þis laȝde oure lawes to abide,

He gettis no bettir bone. 8

Therefore I comaunde you on euere ilke a side,

Vppon payne of enprisonment þat noman appere

To suppowle þis traytoure, be tyme ne be tyde,

Noght one of þis prees; let none support
the traitor.

12

Nor noght ones so hardy for to enquere,

But helpe me holly, all that are here,

Þis kaitiffe care to encrees¹.

¹ These first lines appear so irregular (purposely so, perhaps) that I count the stanzas from line 16. Line 2 is divided in the MS., and four of the short lines are out of place.

- He did not nap
last night and
shall be dead
to-day,

as to-morrow is
our Sabbath.
- He has been
crowned with
thorns, as a fool-
king.

The soldiers are
impatient
- for their fellows
to come and help
crucify Jesus.
- lf. 172 b.
- 'He must be
dead by noon.
- Where is Sir
Wymond?
'Gone to fetch
a cross.'
1. Therefore make rome and rewle you nowe right, 16
That we may with pis weried wight
Wightely wende on oure waye¹;
He napped noght of all pis nyght,
And pis daye schall his deth be dight, 20
Latte see who dare saie naye.
Be-cause to-morne is prouyde
For oure dere Sabbott day,
We wille no mysse be moued, 24
But mirthe in all pat euere men may.
2. We haue bene besie all pis morne
To clothe hym and to croune with thorne,
As falles for a fole kyng ; 28
And nowe me thynkith oure felawes skorne,
They highte to haue ben here pis morne,
Pis faitour forthe to bring :
To nappe nowe is nozt goode, 32
We! howe! high myght he hyng!
ii Miles. Pees, man, for mahoundes bloode,
Why make 3e such crying?
3. i Miles. Why wotte pou noght als wele as I, 36
Pis carle burde² vnto Caluery,
And pere on crosse be done?
ii Miles. Sen dome is geuen pat he schall dy,
Late calle to vs more companye, 40
And ellis we erre oure fone.
i Miles. Oure gere be-houes to be grayde,
And felawes sammed sone,
For Sir Pilate has saide 44
Hym bus be dede be none.
4. Where is sir Wymond, wotte pou oght? 48
ii Miles. He wente to garre a crosse be wroght
To bere pis cursed knave.

¹ MS. has *wayes*.² *Sic* in MS., but probably *bude* = must, behoves, is intended.

- i **Miles.** That wolde I sone wer hyder broght,
For sithen schall othir gere be soght,
That vs be-houes to haffe.
- ii **Miles.** Vs bus haue sties and ropes, 52 'We must have
To rugge hym tille he raue, steps and ropes
And nayles and othir japes, and nails.'
If we oure selue wille saue.
5. i **Miles.** To tarie longe vs were full lathe, 56
But Wymond come, it is in wathe
But we be blamed all three.
We! howe! Sir Wymond, wayt e[s] skathe¹. 'How now,
Wymond?'
- ii **Miles.** We, howe! Sir Wymond, howe? [*Enter Wymond.*]
- iii **Miles.** I am here, what saie þe bathe, 61
Why crye þe so on me?
I haue bene garre make
þis crosse, as yhe may see, 64 'I have been
Of þat laye ouere þe lake, making the cross
Men called it þe kyngis tree, out of the king's
tree.'
6. i **Miles.** Nowe sekirly I þought þe same, 68
For þat balke will noman vs blame
To cutte it for þe kyng.
ii **Miles.** This karle has called hym kyng at hame,
And sen þis tre has such a name,
It is accordyng thyng, 72 'It is fitting that
þat his rigge on it may reste, this carl who
For skorne and for hethyng. calls himself
king should have
a royal tree.'
- iii **Miles.** Me thoughte it semyd beste 76
Tille þis bargayne to bryng.
7. i **Miles.** It is wele warred, so motte I spede,
And it be lele in lenghe and brede,
þan is þis space wele spende.
iii **Miles.** To loke þer-aftir it is no nede, 80
I toke þe mesure or I yode,
Bothe for þe fette and hande.
'It is the right
ware, if the mea-
sure be good.'
- 'I measured him
before I went,

¹ These three words are run together in the MS, *wayteskathe*.

- and it is well
bored.
- ii **Miles.** Be-holde howe it is boorede
Full euen at ilke an ende, 84
This werke will wele accorde,
It may not be amende.
8. iii **Miles.** Nay, I haue ordande mekill more,
3aa, thes theues are sente before, 88
pat beside hym schall hang ¹;
And sties also are ordande pore,
With stalworthe steeles as mystir wore,
Bothe some schorte and some lang. 92
- Steps are ordered
with strong steels,
- hammers, nails,
- i **Miles.** For hameres and [for] nayles,
Latte see sone who schall gang.
- and brads.
- ii **Miles.** Here are bragges pat will noght faile,
Of irnne and stele full strange. 96
9. iii **Miles.** panne is it as it aweth to bee,
But whiche of yowe schall bere ² þis tree,
Sen I haue broughte it hedir?
- He shall bear the
tree who is to be
hanged on it.
- i **Miles.** Be my feithe bere it schall hee 100
pat þer-on hanged sone schall bee,
And we schall teeche hym whedir.
- lf. 173 b.
- ii **Miles.** Vppon his bakke it schalle be laide,
For sone we schall come thedir. 104
- iii **Miles.** Loke pat oure gere be grayede,
And go we all to-gedir.

[SCENE II ; *The road to Calvary : John, Mary, and others waiting.*]

- John laments the
judgment passed
on his master.
10. **Johannes.** Allas ! for my maistir pat moste is of myght,
That 3ister-even late, with lanternes light, 108
Be-fore þe busshoppe was brought ;
Bothe Petir and I we saugh pat sight,
And sithen we wente oure wayes full wight,
When þe Jewes wondirly wrought. 112

¹ The MS. has *hyng*.

² MS. has *beere*.

At morne þei toke to rede,
 And soteltes vp soght,
 And demed hym to be dede
 Þat to þam trespassed noght ¹.

116

11. Allas! for syte, what schall I saie,
 My worldly welthe is wente for ay,
 In woo euere may I wende;
 My maistir, þat neuere lakke[d] in lay,
 Is demed to be dede þis day,
 Ewen in hys elmys hende.

120

Allas! for my maistir mylde
 That all mennys mysse may mende,
 Shulde so falsely be filed,
 And no frendis hym to fende.

‘Alas! my mild
 master has no
 friends to defend
 him.’

124

12. Allas! for his modir and opir moo,
 Mi modir and hir sisteres alsoo,
 Sittes samen with sighyngis sore;

His mother and
 others sit together
 sighing.’

128

Þai wate no-thing of all þis woo,
 For-thy to warne þam will I goo,
 Sen I may mende no more.

132

Sen he schall dye as tyte,
 And þei vnwarned wore,
 I ware worthy to wite,
 I will go faste ther-fore.

136

13. But in myn herte grete drede haue I,
 Þat his modir for dole schall dye,

John fears that
 Jesus’ mother
 will die of grief.

 When she see ones þat sight;
 But certis I schal not wande for-thy,
 To warne þat carefull company,
 Or he to dede be dight ².

140

142

* * * * *

¹ These four lines are written as two in the MS.

² A leaf, & *vij*, corresponding to & *ij*, is here lost.

If. 174.
& viij.

Mary feels that
Simeon's pro-
phesy is come
true:

14. [i **Mary** ?] Sen he fro vs will twynne ¹

I schall þe neuere for-sake.

Allas ! þe tyme and tyde !

I watte wele þe day is come

146

þat are was specified,

Of prophete Symeoun, in prophicie,

The swerde of sorowe schulde renne

Thurgh-oute þe herte, sotelly.

150

15. ii **Maria**. Allas ! þis is a sithfull sight,

He þat was euere luffely and light,

And lorde of high and lawe ;

Oo ! doulfully nowe is he dight,

154

In worlde is none so wofull a wighte,

Ne so carefull to knawe.

þei þat he mended moste

In dede and als in sawe,

158

Now haue they full grete haste,

To dede hym for to drawe.

[*Enter the soldiers, with Jesus bearing the cross.*

'Weep not for
me, but for your-
selves and your
children.'

16. **Jesus**. Doughteres of Jerusalem cytte,

Sees, and mournes no more for me,

162

But thyntes vppon this thyng ;

For youre selfe mourne schall 3ee,

And for þe sonnes þat borne schal be

Of yowe, bothe olde and yonge ;

166

For such fare schall be-falle,

That 3e schall giffë blissyng

To barayne bodies all,

That no barnes forthe may brynge.

170

'For ye shall see
a sad day, when
ye shall say to the
mountains, "fall
on us."

17. For certis 3e schall see suche a day,

That with sore sighyng schall 3e saye

Vnto þe hillis on highte,

¹ It appears to be the Mary Mother who is speaking ; but the lines are evidently wrong.

- 'Falle on vs, mountaynes, and 3e may,
And couere vs fro þat felle affraye,
That on vs sone schall light.'
- Turnes home þe toune vntill,
Sen 3e haue þis sight,
It is my fadirs will,
Alle þat is done and dighte.
18. iii **Maria.** Allas ! þis is a cursed cas,
He þat alle hele in his hande has
Shall here be sakles slayne ;
A ! lorde, be leue lete clense thy face,
Behalde howe he hath schewed his grace,
Howe he is moste of mayne.
This signe schalle bere witnesse
Vnto all pepull playne,
Howe goddes sone here gilteles
• Is putte to pereles payne.
19. i **Miles.** Saie, wherto bide 3e here aboute,
Thare quenys, with þer skymeryng and þer schoute,
Wille nocht þer stevenis steere ?
ii **Miles.** Go home, casbalde with þi clowte,
Or be þat lorde we loue and loute,
þou schall a-bye full dere.
iii **Maria.** This signe schall vengeaunce calle
On yowe holly in feere.
iii **Miles.** Go, hye þe hense with alle ¹,
Or ille hayle come þou here.
20. **Joh.** Lady, youre gretynge greues me sore.
Maria Saneta. John, helpe me nowe and neuere more.
That I myght come hym tille.
Joh. My lady, wende we forthe be-fore,
To Caluery when 3e come thedir ²,
þan schall 3e saie what 3e will.

174

178

182

186

190

194

198

202

206

lf. 174 b.
Return home.'

'God's guiltless
Son is put to
peerless pain.'

The soldiers send
the weeping
women away,
with insults.

John and Mary
mother still stand
about on the hill,

¹ The MS. has *ille*.

² Perhaps 'thore' was the word originally meant. It occurs in l. 256 and elsewhere. In l. 206 *þan* seems intended, in MS. þⁿ is written.

If. 175.
S i.

and the men get
angry; 'go,

i Miles. What a deuyll is þis to saye,
How longe schall we stande stille?
Go ^a hye you hens awaye,
In þe deuyllis name, doune þe hill.

210

these queans
comber us with
their clack,

21. ii Miles. Ther quenes vs comeres with þer clakke,
He schall be serued for þer sake,
With sorowe and with sore;

we'll put them
in the lake !'

iii Miles. And þei come more such noyse to make, 214
We schall garre lygge þame in þe lake,
Yf þei were halfe a skore. [*The women flee.*

i Miles. Latis nowe such bourdyng be,
Sen oure tooles are before, 218
Þis traitoure and þis tree,
Wolde I full fayne were þore.

22. ii Miles. We schall no more so stille be stedde,
For nowe þer quenes are fro vs fledde 222
Þat falsely wolde vs feere.

Jesus has lost so
much blood that
he swoons.

iii Miles. Me thynkith þis boy is so for-bledde,
With þis ladde may he noght be ledde,
He swounes, þat dare I swere. 226

i Miles. It nedis noȝt harde to harle
Sen it dose hym slike dere.

ii Miles. I se here comes a karle,
Shall helpe hym for to bere. 230

[*Enter Simon the Cyrenian.*

23. iii Miles. Þat schall ȝe see sone one assaye.
Goode man, whedir is þou away?
Þou walkis as þou were wrothe.

'Good man,
whither away?'

If. 175 b.
'I have a long
way to go to-day.

Symon. Sir I haue a grete jorney,
Þat bus be done þis same day,
Or ellis it may do skathe.

234

i Miles. Þou may with litill payne,
Eease thy selfe and vs bathe. 238

Symon. Goode sirs, þat wolde I fayne,
But to dwelle were me lathe.

I cannot stop.¹

24. **ii Miles.** Nay, beuscher, þou shall sone be spedde,
Loo, here a ladde þat muste be ledde
For his ille dedis to dye ;

242

iii Miles. And he is brosid and all for-bledde ¹,
That makis vs here þus stille be stedde,

We pray þe, sir, for-thy,
That þou wylte take þis tree,
And bere it to Caluerye.

246 They ask him to
carry the cross
to Calvary.

Symon. Goode sirs, þat may nouȝt be,
For full grete haste haue I.

250

25. My wayes are lang and wyde,
And I may noght abide,
For drede I come to late ;

For surete haue I hight
Muste be fulfillid þis nyght,
Or it will paire my state.

254 'I have promised
a surety which
I must keep
to-night or injure
my estate ;

Therefore, sirs, by youre leue,
Me thynkith I dwelle full lang,
Me were loth you for to greue,
Goode sirs, ȝe late me gang.

258

by your leave,
let me go.¹

26. No lenger here now may I wone.

i Miles. Nay, certis, þou schalte noȝt go so sone,
For ought þat þou can saye ;

262 They force him
to stay.

þis dede is moste haste to be done,
For þis boy muste be dede by none,
And nowe is nere myddaye.

266

Go helpe hym in þis nede,
And make no more delaye.

Symon. I praye yowe dose youre dede,
And latis me wende my waye.

If. 176.
9 ij.

270 'Do your deed,
I will help you
on my return.'

¹ The late hand here writes 3 *Miles* as the speaker of the following five lines. There is, however, no red line to mark off a separate speech.

27. And, sirs, I schall come sone agayne,
 To helpe þis man with all my mayne,
 And even at youre awne will.
 ii Miles. What ! wolde þou trusse with such a trayne ! 274
 Nay, faitour, þou schalte be fayne,
 þis forwarde to full-fille.
 Or, be myghty mahounde !
 þou schalte rewe it full ille. 278
 iii Miles. Late dyng þis dastarde doune,
 But he goo tyte þer-till.
28. Symon. Sertis, sir, þat wer nought wisely wrought,
 To bete me, but I trespassid ought, 282
 Outhir in worde or dede.
 i Miles. Vppon his bakke it schall be brought,
 To bere it, whedir he wille or noght,
 What ! deuyll, whome schulde we drede ? 286
 Go, take it vppe be-lyve,
 And bere it forthe, goode spede !
 Symon. It helpis noȝt here to striue,
 Bere it be-houes me nede. 290
29. And þerfore, sirs, as ȝe haue saide,
 To bere þis crosse I holde me paied,
 Right as ȝe wolde it wore.
 ii Miles. ȝaa, nowe are we right arraied, 294
 Loke þat oure gere be redy grayed,
 To wirke whanne we come þore.
 iii Miles. I warand all redy,
 Oure tooles bothe lesse and more, 298
 Late hym goo hardely,
 Forthe with þe crosse before ¹.
30. i Miles. Sen he has his lade, nowe late hym gang,
 For with þis warlowe wirke we wrang, 302
 And we þus with hym yode.

They threaten
to beat him,

and brutally
constrain him.

He yields be-
cause he can't
help it.

' All the gear
and tools are
ready, march on.'

lf. 176 b.

¹ These four lines are written as two in the MS.

- ii **Miles.** And nowe is noght goode to tarie lang,
What schulde we done more vs emang?
Say, sone, so motte þou spede. 306
- iii **Miles.** Neuen vs no nodir noote,
Tille we haue done þis dede. 'Talk of no other
business till this
is done.'
- i **Miles.** We! me¹ me-thynke we doote,
He muste be naked, nede. 310
31. All yf he called hym-selffe a kyng,
In his clothis he schall noȝt hyng,
But naked as a stone be stedde.
ii **Miles.** That calle I accordand thyng, 314
But tille his sidis I trowe þei clyng,
For bloode þat he has bledde.
iii **Miles.** Wheder þei clynge or cleue,
Naked he schalle be ledde, 318
And for þe more myscheue,
Buffettis hym schall be bedde.
32. i **Miles.** Take of his clothis be-liffe, latte see, take off his
clothes,
[*They strip Jesus.*]
A ha! þis garment will falle wele for mee, 322
And so I hope it schall.
ii **Miles.** Nay, sir, so may it noght be, they shall be
parted among the
soldiers.
þame muste be parte amonge vs thre,
Take euen as will fall. 326
iii **Miles.** Ȝaa, and sir Pilate medill hym,
Youre parte woll be but small. unless Pilate
meddle.
i **Miles.** Sir, and ȝe liste, go telle hym,
ȝitt schall he noght haue all, 330
33. Butte even his awne parte and nomore. If. 177,
9 iij.
ii **Miles.** Ȝaa, late þame ligge still here in stoore,
Vntill þis dede be done.
iii **Miles.** Latte bynde hym as he was before, 334
And harle on harde þat he wer pore,
And hanged or it be none. 'He shall be
bound as before,
and be hanged
before noon.'

¹ These two words stand *weme* in the MS.

i **Miles.** He schall be feste of fee,
And þat right sore and sone. 338

ii **Miles.** So fallis hym for to be,
He gettis no bettir bone. [*They bind Jesus again.*]

34. iii **Miles.** Þis werke is wele nowe, I warand,
For he is boune as beeste in bande, 342
That is demed for to dye.

i **Miles.** Þanne rede I þat we no lenger stande,
But ilke man feste on hym a hande,
And harle hym hense in hye. 346

ii **Miles.** 3aa, nowe is tyme to trusse,
To alle oure companye.

iii **Miles.** If anye aske aftir vs,
Kenne þame to Caluarie. 350

XXXV. THE PYNNERES (AND PAYNTERS¹).

lf. 178.
9 iij.

Crucifixio Cristi.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JESUS.

I, 2, 3, 4 MILITES.]

[SCENE, *Golgotha, afterwards Mount Calvary.*]

1. i Miles. **S**IR knyghtis, take heede hydir in hye,
This dede on-dergh we may noght drawe,
3ee wootte youre selfe als wele as I,
Howe lordis and leders of owre lawe
Has geven dome þat þis doote schall dye.
ii Mil. Sir, alle þare counsaile wele we knawe,
Sen we are comen to Caluarie,
Latte ilke man helpe nowe as hym awe.
iii Mil. We are all redy, loo,
þat forward to fullfille.
iv Mil. Late here howe we schall doo,
And go we tyte þer tille ².
2. i Mil. It may noȝt helpe her for to hone,
If we schall any worshippe wyne.
ii Mil. He muste be dede nedelyngis by none.
iii Mil. Þan is goode tyme þat we begynne.
iv Mil. Late dyngge hym doune, þan is he done,
He schall nought dere vs with his dynne.

Math. xxvii. 33-35.

Luke xxiii. 33-37.
Mark xxv. 22-32.

'We cannot carry
out this death
without dree
(trouble).

4

8 Let all help now
we are at Calvary.

12

16

Strike him down,
he will make no
noise.

¹ The words 'and Paynters' are added in later hand.

² These four lines are written as two in the MS.

- i **Mil.** He schall be sette and lerned sone,
With care to hym and all his kynne. 20
- ii **Mil.** Þe foulest dede of all
Shalle he dye for his dedis.
- iii **Mil.** That menes crosse hym we schall.
- iv **Mil.** Behalde so right he redis. 24
- Let us take care
that our work be
right.'
3. i **Mil.** Thanne to pis werke vs muste take heede,
So þat oure wirkyng be noght wronge.
- ii **Mil.** None othir noote to neven is nede,
But latte vs haste hym for to hange. 28
- lf. 178 b.
'Here is the
gear, hammers
and nails.
- iii **Mil.** And I haue gone for gere, goode speede,
Bothe hammeres and nayles large and lange.
- iv **Mil.** Þanne may we boldely do þis dede,
Commes on, late kille þis traitoure strange. 32
- i **Mil.** Faire myght 3e falle in feere,
Þat has wrought on þis wise.
- ii **Mil.** Vs nedis nought for to lere,
Suche faitoures to chastise. 36
- 'As everything
is ready,
4. iii **Mil.** Sen ilke a thyng es right arrayed,
The wiselier nowe wirke may we,
- iv **Mil.** Þe crosse on grounde is goodely graied,
And boorede even as it awith to be. 40
- the cross laid on
the ground
and bored [with
holes],
the lad shall be
laid on it.'
- i **Mil.** Lokis þat þe ladde on lengthe be layde,
And made me þane vnto þis tree.
- ii **Mil.** For alle his fare he schalle be flaied,
That one assaie sone schalle ye see. 44
- iii **Mil.** Come forthe, þou cursed knave,
Thy comforte sone schall kele.
- iv **Mil.** Thyne hyre here schall þou haue.
- i **Mil.** Walkes oon, now wirke we wele. 48
- 'Walk on.'
5. **Jesus.** Almyghty god, my Fadir free,
Late þis materes be made in mynde,
Þou badde þat I schulde buxsome be,
For Adam plyght for to be pyned. 52
- Jesus prays to
the FATHER,

- Here to dede I obblisshe me
 Fro þat synne for to saue mankynde,
 And soueraynely be-seke I þe,
 That þai for me may fauoure fynde;
 And fro þe fende þame fende,
 So þat þer saules be saffe,
 In welthe withouten ende;
 I kepe nought ellis to craue. 60
6. i Mil. We! herke, sir knyghtis, for mahoundis bloode!
 Of Adam-kynde is all his þoght. 'Listen!
 ii Mil. Þe warlowe waxis werre þan woode,
 Þis doulfull dede ne dredith he noght. 64 he does not dread death.'
 iii Mil. Þou schulde haue mynde, with mayne and moode,
 Of wikkid werkis þat þou haste wrought.
 iv Mil. I hope þat he had bene as goode
 Haue sesed of sawes þat he vppe sought. 68 'I think he might have stopped such sayings.'
 i Mil. Thoo sawes schall rewe hym sore
 For all his saunteryng sone.
 ii Mil. Ille spede þame þat hym spare
 Tille he to dede be done! 72
7. iii Mil. Haue done belyue, boy, and make þe boune,
 And bende þi bakke vn-to þis tree. [*Jesus lies down.*
 iv Mil. Byhalde, hym-selffe has laide hym doune,
 In lenghe and breede as he schulde bee. 76 Jesus, having lain down stretched out,
 i Mil. This traitoure here teynted of treasoune,
 Gose faste and fette hym þan, 3e thre.
 And sen he claymeth kyngdome with croune,
 Even as a kyng here haue schall hee. 80
 ii Mil. Nowe, certis, I schall noȝt feyne
 Or his right hande be feste.
 iii Mil. Þe lefte hande þanne is myne,
 Late see who beres hym beste. 84 another the left,
 8. iv Mil. Hys lymmys on lenghe þan schalle I lede,
 And even vnto þe bore þame bringe, a third the limbs

he dies to save
mankind from
Adam's sin;

56 'May they find
favour for my
sake.'

If. 179.
9 v.

'Listen!

64 he does not dread
death.'

68 'I think he might
have stopped
such sayings.'

Have done!
boy.'

76 Jesus, having
lain down
stretched out,

80

one man takes
the right hand,

another the left,

84

a third the limbs

- If. 179 b.
a fourth the head.
- i **Mil.** Vnto his heede I schall take hede,
And with myne hande helpe hym to hyng. 88
- ii **Mil.** Nowe sen we foure schall do þis dede,
And medill with þis vnthrifti thyng,
'Spare no speede.' Late no man spare for speciall speede,
Tille þat we haue made endyng. 92
- iii **Mil.** Þis forward may not faile,
Nowe are we right arraiede.
- iv **Mil.** This boy here in oure baile
Shall bide full bittir brayde. 96
9. i **Mil.** Sir knyghtis, saie, howe wirke we nowe ?
- One hand is
brought to the
hole.
- ii **Mil.** Ȝis, certis, I hope I holde þis hande.
- iii **Mil.** And to þe boore I haue it brought,
Full boxumly with-outen bande. 100
- A nail is struck.
- ? iv **Mil.**¹ Strike on þan harde, for hym þe boght.
- ? i **Mil.**¹ Ȝis, here is a stubbe will stiffely stande,
Thurgh bones and senous it schall be soght.
This werke is well, I will warande. 104
- ii **Mil.*** Saie, sir, howe do we þore,
Þis bargayne may not blynne.
- 'It is a foot too
long,—his sinews
are shrunk ;
- iii **Mil.** It failis a foote and more,
þe senous are so gone ynnne. 108
10. iv **Mil.** I hope þat marke a-misse be bored.
- ii **Mil.** Þan muste he bide in bittir bale.
- iii **Mil.** In faith, it was ouere skantely scored ;
þat makis it fouly for to faile. 112
- no, it was
wrongly marked.'
- i **Mil.** Why carpe ȝe so ? faste on a corde,
And tugge hym to, by toppe and taile.
- 'Why chatter so?
pull him to it.'
- iii **Mil.** Ȝa, þou comaundis lightly as a lorde,
Come helpe to haale, with ille haile. 116

¹ Here the rubricator put twice ii *Miles*. As the previous order of the soldiers in speaking has been 1, 2, 3, 4, I have altered these two so as to continue that order, making what was i *Miles* at * to accord with it.

- i **Mil.** Nowe certis þat schall I doo,
Full suerly as a snayle.
- iii **Mil.** And I schall tacche hym too,
Full nemely with a nayle. 120
11. þis werke will holde, þat dar I heete,
For nowe are feste faste both his handis.
- iv **Mil.** Go we all foure þanne to his feete,
So schall oure space be spedely spende. 124
- ii **Mil.** Latte see, what bourde his bale myght beete,
Tharto my bakke nowe wolde I bende.
- iv **Mil.** Owe ! þis werke is all vnmeete,
This boring muste all be amende. 128
- i **Mil.** A ! pees man, for mahounde,
Latte noman wotte þat wondir,
A roope schall rugge hym doune,
Yf all his synnous go a-soundre. 132
12. ii **Mil.** þat corde full kyndely can I knytte,
þe comforte of þis karle to kele.
- i **Mil.** Feste on þanne faste þat all be fyte,
It is no force howe felle he feele. 136
- ii **Mil.** Lugge on 3e both a litill 3itt.
- iii **Mil.** I schalle nought sese, as I haue seele.
- iv **Mil.** And I schall fonde hym for to hitte.
- ii **Mil.** Owe, haylle !
- iv **Mil.** Hoo nowe, I halde it wele. 140
- i **Mil.** Haue done, dryue in þat nayle,
So þat no faute be founne.
- iv **Mil.** þis wirkyng wolde noȝt faile,
Yf foure bullis here were boune. 144
13. i **Mil.** Ther cordis haue evill encressed his paynes,
Or he wer tille þe booryngis brought.
- ii **Mil.** 3aa, assoundir are both synnous and veynis,
On ilke a side, so haue we soughte. 148

If. 180.
9 vj.
The executioners
do their horrid
work.

They pull till
the body fits the
holes bored.

If. 180 b.

Sinews and veins
are asunder.

iii **Mil.** Nowe all his gaudis no thyng hym gaynes,
His sauntering schall with bale be bought.

iv **Mil.** I wille goo saie to oure soueraynes
Of all þis werkis howe we haue wrought.

152

'We must now
hang him up, to
be seen ;

i **Mil.** Nay sirs, a nothir thyng

Fallis firste to youe me,

I badde we schulde hym hyng,

On heghte þat men myght see.

156

14. ii. **Mil.** We woote wele so ther wordes wore,
But sir, þat dede will do vs dere.

i **Mil.** It may not mende for to moote more,
Þis harlotte muste be hanged here.

160

the mortise is
made to fit.'

ii **Mil.** The mortaise is made fitte þerefore.

iii **Mil.** Feste on youre fyngeres þan, in feere.

iv **Mil.** I wene it wolde neuere come þore.

We foure rayse it noȝt right, to yere.

164

Some of the men
think they four
are not enough
to lift the cross.

i **Mil.** Say man, whi carpis þou soo ?

Thy lifyng was but light.

ii **Mil.** He menes þer muste be moo

To heve hym vppe on hight.

168

15. iii **Mil.** Now certis, I hope it schall noght nede
To calle to vs more companye.

John xix. 23
('four parts').

Me-thynke we foure schulde do þis dede,

And bere hym to ȝone hille on high.

172

'It must be done ;

i **Mil.** It muste be done, with-outen drede,

Nomore, but loke ȝe be redy ;

And þis parte schalle I lifte and leede,

On lenghe he schalle no lenger lie.

176

1f. 181.
9 vij.

Therefore nowe makis you boune,

Late bere hym to ȝone hill.

carry him to yon
hill.

iv **Mil.** Thanne will I bere here doune,

And tente his tase vntill.

180

16. ii **Mil.** We twoo schall see tille aythir side,
For ellis þis werke will wrie all wrang.

- iii Mil. We are redy, in Gode, sirs, abide,
And late me first his fete vp fang. 184
They are ready,
- ii Mil. Why tente ȝe so to tales pis tyde?
- i Mil. Lifte vppe ! [All lift the cross together.]
iv Mil. Latte see ! but make a great
to-do about the
weight.
- ii Mil. Owe ! lifte a-lang.
- iii Mil. Fro all pis harme he schulde hym hyde,
And he war God.
- iv Mil. ȝe deuill hym hang ! 188
- i Mil. For grete harme haue I hente,
My schuldir is in soundre.
- ii Mil. And sertis I am nere schente,
So lange haue I borne vndir. 192
17. iii Mil. This crosse and I in twoo muste twynne,
Ellis brekis my bakke in sondre sone.
iv Mil. Laye doune agayne and leue youre dynne,
Pis dede for vs will neuere be done. [They lay it down.] 196
' My back is
broken.' They
wait a while.
- i Mil. Assaie, sirs, latte se yf any gynne,
May helpe hym vppe, with-uten hone ;
For here schulde wight men worschippe wyne,
And noght with gaudis al day to gone. 200
- ii Mil. More wighter men þan we
Full fewe I hope ȝe fynde.
- iii Mil. Pis bargayne will noght bee,
For certis me wantis wynde. 204
lf. 181 b.
' I am out of
breath.'
18. iv Mil. So wille of werke neuere we wore,
I hope pis carle some cautellis caste.
- ii Mil. My bourdeyne satte me wondir soore,
Vnto ȝe hill I myght noght laste. 208
- i Mil. Lifte vppe, and sone he schall be ȝore,
Therfore feste on youre fyngeres faste.
- iii Mil. Owe, lifte ! [They take up the cross again.]
i Mil. We, loo !
iv Mil. A litill more.

ii Mil. Holde panne !

i Mil. Howe nowe !

ii Mil. Þe werste is paste.

They reach the
top of the hill.

iii Mil. He weyes a wikkid weght. .

ii Mil. So may we all foure saie, .

Or he was heued on heght,

And raysed in pis array.

216

19. iv Mil. He made vs stande as any stones,
So boustous was he for to bere.

They set it in
the mortice and
let it fall in sud-
denly, so as to
jolt.

i Mil. Nowe raise hym nemely for þe nonys,

And sette hym be pis mortas heere.

220

And latte hym falle in alle at ones,

For certis þat payne schall haue no pere.

iii Mil. Heue vppe !

iv Mil. Latte doune, so all his bones

Are a-soundre nowe on sides seere. [*The cross is reared.*] 224

i Mil. Þis fallyng was more felle,

þan all the harmes he hadde,

Nowe may a man wele telle,

Þe leste lith of þis ladde.

228

If. 182.
9 viij.

20. iii Mil. Me thynkith þis crosse will noght abide,
Ne stande stille in þis mo[r]teyse zitt.

The hole of the
mortice being too
wide,

iv Mil. Att þe firste tyme was it made ouere wyde,

þat makis it wave, þou may wele witte.

232

i Mil. Itt schall be sette on ilke a side,

So þat it schall no forther flitte,

Goode wegges schall we take þis tyde,

And feste þe foote, panne is all fitte.

236

they fix in the
cross with
wedges,

ii Mil. Here are wegges arraied

For þat, both grete and smale.

iii Mil. Where are oure hameres laide,

þat we schulde wirke with all ?

240

hammering them
in.

21. iv Mil. We haue þem here euen atte oure hande.

ii Mil. Gyffe me þis wegge, I schall it in dryue.

iv Mil. Here is anodir ȝitt ordande.

iii Mil. Do take it me hidir belyue.

244

i Mil. Laye on þanne faste.

iii Mil. ȝis, I warrande.

I thryng þame same, so motte I thryve.

Nowe will þis crosse full stabely stande,

All yf he raue þei will noght ryve.

248

i Mil. Say, sir, howe likis þou nowe,

þis werke þat we haue wrought ?

They jest to
Jesus.

iv Mil. We praye youe sais vs howe,

ȝe fele, or faynte ȝe ought ?

252

22. Jesus. Al men þat walkis by waye or strete,

Takes tente ȝe schalle no trauayle tyne,

If. 182 b.

By-holdes myn heede, myn handis, and my feete,

And fully feele nowe or ȝe fyne,

256

Yf any mourning may be meete

Or myscheue mesured vnto myne.

My Fadir, þat alle bales may bete,

For-giffis þes men þat dois me pyne.

260

What þai wirke wotte þai noght,

Luke xxiii. 34.
Father, forgive
them, for they
know not what
they do.'

Therfore my Fadir I craue

Latte neuere þer synnys be sought,

But see þer saules to saue ¹.

264

23. i Mil. We ! harke ! he jangelis like a jay.

ii Mil. Me thynke he patris like a py.

iii Mil. He has ben doand all þis day,

And made grete meuyng of mercy.

268

iv Mil. Es þis þe same þat gunne vs say,

That he was Goddis sone almyghty ?

'He said he was
God's son,

i Mil. Therfore he felis full felle affraye,

And demyd þis day for to dye.

272

¹ In the margin here the late hand has written, as if intended to be added—

'In welth without end
I kepe noght elles to crave.'

Matth. xxvii. 40.**ii Mil.** Vah! qui destruis templum¹.**iii Mil.** His sawes wer so, certayne.**iv Mil.** And sirs, he saide to someand that he might
raise the temple ;

He myght rayse it agayne.

276

but he has no
power to show
for all his tricks.'**24. i Mil.** To mustir þat he hadde no myght,

For all the kautelles þat he couthe kaste,

All yf he wer in worde so wight,

For all his force nowe he is feste.

280

Als Pilate demed is done and dight,

Therfore I rede þat we go reste.

ii Mil. Þis race mon be rehersed right,

Thurgh þe worlde þoth este and weste.

284

iii Mil. ȝaa, late hym hynge here stille,

And make mowes on þe mone.

iv Mil. Þanne may we wende at wille.**i Mil.** Nay goode sirs, noght so sone.

288

25. For certis vs nedis anodir note,

Þis kirtill wolde I of you craue.

John xix. 23, 24.**ii Mil.** Nay, nay, sir, we will loke be lotte,

Whilke of vs foure fallis to to haue.

292

The men draw
lots for Jesus'
garments.**iii Mil.** I rede we drawe cutte for þis coote,

Loo, se howe sone alle sidis to saue.

iv Mil. The schorte cutte schall wynne, þat wele ȝe woote,

Whedir itt falle to knyght or knave.

296

i Mil. Felowes, ȝe thar noght flyte,

For this mantell is myne.

ii Mil. Goo we þanne hense tyte,

Þis trauayle here we tyne.

300

¹ The MS. has *Vah* and *destruit*.

XXXVI. THE BOCHERES.

lf. 184.
xxvj ij.

Mortificacio Cristi [and burial of Jesus].

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

PILATUS.	JOHANNES.	MILES.
CAIPHAS.	MARIA CLEOPHE.	LONGEUS LATUS.
ANNA.	LATRO A SINISTRIS.	CENTERIO.
JESUS.	LATRO A DEXTRIS.	JOSEPH [of Arimathea].
MARIA.	GARCIO.	NICHOMEDIS ¹ .

[SCENE I, *The way before the hill of Calvary.*]

Mark xv. 26-38
John xix. 19-37.
Gospel of Nicodemus. (Greek
vers.) ch. xi.
Pilate commands
peace and order.

1. Pil. **S**EES, Seniours, and see what I saie,
Takis tente to my talkyng enteere,
Devoyde all pis dynne here pis day,
And fallis to my frenschippe in feere.
Sir Pilate, a Prince with-owten pere,
My name is full neuently to neuen,
And domisman full derworth in dere ²,
Of gentillest Jewry full euen
Am I.
Who makis oppressioun,
Or dose transgressioun,
Be my discreditioun,
Shall be demed dewly to dye.

4

8

12

¹ Nicodemus is spelt as above throughout the piece.

² The MS. has *dede*.

Rebels may see
on yon hill how
they will be
treated !

2. To dye schall I deme þame to dede,
þo rebelles þat rewles þame vn-right,
Who þat to 3one hill wille take heede, 16
May se þer þe soth in his sight,
Howe doulful to dede þei are dight
That liste noȝt owre lawes for to lere,
Lo þus be my mayne and my myght, 20
Tho churles schalle I chasteise and cheere,
Be lawe.

Transgressors
shall be knit to
a cross.

- Ilke feloune false,
Shall hynge be þe halse, 24
Transgressours als,
On the crosse schalle be knytte for to knawe.

' But it is un-
happy that Jesus
is hung,

3. To knawe schall I knytte þame on crosse,
To schende þame with schame schall I shappe, 28
Ther liffis for to leese is no losse,
Suche tirrauntis with teene for to trappe.
þus leelly þe lawe I vnlappe,
And punyssh þame pitously, 32
Of Jesu I holde it vnhappe,
þat he on yone hill hyng so hye,
For gilte.

he has been
killed through
spite.'

- His bloode to spille, 36
Tōke ye you till
þus was youre wille
Full spitously to spede he were spilte.

If. 184 b.
The priests ex-
cuse themselves.

4. Caip. To spille hym we spake in a speede, 40
For falsed he folowde in faie,
With fraudes oure folke gan he feede,
And laboured to lere þame his laye.
An. Sir Pilate, of pees we youe praye, 44
Oure lawe was full lyke to be lorne,
He saued noȝt oure dere Sabott daye,
And þat for to scape it were a scorene,
By lawe. 48

- Pil.** Sirs, be-fore youre sight,
 With all my myght,
 I examynde hym right,
 And cause non in hym cowthe I knawe. Pilate found no
harm in him. 52
- 5. Cay.** 3e knawe wele þe cause sir in cace,
 It touched treasoune vntrewe,
 Þe tribute to take or to trace
 For-badde he, oure bale for to brewe. 56
- Anna.** Of japes 3itt jangelid yone Jewe,
 And cursedly he called hym a kyng,
 To deme hym to dede it is diewe,
 For treasoune it touches þat thyng, 60
 In dede.
- Caip.** 3itt principall
 And worste of all,
 He garte hym call 64
 Goddes sonne, þat foulle motte hyme speede !
- 6. Pil.** He spedis for to spille in space,
 So wondirly wrought is youre will,
 His bloode schall youre bodis embrace,
 For þat haue 3e taken you till. 68
 ' His blood be
on you.'
- Anna.** Þat forwarde fulfayne to fulfille,
 In dede schall we dresse vs be-dene,
 3one losell hym likis full ille,
 For turned is his trantis all to teene, 72
 I trowe.
- Cay.** He called hym kyng,
 Ille joie hym wring ! 76
 3a, late hym hyng,
 Full madly on þe mone for to mowe. lf. 185.
xxvj iij.
- 7. An.** To mowe on þe moone has he mente,
 We! fye on þe, faitour in faye, 80
 Who trowes þou, to þi tales toke tente.
 Þou saggard, þi selffe gan þou saie,
 ' Let him madly
mow on the
moon.'

They mock Jesus
on the cross.

þe tempill distroie þe to-daye
Be þe thirde day ware done ilk-a-dele, 84
To rayse it þou schulde þe arraye.
Loo! howe was þi falsed to feele,

Foule falle þe!

For thy presumpcyoun 88
þou haste thy warisoun,
Do faste, come doune,

And a comely kyng schalle I calle þee.

8. Cay. I calle þe a coward to kenne, 92
þat meruaylles and mirakills made,
þou mustered emange many menne,
But, brothell, þou bourded to brede.

'Thou saved
others, save
thyself!'

þou saued þame fro sorowes þai saide, 96
To saue nowe þi selffe late vs see,
God sonne if þou grathely be grayde,
Delyuere þe doune of þat tree

Anone,

100

If þou be funne
þou be Goddis sonne,
We schall be bonne

To trowe on þe trewlye, ilkone. 104

The priests want
Pilate to alter
the writing that
he set above
Jesus:

9. An. Sir Pilate, youre pleasaun[c]e we praye,
Takis tente to oure talkyng pis tide,
And wipe ȝe yone wrytyng away,
It is not beste it abide. 108

lf. 185 b.

It sittis youe to sette it aside,
And sette þat he saide in his sawe,
As he þat was prente full of pride,
'Jewes kyng am I,' comely to knawe, 112
Full playne.

but he will not.

Pil. *Quod scripci, scripci,*
ȝone same wrotte I
I bide þer-by, 116

What gedlyng will grucche there agayne.

[SCENE II; *Calvary.*]

10. **Jesus.** þou man þat of mys here has mente,
 To me tente enterly þou take,
 On roode am I ragged and rente, 120
 þou synfull sawle, for thy sake,
 For thy misse amendis wille I make.
 My bakke for to bende here I bide,
 þis teene for thi trespass I take, 124
 Who couthe þe more kyndynes haue kydde
 than I¹?
 þus for thy goode
 I schedde my bloode, 128
 Manne, mende thy moode,
 For full bittir þi blisse mon I by.
11. **Ma.** Allas! for my swete sonne I saie,
 þat doulfully to dede þus is dize, 132
 Allas! for full louely þou laye
 In my wombe, þis worthely wight.
 Allas! þat I schulde see þis sight
 Of my sone so semely to see, 136
 Allas! þat þis blossome so bright
 Vntrewly is tugged to þis tree,
 Allas!
 My lorde, my leyffe, 140
 With full grete greffe,
 Hyngis as a theffe,
 hung here like
 a thief.
 Allas! he did neuer trespassse.
12. **Jesus.** þou woman, do way of thy wepyng,
 For me may þou no thyng amende,
 My fadirs wille to be wirkyng,
 For mankynde my body I bende. 144

'Man, take heed;
 for thy misdeeds
 I make amends.'

Mary mourns for
 her son,

hung here like
 a thief.

'Woman, weep
 not; I do my
 Father's will.'

¹ These two words are written in a later hand.

If. 186.
xxvj iiij.

Ma. Allas ! þat þou likes noght to lende,
Howe schulde I but wepe for thy woo !
To care nowe my comforte is kende,

' Alas ! why
must we part ?'

Allas ! why schulde we twynne þus in twoo
For euere ? 152

Jesus gives his
mother into
John's charge.

Jesus. Womanne, in stede of me,
Loo John þi sone schall bee.
John, see to þi modir free,
For my sake do þou þi deuere. 156

13. **Ma.** Allas ! sone, sorowe and sizte,
þat me were closed in clay,
A swerde of sorowe me smyte,
To dede I were done þis day. 160

She wishes she
were dead,

but John tries to
comfort her.

Joh. A ! modir, so schall ȝe noght saie,
I praye youe be pees in þis presse,
For with all þe myght þat I maye,
Youre comforte I caste to encresse
In dede. 164

Youre sone am I,
Loo, here redy,
And nowe for-thy
I praye youe hense for to speede. 168

' How can I see
such sorrow ?'

14. **Ma.** My steuen for to stede or to steere,
Howe schulde I such sorowe to see,
My sone þat is dereworthy and dere,
Thus doulfull a dede for to dye. 172

' Dear mother,
cease, mourning
does no good.'

Joh. A ! dere modir, blynne of þis blee,
Youre mournyng it may not amende.
Ma. Cleo. A ! Marie, take triste vn-to þe,
For socoure to þe will he sende
þis tyde. 176

Joh. Fayre modir, faste
Hense latte vs caste. 180

- Ma.** To he be paste,
Wille I buske here baynly to bide.
- 15. Jesus.** With bittirfull bale haue I bought,
þus, man, all þi misse for to mende,
On me for to looke lette þou noȝt,
Howe baynly my body I bende.
No wighte in pis worlde wolde haue wende,
What sorowe I suffre for thy sake,
Manne, kaste þe thy kyndynesse be kende,
Trewe tente vn-to me þat þou take,
And treste.
For foxis þer dennys haue þei,
Birdis hase ther nestis to paye,
But þe sone of man this daye,
Hase noȝt on his heed for to reste.
- 16. Lat. a sin.** If þou be Goddis sone so free,
Why hyng þou þus on þis hille?
To saffe nowe þi selffe late vs see,
And vs now, þat spedis for to spille.
Lat. a dex. Manne, stynte of thy steuen and be stille,
For douteles thy God dredis þou noȝt,
Full wele are we worthy ther-till,
Vnwisely wrange haue we wrought
i-wisse.
Noon ille did hee,
þus for to dye;
Lord! haue mynde of me
What þou art come to þi blisse.
- 17. Jesus.** For sothe, sonne, to þe schall I saie,
Sen þou fro thy foly will falle,
With me schall dwelle nowe þis daye,
In paradise place principall.
Heloy! heloy!
My God, my God, full free,
Lamazabatanye,
- She will not go
till her son has
passed.
- 184 lf. 186 b.
'Man, see what
bitter sorrow
I suffer for thee;
- 188
take heed,
192 for foxes have
holes, birds have
nests, but the
son of man has
nowhere to rest
his head.'
- 196 The robber on
the left taunts
him,
but is stopt by
the one on the
right; 'we did
wrong, he had
no ill.
- 200
204
208 Lord, remember
me.'
- 212
Eloi, eloi, lama
sabacthani.'

20. **Jesus.** Ji drinke it schalle do me no deere, 248 'The drink will
Wete pou wele per-of will I none. not harm me;
Nowe, fadir, þat formed alle in fere, I will none of it.
To thy moste myght make I my mone.
Ji wille haue I wrought in þis wone, 252
þus ragged and rente on þis roode,
þus doulffully to dede haue þei done,
For-giffe þame be grace þat is goode,
þai ne wote noȝt what it was, 256
My fadir, here my bone,
For nowe all thyng is done,
My spirite to þee right sone
Comende I in manus tuas. [*Jesus dies.*] 260
21. **Mar.** Now dere sone, Jesus so iente, Mary mourns
Sen my harte is heuy as leede, and sighs.
O worde wolde I witte or pou wente;
Allas! nowe my dere sone is dede. 264 lf. 187 b.
Full rewfully refte is my rede,
Allas! for my darlyng so dere.
Joh. A modir, ȝe halde vppe youre heede,
And sigh noȝt with sorowes so seere, 268 John and
I praye. Mary Cleophe
lead her away.
Ma. Cleo. It dose hir pyne
To see hym tyne,
Lede we her heyne, 272
þis mornyng helpe hir ne maye.
[*Exit John and the two Maries.*]
22. **Caip.** Sir Pilate, parceyue I you praye,
Oure costemes to kepe wele ȝe canne,
To-morne is our dere sabott daye, 276 The priests beg
Of mirthē muste vs meve ilke a mane. wan. They must
be buried before
the Sabbath.
ȝone warlous nowe waxis full wane,
And nedis muste þei beried be,
Deluyer þer dede sir, and þane 280

Shall we sewe to oure saide solempnite
In dede.

Pil. It schalle be done,

In wordis fone ;

284

Sir knyghtis, go sone,

To ȝone harlottis you hendely take heede.

23. Þo caytiffis þou kille with þi knyffe,

Delyuere, haue done, þei were dede.

288

Mil. Mi lorde I schall lenghe so þer liffe,

Þat þo brothelles schall neuere bite brede.

Pil. Ser Longeus, steppe forthe in þis steede,

Þis spere, loo, haue halde in thy hande,

292

To Jesu þou rake fourthe I rede,

And sted nouȝt but stiffely þou stande

A stounde.

In Jesu side

296

Schoffe it þis tyde,

No lenger bide,

But grathely þou go to þe grounde.

[*Longeus pierces Jesus' side.*

24. Long. lat. O ! maker vnmade, full of myght,

300

O ! Jesu so jentile and jente,

Þat sodenly has lente me my sight,

Lorde ! louyng to þe be it lente.

On rode arte þou ragged and rente,

304

Mankynde for to mende of his mys,

Full spitously spilte is and spente,

Thi bloode lorde to bringe vs to blis

full free.

308

A ! mercy my socoure,

Mercy my treasoure,

Mercy my sauoure,

Þi mercy be markid in me.

312

25. Cent. O ! wondirfull werkar i-wis,

Þis weedir is waxen full wan,

Pilate tells
Longeus to kill
Jesus with his
spear.

If. 188.
xxvj vj.
Longeus receives
his sight from
Jesus' blood.

The weather
is overcast,
the centurion

- Trewe token I trowe þat it is
 þat mercy is mente vnto man.
 Full clerly consayue þus I can,
 No cause in this corse couthe þei knowe,
 316 thinks it a token
 that Jesus was
 judged un-
 righteously.
 3itt doulfull þei demyd hym þan
 To lose þus his liffe be þer lawe,
 320
 No ri3te.
 Trewly I saie,
 Goddis sone verraye,
 Was he þis daye,
 324
 þat doulfully to dede þus is di3t. [*Enter Joseph.*
 26. Jos. þat lorde lele ay lastyng in lande,
 Sir Pilate, full preste in þis presse, -
 He saue þe be see and be sande,
 328 Joseph comes to
 Pilate
 And all þat is derworth on deesse.
 Pil. Joseph, þis is lely no lesse,
 To me arte þou welcome i-wisse,
 Do saie me þe soth or þou sesse,
 332
 Thy worthyly wille what it is
 Anone.
 Jos. To þe I praye,
 Giffe me in hye
 336 to beg the body
 of Jesus.
 Jesu bodye,
 In gree it for to graue al alone.
 27. Pil. Joseph sir, I graunte þe þat geste,
 I grucche no3t to grath hym in grave,
 340 Pilate agrees.
 Delyuer, haue done he were dreste,
 If. 188 b.
 And sewe, sir, oure sabott to saffe.
 Jos. With handis and harte þat I haue,
 I thanke þe in faith for my frende,
 344 Joseph thanks
 him,
 God kepe þe þi comfote to craue,
 For wightely my way will I wende
 In hye.
 To do þat dede
 348
 He be my speede,
 and goes to bury
 Jesus.
 þat armys gun sprede,

Manne kynde be his bloode for to bye.

[*Enter Nichodemus.*

Nichodemus
comes in

28. **Nicho.** Weill mette, sir, in mynde gunne [I] meffe 352

For Jesu, þat juged was vn-jente,

Ye laboured for license and leve,

To berye his body on bente.

Jos. Full myldely þat matere I mente, 356

And þat for to do will I dresse.

and offers to go
with him.

Nicho. Both same I wolde þat wente

And lette not for more ne for lesse,

For-why 360

Oure frende was he,

Faithfull and free.

Jos. Þerfore go we

To berie þat body in hye. 364

[*They go to the cross.*

29. All mankynde may marke in his mynde

To see here þis sorowfull sight,

No falsnesse in hym couthe þei fynde,

þat doulfully to dede þus is dight. 368

Nicho. He was a full worthy wight,

Nowe blemysght and bolned with bloode.

Jos. 3a, for þat he maistered his myght,

Full falsely þei fellid þat foode 372

I wene¹,

lf. 189.
xxvi vij.

Bothe bakke and side,

His woundes wide ;

For-þi þis tyde 376

Take we hym doune vs be-twene.

They take down
the body between
them reverently,

30. **Nicho.** Be-twene vs take we hym doune,

And laie hym on lenthe on þis lande.

Jos. Þis reuerent and riche of rennounge, 380

Late vs halde hym and halse hym with hande.

A graue haue I garte here be ordande,

and lay it in
a new grave,
never in use.

¹ MS. has *wyne*.

þat neuer was in noote, it is newe.

Nicho. To þis corse it is comely accordande, 384

To dresse hym with dedis full dewe

þis stounde.

Jos. A sudarye

Loo here haue I, 388

Wynde hym for-thy,

And sone schalle we graue hym in grounde.

31. **Nicho.** In grounde late vs graue hym and goo,

They bury the
body,

Do liffely, latte vs laie hym allone ; 392

Nowe sauour of me and of moo

þou kepe vs in clenness ilkone.

Jos. [*Prays*]. To ¹ thy mercy nowe make I my moone, and pray.

As sauour be see and be sande, 396

þou gyde me þat my griffe be al gone,

With lele liffe to lenge in þis lande,

And esse.

Nicho. Seere oynementis here haue I

400 Nicodemus
anoints the body
with several
ointments.

Brought for þis faire body ;

I anoynte þe for-thy

With myrre and aloes.

32. **Jos.** þis dede it is done ilke a dele, 404

And wroughte is þis werke welé i-wis.

To þe kyng on knes here I knele,

If. r89 b.

þat baynly þou belde me in blisse.

Nicho. He highte me full hendely to be his. 408

A nyght whan I neghed hym full nere ;

Haue mynde lorde and mende ² me of mys,

' Lord, remem-
ber me ; forgive
me my sins.

For done is oure dedis full dere

þis tyde. 412

Jos. þis lorde so goode,

þat schedde his bloode,

He mende youre moode,

And buske on þis blis for to bide. 416

¹ The MS. has *Do*.

² The MS. has *wende*.

XXXVII. THE SADILLERES¹.

lf. 190 b.
xxvj. viij. b.

The Harrowing of Hell.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ADAME.	JOHANNES BAPTISTA.	BELLIALL.
EUA.	MOYSES.	MICHILL (Archangel).
ISAIAH [Isaac in error].	BELSABUB.	PRIMUS DIABOLUS.
SYMEON.	SATTAN.	SECUNDUS DIABOLUS.
JESUS.	DAUID.	

Gospel of Nicho-
demus (Latin
vers.), Part II,
ch. ii-viii.
'Man, meekly
think of me,

SCENE I, *outside the gates of Hell.*

1. **Jesus.** Manne on molde, be meke to me,
And haue thy maker in ji mynde,
And thynke howe I haue tholid for þe,
With pereles paynes for to be pyned.
The forward of my Fadir free
Haue I fulfillid, as folke may fynde,

4

I have fulfilled
my Father's
promise ;

Incipit Extractio Animarum ab Inferno.

- Jesus.** My fader me from blys has send
Tille erth for mankynde sake,
Adam mys for to amend,
My deth nede must I take.
I dwellyd ther thyrty yeres and two
And somdele more, the sothe to say,
In anger, pyne, and mekylle wo,
I dyde on cros this day.

¹ The 25th Play of the Towneley Collection (f. 97 b in the MS., p. 244 of Surtees print) runs nearly parallel with this piece ; it is given below entire.

- Per-fore a-boute nowe woll I bee,
 þat I haue bought for to vnbynde. 8
 Þe feende þame wanne with trayne
 Thurgh frewte of erthely foode,
 I haue þame getyn agayne
 Thurgh bying with my bloode. 12
2. And so I schall þat steede restore,
 For ¹ whilke þe feende fell for synne,
 Þare schalle mankynde wonne euermore,
 In blisse þat schall neuere blynne. 16
 All þat in werke my werkemen were
 Owte of thare woo I wol þame wynne,
 And some signe schall I sende be-fore
 Of grace to garre þer gamys be-gynne. 20
 A light I woll þei haue
 To schewe þame I schall come sone,
 My bodie bidis in graue,
 Tille alle thes dedis be done. 24
-
- Therfor tille helle now wille I go, 7
 To chalange that is myne, 8
 Adam, Eue, and othere mo,
 Thay shalle no longer dwelle in pyne;
 The feynde them wan withe trayn 9
 Thrughe fraude of earthly fode, 10
 I haue theym boght agan 11
 With shedyng of my blode. 12
 And now I wille that stede restore, 13
 Whiche the feynde felle fro for syn, 14
 Som tokyn wille I send before, 19
 Withe myrth to gar thare gammes begyn.
 A light I will thay haue 21
 To know I wille com sone,
 My body shalle abyde in graue 23
 Tille alle this dede be done. 24
-

¹ Read *fro*.

Jesus' body stays
in the grave,

while he frees
his friends from
their foes.

He will rise on
the third day
and ascend to
heaven.

If. 191.
xxvij j.

3. My Fadir ordand on þis wise
Aftir his will þat I schulde wende,
For to fulfille þe prophicye,
And als I spake my solace to spende. 28
My frendis þat in me faith affies,
Nowe fro ther fois I schall þame fende,
And on the thirde day ryght vprise,
And so tille heuen I schall assende. 32
Sithen schall I come agayne
To deme bothe goode and ill,
Tille endles joie or peyne
þus is my Fadris will¹. 36

[SCENE II, *Hell*; at one side *Limbo*, enclosing the patriarchs
and prophets; a light shines across.]

Adam has been
in hell 4600
years.

He sees a glo-
rious beam,

which Eve says
means joy.

4. **Adame.** Mi bretheren, harkens to me here,
Swilke hope of heele neuere are we hadde,
Foure thousande and sex hundereth þere
Haue we bene heere in þis stedde. 40
Nowe see I signe of solace seere,
A glorious gleme to make vs gladde,
Wherfore I hope oure helpe is nere,
And sone schall sesse oure sorowes sadde. 44
Eua. Adame, my husband hende,
þis menys solas certayne,

-
- Adam.** My brether, herkyn unto me here,
More hope of helth neuer we had,
Four thousand and six hundred yere
Haue we bene here in darknes stad; 40
Now se I tokyns of solace sere,
A gloryous gleme to make vs glad,
Wherthrughe I hope that help is nere,
That sone shalle slake oure sorowes sad. 44
Eve. Adam, my husband heynd,
This menys solace certan,
-

¹ A late marginal note here says 'tunc content.'

Such light gune on vs lende

In paradise full playne.

48

5. **Isaiah**¹. Adame, we schall wele vndirstande,

I, Ysaias as god me kende,

I prechid in Neptalym, þat lande,

And Zabulon even vn-till ende.

52

I spake of folke in mirke walkand,

And saide a light schulde on þame lende,

This lered I whils I was leuand,

Nowe se I God þis same hath sende.

56

Þis light comes all of Criste,

Þat seede to saue vs nowe,

Þus is my poynte puplisshid,

But Symeon, what sais þou?

60

6. **Symeon**. Yhis, my tale of farleis feele,

For in þis temple his frendis me fande,

Isaiah while
living prophesied
a great light.
Isa. ix. 2.

It was Christ.

Simeon repeats
the tale.

Siche light can on vs leynd

In paradyse full playn.

48

Isaias. Adam, through thi syn

Here were we put to dwelle

This wykyd place within,

The name of it is helle;

Here paynes shalle neuer blyn

That wykyd ar and felle,

Loue that lord withe wyn

His lyfe for vs wold selle.

Et content omnes 'Saluator mundi' primum versum.

Adam thou welle vnderstand

I am Isaias, so Crist me kende.

I spake of folke in darknes walkand,

I saide a light shuld on theym lende;

This light is alle from Crist commande

That he tille vs has hedir sende,

Thus is my poynt proved in hand,

As I before to fold it kende.

Simeon. So may I telle of farlys feyلة

61

For in the tempyle his freyndes me fande,

¹ Isaac is written, but it is evidently a mistake for Isaiah.

- I hadde delite with hym to dele,
 And halsed homely with my hande. 64
 I saide, "lorde, late thy seruauunt lele
 Passe nowe in pesse to liffe lastand,
 For nowe my selfe has sene thy hele,
 Me liste no lengar to liffe in lande." 68
- lf. 191 b.
 He sees the
 light.
- þis light þou hast purueyed
 To folkes þat liffis in leede,
 þe same þat I þame saide,
 I see fulfillid in dede. 72
- John Baptist
 recognizes
 Christ's coming.
7. Joh. Bapt. Als voyce criand to folke I kende,
 þe weyes of criste als I wele kanne,
 I baptiste hym with bothe my hande
 Euen in þe floode of flume Jordanne. 76
 þe holy goste fro heuene discende,
 Als a white dowue doune on hym þanne,
 The Fadir voyce, my mirthe to mende,
 Was made to me euen als manne, 80

- Me thought dayntethe with hym to deyllle,
 I halsid hym homely with my hand,
 I saide, Lord, let thi servandes leyлле 64
 Pas in peasse to lyf lastande,
 Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele 67
 No longer lyst I lyf in lande. 68
 This light thou has purvayde
 For theym that lyf in lede, 70
 That I before of the haue saide
 I se it is fulfilld in dede. 72
- Johannes Baptista. As a vo[i]ce cryand I kend
 The wayes of Crist, as I welle can, 74
 I baptisid hym with bothe myn hende
 In the water of flume Jordan; 76
 The Holy Gost from heuen discende
 As a white dowfe downe on me than, 78
 The Fader voyce oure myrthes to amende
 Was made to me lyke as a man; 80

This is my sone, he saide,
 In whome me paies full wele,
 His light is on vs laide,
 He comes oure cares to kele.

84

8. **Moyses.** Of þat same light lernyng haue I,
 To me Moyses he mustered his myght,
 And also vnto anodir, Hely,
 Wher we were on an hille on hight.
 Whyte as snowe was his body,
 And his face like to þe sonne to sight,
 No man on molde was so myghty
 Grathely to loke agaynste þat light,
 þat same light se I now,
 Shynyng on vs sarteyne,
 Wherfore trewly I trowe,
 We schalle sone passe fro payne.

88

92

96

Moses knows
 that Christ
 showed his
 power to himself
 and Elias.

9. **i Diab.** Helpe! Belsabub! to bynde þer boyes,
 Such harrowe was neuer are herde in helle.

The devils are
 alarmed at the
 sound of the
 joyful shouting
 in limbo.

'Yond is my son,' he saide,
 'And whiche me pleasses fulle welle,'
 His light is on us layde,
 And commys oure karys to kele.

82

84

- Moyses.** Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,
 To me, Moyses, he shewid his myght,
 And also to another oone, Hely,
 Where we stud on a hille on byght,
 As whyte as snaw was his body,
 His face was like the son for bright,
 Noman on mold was so mighty
 Grathly durst loke agans that light,
 And that same lighte here se I now
 Shynyng on vs, certayn,
 Where thrughe truly I trow
 That we shalle sone pas fro this payn.

86

88

90

92

94

96

- Rybalde.** Sen fyrst that helle was mayde, And I was
 put therin
 Sicke sorow neuer ere I had, nor hard I sicke
 a dyn;

lf. 192.
xxvij ij.

ii Diab. Why rooris þou soo, rebalde? þou royis,
What is be-tidde, canne þou ought telle? 100

i Diab. What! heris þou noȝt þis vggely noyse,
þes lurdans þat in lyombo dwelle,
þei make menyng of many joies,
And musteres grete mirthe þame emell. 104

ii Diab. Mirthe? nay, nay, þat þoynte is paste,
More hele schall þei neuere haue.

i Diab. þei crie on Criste full faste,
And sais he schal þame saue. 108

'They are shut
up in a special
part, they shall
never pass out.'

10. Belsabub. ȝa, if he saue þame noght, we schall,
For they are sperde in special space,
Whils I am prince and principall
Schall þei neuer passe oute of þis place. 112
Calle vppe Astrotte and A
To giffe þer counsaile in þis case,

My hart beginnys to brade, my wytt waxys thyn,
I drede we can not be glad, thise saules mon
fro us twyn;
How, Belsabub! bynde thise boys, sich harow
was neuer hard in helle. 98

Belzabub. Out, Rybald! thou rores, what is betyd? can
thou oght telle? 100

Rybald. Whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse!
Thise lurdans that in lyombo dwelle
They make menyng of many joyse,
And muster myrthes theym emelle. 104

Belzabub. Myrth? nay, nay! that poynt is past,
More hope of helth shalle they neuer haue.

Rybald. Thay cry on Crist fulle fast,
And says he shalle theym saue. 108

Belzabub. Yee, tho he do not I shalle
For thay ar sparyd in specyalle space,
Whils I am prynce and pryncypalle,
Thay shalle neuer pas out of this place. 112
Calle up Astarot and Anaballe
To gyf vs counselle in this case;

- Bele, Berit, and Belial,
 To marre þame þat swilke maistries mase. 116
 Say to Satan oure sire,
 And bidde þame bringe also,
 Lucifer louely of lyre.
 i **Diab.** Al redy, lorde, I goo. 120
11. **Jesus** [*Without*]. *Attollite portas principes,*
 Oppen vppe 3e princes of paynes sere,
Et eleuamini eternas,
 Youre yendles 3atis þat 3e haue here. 124
Sattan. What page is þere þat makes prees,
 And callis hym kyng of vs in fere?
Dauid [*in Limbo*]. I lered leuand, with-outen lees,
 He is a kyng of vertues clere. 128

The other devils
 are called to
 council.

'Open your
 gates!'

'Who is it?'

David bears wit-
 ness to Christ.

-
- Telle Berith and Bellyalle
 To mar theym that siche mastry mase; 116
 Say to sir Satan oure syre,
 And byd hym bryng also
 Sir Lucyfer luffly of lyre.
Rybald. Alle redy, lord, I go. 120
Jesus. *Attollite portas, principes, vestras et eleuamini*
portae eternas, et introibit rex glorie.
Rybald. Out, harro, out! what deville is he
 That callys hym kyng ouer vs alle? 126
 Hark Belzabub, com ne, 137
 For hedusly I hard hym calle.
Belzabub. Go spar the yates, ylle mot thou the!
 And set the waches on the walle, 140
 If that brodelle com ne
 With vs ay won he shalle;
 And if he more calle or cry, 141
 To make us more debate,
 Lay on hym hardely,
 And make hym go his gate. 144
David. Nay, withe hym may ye not fyght,
 For he is kyng and conqueroure,

- A! lorde, mekill of myght,
 And stronge in ilke a stoure,
 In batailes ferse to fight,
 And worthy to wyne honnoure. 132
- If. 192 b. **12. Sattan.** Honnoure! in þe deuelway, for what dede?
 All erthely men to me are thrall,
 Þe lady þat calles hym lorde in leede,
 Hadde neuer ȝit herberowe, house, ne halle. 136
- 'The lady who calls him lord had never house nor hall.'
i Diab. Harke, Belsabub! I haue grete drede,
 For hydously I herde hym calle.
Belliall. We! spere oure ȝates, all ill mot þou spede,
 And sette furthe watches on þe wall. 140
 And if he call or crie
 To make vs more debate,
 Lay on hym þan hardely,
 And garre hym gang his gate. 144
- The devils are affright.
 They close their gates.
 'Make him go away.'
13. Sattan. Telle me what boyes dare be so bolde,
 For drede to make so mekill draye.

- And of so mekille myght, 129
 And styf in euery stoure; 130
 Of hym commys alle this light
 That shynys in this bowre,
 He is fulle fers in fight 131
 Worthi to wyn honoure. 132
- Belzabub.** Honoure! harsto, harlot, for what dede
 Alle erthly men to me are thralle, 134
 That lad that thou callys lord in lede
 He had neuer harbour, house, ne halle; 136
 How, sir Sathanas, com nar
 And hark this cursid rowte!
- Sathanes.** The deville you alle to-har!
 What ales the so to showte?
 And me, if I com nar
 Thy brayn bot I bryst owte.
- Belzabub.** Thou must com help to spar,
 We are beseged abowte.
- Sathanes.** Besegyð aboute! Whi who durst be so bold 145
 For drede to make on vs a fray? 146

i Diab. Itt is þe Jewe þat Judas solde
For to be dede, þis othir daye.

148 'Tis the Jew
that Judas sold.'

Sattan. Owe! þis tale in tyme is tolde,
þis traytoure traues vs alway,
He schall be here full harde in holde,
Loke þat he passe noght, I þe praye.

152

ii Diab. Nay, nay, he will noȝt wende
A-way or I be ware,
He shappis hym for to schende
Alle helle or he go ferre.

156 'He will ruin
all hell.'

14. **Sattan.** Nay, faitour, þer-of schall he faile,
For alle his fare I hym deffie,
I knowe his trantis fro toppe to taile,
He leuys with gaudis and with gilery.
þer-by he brought oute of oure bale
Nowe, late, Lazar of Betannye,
þer-fore I gaffe to þe Jewes counsaile,
þat þei schulde alway garre hym dye.

Satan defies him.

160

164 If. 193.
xxvij iij.
Satan advised
the Jews and
entered into
Judas.

Belzabub. It is the Jew that Judas sold
For to be dede this othere day.

148

Sathanes. How, in tyme that tale was told,
That trature trauesses vs alle-way
He shalbe here fulle hard in hold,
Bot loke he pas not, I the pray.

152

Belzabub. Pas! nay, nay, he wille not weynde
From hens or it be war,
He shapys hym for to sheynd
Alle helle or he go far.

156

Sathanes. Fy, fatus, therof shalle he faylle,
For alle his fare I hym defy;
I know his trantes fro top to taylle,
He lyffes by gawdes and glory.
Therby he broght furthe of oure baylle
The lathe Lazare of Betany,
Bot to the Jues I gaf counsaile
That thay shuld cause hym dy;

160

164

I entered in Judas
 þat forwarde to fulfille,
 þer-fore his hire he has,
 All-way to wonne here stille. 168

15. Belsabub. Sir Sattanne, sen we here þe saie,
 þat þou and 3e Jewes wer same assente,
 And wotte he wanne Lazar awaye,
 þat tille vs was tane for to tente. 172

If Satan has
 done these
 things he may
 now conquer
 Jesus.

Trowe þou þat þou marre hym maye,
 To mustir myghtis what he has mente,
 If he nowe depriue vs of oure praye,
 We will 3e witte whanne þei are wente. 176

'Be ready to
 strike him down.'

Sattan. I bidde 3ou be noȝt abasshed
 But boldely make youe bounne
 With toles þat 3e on traste
 And dyngge þat dastard doune. 180

Jesus enters
 through hell-
 gates.

16. Jesus [*Without*]. *Principes, portas tollite,*
 Vndo youre 3atis, 3e princis of pryde,
Et introibit rex glorie,
 þe kyng of blisse comes in þis tyde. 184

[*Enters the gates of Hell.*]

I enterd ther into Judas
 That forward to fulfille,
 Therfor his hyere he has
 Alle wayes to won here style. 168

Rybald. Sir Sathan, sen we here the say
 Thou and the Jues were at assent,
 And wote he wan the Lazare away
 That vnto vs was taken to tent, 172

Hopys thou that thou mar hym may
 To muster the malyce that he has ment?
 For and he refe us now oure pray
 We wille ye witt or he is went. 176

Sathanas. I byd the noght abaste,
 Bot boldly make you bowne,
 Withe toyles that ye intraste
 And dyng that dastard doune. 180

Jesus. Attollite portas principes vestras, etc. 181

- Sattan.** Owte ! harrowe [what harlot] is hee,
 Pat sais his kyngdome schall be cryed. Satan bewails.
- Dauid** [*in Limbo*]. Pat may pou in my sawter see
 For pat poynte of prophicie. 188
- I saide pat he schuld breke
 Youre barres and bandis by name,
 And on youre werkis take wreke,
 Nowe schalle 3e see þe same. 192
- David** foretold
 this in his Psalm
 [xxiv. 7-9].
- 17. Jesus.** Þis steede schall stonde no lenger stoken,
 Opyne vppe and latte my pepul passe. If. 193 b.
- Diabolus.** Oute ! beholdes, oure baill is brokynne,
 And brosten are alle oure bandis of bras. 196
- The whole place**
is thrown open.
-
- Rybald.** Outt, harro ! what harlot is he
 That sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde ? 185
- David.** That may thou in sawter se,
 For of this prynce thus ere I saide ;
 I saide that he shuld breke 187
 Youre barres and bandes by name,
 And of youre warkes take wreke ;
 Now shalle thou se the same. 189
- Jesus.** Ye prynces of helle open youre yate,
 And let my folk furthe gone ;
 A prynce of peasse shalle enter therat
 Wheder ye wille or none. 192
- Rybald.** What art thou that spekys so ?
- Jesus.** A king of blys that hight Jesus.
- Rybald.** Yee, hens fast I red thou go,
 And melle the not with vs.
- Belzabub.** Oure yates I trow wille last,
 Thay ar so strong I weyn,
 Bot if oure barres brast
 For the thay shalle not twyn.
- Jesus.** This stede shalle stand no longer stokyn,
 Open vp and let my pepille pas. 193
- Rybald.** Out, harro ! oure baylle is brokyn,
 And brusten ar alle oure bandes of bras. 196

- Limbo is lost. Telle lucifer alle is vnlokynne.
Belsabub. What panne, is lymbus lorne, allas !
 Garre Satan, helpe þat we were wroken,
 Þis werke is werse panne euere it was. 200
- The devils re-
 criminate on each
 other. **Sattan.** I badde ȝe schulde be boune
 If he made maistries more,
 Do dyngge þat dastard doune,
 And sette hym sadde and sore. 204
18. **Belsabub.** ȝa, sette hym sore, þat is sone saide,
 But come þi selffe and serue hym soo,
 We may not bide his bittir braide,
 He wille vs marre, and we wer moo. 208
- Sattan.** What ! faitours, wherfore are ȝe ferde ?
 Haue ȝe no force to flitte hym froo ?
 Belyue loke þat my gere be grathed,
 Mi selffe schall to þat gedlyng goo. 212
-
- Belzabub.** Harro ! oure yates begyn to crak,
 In sonder, I trow, they go,
 And helle, I trow will alle-to-shak ;
 Alas, what I am wo !
- Rybald.** Lymbo is lorne alas ! 198
 Sir Sathanas com vp ;
 This wark is wars then it was.
- Sathanas.** Yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke ;
 Thefys, I bad ye shuld be bowne 201
 If he maide mastres more
 To dyng that dastard downe,
 Sett hym bothe sad and sore. 204
- Belzabub.** To sett hym sore that is sone saide
 Com thou thi self and serue hym so ;
 We may not abyde his bytter brayde,
 He wolde vs mar and we were mo. 208
- Sathanas.** Fy, faturs ! Wherefor were ye flayd ?
 Have ye no force to flyt hym fro ?
 Loke in haste my gere be grayd,
 My self shalle to that gadlyng go. 212

[*To Jesus.*] Howe! belamy, a' de,
 With al thy booste and bere,
 And telle to me pis tyde,
 What maistries makes þou here?

'Stay, my fine
 friend, what
 lordship do you
 want here?'

216

19. *Jesus.* I make no maistries but for myne,
 þame wolle I saue, I telle þe nowe,
 þou hadde no poure þame to pyne,
 But as my prisonne for þer prowē.
 Here haue þei soiorned, noght as thyne,
 But in thy warde, þou wote wele howe.

'I only want my
 people, you had
 no power save
 to imprison them
 for their good.'

220

Sattan. And what deuel haste þou done ay syne
 þat neuer wolde negh þame nere, or nowe?

If. 194.
 xxvij iijj. *

224

Jesus. Nowe is þe tyme certayne
 Mi Fadir ordand be-fore,
 þat they schulde passe fro payne,
 And wonne in mirthe euer more.

This is the time
 ordained to set
 them free.'

228

20. *Sattan.* Thy fadir knewe I wele be sight,
 He was a write his mette to wyne,

Satan parleys
 with Christ.

How, thou belamy, abyde,
 Withe alle thi boste and beyn
 And telle me in this tyde
 What mastres thou makes here.

214

216

Jesus. I make no mastry bot for myne,
 I wille theym saue, that shalle the sow,
 Thou has no powere theym to pyne,
 Bot in my pryson for thare prow
 Here haue thay soiornynd, noght as thyne
 Bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.

220

Sathanas. Why, where has thou bene ay syn
 That neuer wold neghe theym nere or now.

222

Jesus. Now is the tyme certan
 My Fader ordaned her-for,
 That thay shuld pas fro payn,
 In blys to dwelle for euer more.

228

Sathanas. Thy fader knew I welle by syght,
 He was a wright his meett to wyn,

- And Marie me menys þi modir hight,
 Þe vttiremeste ende of all þi kynne. 232
 Who made þe be so mekill of myght?
Jesus. Þou wikid feende, latte be thy dynne,
 Mi Fadir wonnys in heuen on hight,
 With blisse þat schall neuere blynne. 236
 I am his awne sone,
 His forward to fulfille¹.
 And same ay schall we wonne,
 And sundir whan we wolle. 240
21. **Sattan.** God sonne, þanne schulde þou be ful gladde,
 Aftir no catel neyd thowe crave²,
 But þou has leued ay like a ladde,
 And in sorowe as a symple knave. 244
Jesus. Þat was for hartely loue I hadde
 Vnto mannis soule it for to saue;
 And for to make þe mased and madde,
 And by þat resoune þus dewly to haue, 248

Jesus lived in
sorrow

in order to save
man.

-
- Mary me mynnys thi moder hight,
 The utmast ende of alle thy kyn, 232
 Say who made the so mekille of myght?
Jesus. Thou wykyd feynde lett be thi dy[n],
 My Fader wonnes in heuen on hight
 In blys that neuer more shalle blyn; 236
 I am his oonly son his forward to fulfylle,
 Togeder wille we won in sonder when we wylle. 240
Sathanas. Goddes son! nay then myght thou be glad,
 For no catell thurt the craue;
 Bot thou has lyffed ay lyke a lad,
 In sorow and as a sympille knaue. 244
Jesus. That was for the hartly luf I had
 Vnto man's saulle it forto saue,
 And forto make the masyd and mad,
 And for that reson rufully to rafe. 248
-

¹ Lines 237, 238 are written as one in MS.

² This line was first written 'Aftir no catel þus þe I telle,' but was corrected as above by the Elizabethan hand, which also in l. 244 inserted *as* and wrote *knave* for *bruide*.

Mi godhede here I hidde
 In Marie modir myne,
 For it schulde noȝt be kidde,
 To þe nor to none of thyne.

252

22. Sattan. A! þis wolde I were tolde in ilk a toune.

So sen þou sais God is thy sire,
 I schall þe proue be right resoune,
 þou motes his men in to þe myre.
 To breke his bidding were thei boune,
 And, for they did at my desire,
 Fro paradise he putte þame doune
 In helle here to have þer hyre.
 And thy selfe, day and nyght,
 Has taught al men emang,
 To do resoune and right,
 And here workis þou all wrang.

lf. 194 b.

256 Satan reproaches
 Christ, for that
 men were
 obliged to break
 God's bidding.

260

264

23. Jesus. I wirke noȝt wrang, þat schal þow witte,
 If I my men fro woo will wyne,
 Mi prophetis playnly prechid it,

My Godhede here I hyd
 In Mary moder myne,
 Where it shalle neuer be kyd
 To the ne none of thyne.

252

Sathanas. How now? this wold I were told in towne,

Thou says God is thi syre;
 I shalle the prove by good reson
 Thou meyttes as man dos into myre.
 To breke thi byddyng they were full bowne,
 And soyn they wrought at my desyre,
 From Paradise thou putt theym downe,
 In helle here to haue thare hyre:
 And thou thi self by day and nyght,
 Taght euer alle men emang,
 Euer to do reson and right,
 And here thou wyrkys alle wrang.

256

260

264

Jesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shall thou wytt,
 If I my men fro wo wille wyn;
 My prophettes playnly prechyd it,

The prophets
preached Christ's
death and de-
scent into hell.

All þis note þat nowe be-gynne. 268
 Þai saide þat I schulde be obitte,
 To hell þat I schulde entre in,
 And saue my seruauantis fro þat pitte,
 Wher dampned saulis schall sitte for synne. 272
 And ilke trewe prophettis tale
 Muste be fulfillid in mee,
 I haue þame broughte with bale,
 And in blisse schal þei be. 276

Satan will be
even with Christ,

24. Sattan. Nowe sen þe liste allegge þe lawes,
 Þou schalte be atteynted, or we twynne,
 For þo þat þou to wittenesse drawes,
 Full even agaynste þe will be-gynne. 280

and quotes
against him
Solomon,

Salamon saide in his sawes,
 þat whoso enteres helle withynne,
 Shall neuer come oute, þus clerkis knawes,—
 And perfore felowe, leue þi dynne. 284

and Job.

Job, þi seruauante also,
 þus in his tyme gune telle,

Alle the noytes that I begyn ; 268
 They saide that I shuld be that ilke
 In helle where I shuld intre in,
 To saue my seruandes fro that pytt
 Where dampnyd saullys shalle syt for syn. 272
 And ilke true prophete taylle
 Shalbe fulfillid in me,
 I haue thaym boght fro baylle,
 In blis now shalle they be. 276

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes
 Thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
 For those that thou to witnes drawes
 Fulle euen agans the shalle begyn ; 280
 As Salamon saide in his sawes,
 Who that ones commys helle within
 He shalle neuer owte, as clerkes knawes,
 Therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn. 284
 Job thi seruande also
 In his tyme can telle

þat nowthir frende nor foo
Shulde fynde reles in helle.

If. 195.
xxvij v.
288

25. **Jesus.** He saide full soth, þat schall þou see,
þat in helle may be no reles,
But of þat place þan preched he,
Where synfull care schall euere encrees.
And in þat bale ay schall þou be,
Whare sorowes sere schall neuer sesse,
And for my folke þer fro wer free,
Nowe schall þei passe to þe place of pees.
þai were here with my wille,
And so schall þei fourthe wende,
And þi selue schall fulfille,
þer wooe with-outen ende.

Job says the
truth,
292
thou shalt stay in
hell for ever,
but my folk shall
pass forth.
296

300

26. **Sattan.** Owe ! þanne se I howe þou mouys emang,

' Oh ! there is a
limit to the
harm,

That nawder freynde nor fo .
Shalle fynde relese in helle.

288

Jesus. He sayde fulle soythe, that shalle thou se,
In helle shalbe no relese,
Bot of that place then ment he
Where synfulle care shalle euere encrese.
In that baylle ay shalle thou be,
Where sorowes seyr shall never sesse,
And my folk that wer most fre
Shalle pas vnto the place of peasse ;
For thay were here with my wille,
And so thay shalle furth weynde,
Thou shalle thiself fulfille,
Euer wo withoutten ende,

292

296

300

Sathanas. Whi, and wille thou take theym alle me fro ?
Then thynk me thou art vnkynde ;
Nay I pray the do not so,
Vmthynke the better in thy mynde.
Or els let me with the go,
I pray the leyfe me not behynde.

Jesus. Nay tratur, thou shalle won in wo,
And tille a stake I shalle the bynde.

Sathanas. Now here I how thou menys emang.

301

all shall not go,
but some stay.'

Some mesure with malice to melle,
Sen þou sais all schall noȝt gang,
But some schalle alway with vs dwelle. 304

'Yes, such as
Cain, and sui-
cides like Judas
and Achitophel,
Dathan and
Abiram,

Jesus. ȝaa, witte þou wele, ellis were it wrang,
Als cursed Cayme þat slewe Abell,
And all þat hastis hem selue to hange,
Als Judas and Archedefell, 308

Datan and Abiron,
And alle of þare assente,

and all tyrants,

Als tyrantis euerilkone
þat me and myne turmente. 312

27. And all þat liste noght to lere my lawe,
þat I haue lefte in lande nowe newe,
þat is my comyng for to knawe,
And to my sacramente pursewe. 316

and unbelievers,
lf. 195 b.

Mi dede, my rysing, rede be rawe,
Who will noght trowe þei are noght trewe,
Vnto my dome I schall þame drawe,
And juge þame worse þanne any Jewe. 320

these I shall
judge worse than
Jews.'

With mesure and malyce for to melle,
Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,
Yit som let alle-wayes with vs dwelle. 304

Jesus. Yis wytt thou welle, els were greatt wrang,
Thou shalle haue Caym that slo Abelle,
And alle that hastes theym self to hang,
As dyd Judas and Architophelle; 308
And Daton and Abaron and alle of thare assent,
Cursyd tyranttes euer ilkon that me and myn
tormente. 312

And alle that wille not lere my law
That I haue left in land for new
That makes my comyng knaw,
And alle my sacramentes persew; 316
My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,
Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe,
Vnto my dome I shalle theym draw,
And juge theym wars than any Jew. 320

And all þat likis to leere
 My lawe and leue þer bye,
 Shall neuere haue harmes heere,
 But welthe as is worthy.

All who live by
 Christ's law will
 get no harm in
 hell.

324

28. **Sattan.** Nowe here my hande, I halde me paied,
 Þis poynte is playnly for oure prowē,
 If þis be soth þat þou hast saide,
 We schall haue moo þanne we haue nowē.
 Þis lawe þat þou nowē late has laide
 I schall lere men noȝt to allowe,
 Iff þei it take þei be be-traied,
 For I schall turne þame tyte, I trowe.
 I schall walke este and weste,
 And garre þame werke wele werre.

Satan is content,
 and thinks he will
 have enough.

328

Jesus. Naye, feende, þou schall be feste,
 Þat þou schalte flitte not ferre.

332 He will walk
 east and west
 and make men
 work badly.

336

29. **Sattan.** Feste! þat were a foule reasoune,
 Nay, bellamy, þou bus be smytte.

And thay that lyst to lere my law and lyf therby,
 Shalle neuer have harmes here, bot welth as is
 worthy.

324

Sathanas. Now here my hand. I hold me payde,
 Thise poyntes are playnly for my prow,
 If this be trew as thou has saide
 We shall haue mo then we haue now,
 Thies lawes that thou has late here laide
 I shalle theym lere not to alow,
 If thay myn take thay ar betraide,
 And I shalle turne theym tytt I trowe.
 I shalle walk eest, I shalle walk west,
 And gar theym wyrk welle war.

328

332

Jesus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe fest,
 That thou shalle flyt no far.

336

Sathanas. Feste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!
 Belamy, thou shalbe smytt.

338

But Jesus calls
Michael to chain
the devil into his
cell.

Jesus. Mighill! myne Aungell, make þe boune,
And feste yone fende, þat he not flitte. 340
And deuyll, I comaunde þe go doune,
In-to thy selle where þou schalte sitte. [*Satan sinks.*

'Help, Mahomet!
I go mad!'

Sattan. Owt, ay! herrowe! helpe mahounde!
Nowe wex I woode oute of my witte. 344

Belsabub. Sattan, þis saide we are,
Nowe schall þou fele þi fitte.

He falls into the
pit of hell.

Sattan. Allas! for dole, and care,
I synke in to helle pitte. [*Falls into the pit.* 348

30. **Adame.** A! Jesu lorde, mekill is þi myght,
That mekis þi-selffe in þis manere.
Vs for to helpe as þou has hight,
Whanne both forfette I and my feere. 352
Here haue we leuyd with-outen light,
Foure thousand and vi c þere,
Now se I be þis solempne sight,
Howe thy mercy hath made vs clere¹. 356

If. 196.
xxviij vi.
Adam rejoices
and praises
Jesus,

Jesus. Deville, I commaunde the to go downe 341
Into thi sete where thou shalle syt. 342
Sathanas. Alas for doylle and care 347
I synk into helle pyt. 348
Rybald. Sir Sathanas, so saide I are, 345
Now shalle thou haue a fytt. 346
Jesus. Com now furthe my childer alle,
I forgyf you youre mys;
Withe me now go ye shalle
To joy and endles blys.
Adam. Lord thou art fulle mekyll of myght, 349
That mekys thi self on this manere,
To help vs alle as thou had vs hight,
When bothe forfett I and my fere; 352
Here haue we dwelt withoutten light,
iiiiM. and vi hundreth yere,
Now se we by this solempne sight
How that thi mercy makes vs dere. 356

¹ The MS. has *clene*.

Eue. A! lorde, we were worthy
 Mo turmentis for to taste,
 But mende vs with mercye
 Als þou of myght is moste. 360

31. [John] Baptista. A! lorde I loue þe inwardly,
 That me wolde make þi messengere,
 Thy comyng in erth for to crye,
 And teche þi faith to folke in feere. 364
 And sithen be-fore þe for to dye,
 And bringe boodworde to þame here,
 How þai schulde haue thyne helpe in hye,
 Nowe se I all þi poyntis appere. 368
 Als dauid prophete trewe
 Ofte tymes tolde vntill vs,
 Of þis comyng he knewe,
 And saide it schulde be þus. 372

32. Dauid. Als I haue saide, ȝitt saie I soo,
Ne derelinquas, domine,
Animam meam [in] inferno, Ps. xvi. 10.

Eua. Lord we were worthy more tornamentes to tast,
 Thou help vs Lord with thy mercy, as thou of
 myght is mast. 360

Joh. Lord, I loue the inwardly
 That me wold make thi messyngere,
 Thi commyng in erthe to cry,
 And teche thi fayth to folk in fere, 364
 Sythen before the forto dy,
 To bryng theym bodword that be here,
 How they shuld haue thi help in hy,
 Now se I alle those poyntes appere. 368

Moyses. David, thi prophette trew
 Oft tymes told vnto vs;
 Of thi commyng he knew,
 And saide it shuld be thus. 372

Dauid. As I saide ere yit say I so,
Ne derelinquas, domine,
Animam meam in inferno;

'Thou wilt not
leave my soul in
hell.' *Ps.* xvi. 10.

Leffe noght my saule, lorde, aftir þe,
In depe helle where dampned schall goo,
Ne suffre neuere saules fro þe be,
The sorowe of þame þat wonnes in woo
Ay full of filthe, þat may repleye. 376
380

Adame. We thanke his grete goodnesse
He fette vs fro þis place,

If. 196 b.

Makes joie nowe more and lesse,
Omnis we laude god of his grace¹ 384

Jesus calls Adam
and his friends to
come forth, and
tells Michael to
lead them to
Paradise,

33. Jesus. Adame and my frendis in feere,
Fro all youre foes come fourth with me,
ʒe schalle be sette in solas seere,
Wher ʒe schall neuere of sorowes see. 388
And Mighill, myn aungell clere,
Ressayue þes saules all vnto þe,
And lede þame als I schall þe lere
To Paradise with playe and plente. 392

[*They come out of Limbo.*]

while he returns
to the grave,
ready to rise.

Mi graue I woll go till,
Redy to rise vppe-right,
And so I schall fulfille
That I be-fore haue highte. 396

Michael asks for
a saving blessing,

34. Mich. Lord, wende we schall aftir þi sawe,
To solace sere þai schall be sende,
But þat þer deuelis no draught vs drawe,
Lorde, blisse vs with þi holy hende². 400

which Jesus
gives.

Jesus. Mi blissing haue ʒe all on rawe,
I schall be with youe wher ʒe wende,

Leyfe neuer my saulle, lord, after the, 376
In depe helle wheder dampned shalle go;
Suffre thou neuer thi sayntes to se
The sorowe of thaym that won in wo,
Ay fulle of fylthe and may not fle. 380

¹ The late hand here writes 'tunc cantent.'

² A later pen has altered it to *honde*.

And all þat lelly luffes my lawe,
 þai schall be blissid with-owten ende.

404

Adame. To þe lorde, be louyng,
 þat vs has wonne fro waa,
 For solas will we syng,

Laus tibi cum gloria.

[*Exeunt.* 408 Praise the Lord.

Moyses. Make myrthe bothe more and les,
 And loue oure lord we may,
 That has broght vs fro bytternes
 In blys to abyde for ay.

Ysaïas. Therfor now let vs syng
 To loue oure lord Jesus,
 Vnto his blys he wille vs bryng,
 Te Deum laudamus.

XXXVIII. THE CARPENTERES¹.

The Resurrection; fright of the Jews.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

PILATUS.	ANGELUS.
ANNA.	1 MARIA [Magdalene].
CAYPHAS.	2 MARIA [mother of James and Joses].
CENTURIO.	3 MARIA [Salome]. 1, 2, 3, 4 MILITES.]

[SCENE I; ?in Pilate's Hall.]

Matt. xxvii. 45,
51-54, 61-66;
xxviii. 1-15.
Mark xv. 33, 38,
39, 44; xvi. 1-8.
Gosp. of Nichod.
ch. xiii.

1. Pil.¹ **L**ORDINGIS, listenys nowe vnto me,
I comaunde you in ilke degre
Als domesman chiffe in þis contre,
For counsaill kende,
Atte my bidding you awe to be
And baynly bende.

4

Pilate and
Caiaphas declare
they will stand by
their deed in the
death of Jesus.

2. And sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergie,
Of youre counsaill late here in hye,
By oure assente sen we dyd dye
Ihesus þis day;
þat we mayntayne and stand perby
þat werke all-way.

8

12

¹ The 26th Towneley Play, 'Resurrectio Domini' (fo. 101 b of the MS., p. 254 of Surtees print), is in part parallel. The first forty-five lines differ entirely; it is here given from that point.

² This name, forgotten by the rubricator, was added in later.

3. **Cayph.** 3is, sir, þat dede schall we mayntayne,
 By lawe it was done all be-dene,
 3e wotte youre selue, with-outen wene,
 Als wele as we. 16
 His sawes are nowe vppon hym sene,
 And ay schall be.
4. **Anna.** Þe pepull, sirs, in þis same steede,
 Be-fore 3ou saide with a hole hede, 20
 Þat he was worthy to be dede
 And þerto sware,
 Sen all was rewlid by rightis rede
 Nevyn it nomore. 24
5. **Pil.** To neuyn me thinketh it nedfull thyng,
 Sen he was hadde to beriyng,
 Herde we nowthir of olde ne 3ing
 Thithynges be-twene. 28
- Cayph.** Centurio, sir, will bringe thidingis
 Of all be-dene. 32
6. We lefte hym þere for man moste wise,
 If any rebelles wolde ought rise
 Oure rightwise dome for to dispise,
 Or it offende,
 To sese þame till þe nexte assise,
 And þan make ende. 36
- [Enter Centurion.]
7. **Cent.** [To himself.] A! blissid lorde, Adonay,
 What may þes meruayles signifie,
 Þat her was schewed so oppinly
 Vn-to oure sight? 40

It was lawfully
done.

Annas confirms
it, say no more.

'I must speak of
it, we have heard
nothing since his
burial.'

The centurion
will tell you
if there is
rebellion against
our judgment.

What wonders
came the day of
Jesus' death!

Tunc veniet Centurio velut miles equitans.

- Centurio.** A blyssyd lord, Adonay, what may this
 meruelle sygnify 38
 That here was showyd so openly vnto oure sight,

Dis day whanne þat þe man gune dye
 Þat Ihesus highte.

lf. 197 b.

8. Itt is a misty thyng to mene,
 So selcouth a sight was neuere sene 44
 Þat oure princes and prestis be-dene
 Of þis affray;
 I woll go weten, with-uten wene,
 What þei can saye. 48

He salutes Pilate
and the priests.

9. [*To Pilate, &c.*] God saue þou, sirs, on ilke a side,
 Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide
 With mekill mirthe myght þe abide,
 Boght day and nyght¹! 51
 Pil. Centurio, welcome this tide,
 Oure comely knyght!

10. þe haue bene miste vs here among.
 Cent. God giffe you grace grathely to gang. 56
 Pil. Centurio, ure frende full lang,
 What is your will?
 Cent. I drede me þat þe haue done wrang
 And wondir ill. 60

He fears they
have done great
wrong.

-
- When the rightwys man can dy that Jesus hight? 42
 [Here occur 25 lines not in York Play.]
 God saue you, syrs, on euery syde, 49
 Worship and welth in world so wyde. 50
 Pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde, 53
 Oure comly knyght. 54
 Cent. God graunt you grace welle for to gyde, 56
 And rewille you right.
 Pil. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand,
 Tell vs som thythynges here emang,
 For ye haue gone thurghoutt oure land,
 Ye know ilk dele.
 Cent. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang 59
 And wonder ylle.
-

¹ This line is written in a late hand.

11. **Cayph.** Wondir ill? I pray þe, why?
 Declare it to þis company.
Cent. So schall I, sirs, telle ȝou trewly;
 With-owten trayne. 64
 Þe rightwise mane þanne mene I by
 Þat ȝe haue slayne.
 'Ye have slain a
 righteous man.'
12. **Pil.** Centurio, sesse of such sawe,
 Þou arte a lered man in þe lawe, 68
 And if we schulde any witnes drawe
 Vs to excuse,
 To mayntayne vs euermore þe awe,
 And noȝt reffuse. 72
 'Cease, you
 ought to support
 us, not oppose.'
13. **Cent.** To mayntayne trouthe is wele worþi,
 I saide ȝou, whanne I sawe hym dy,
 Þat he waȝ Goddis sone almyghty,
 Þat hangeth þore; 76
 ȝitt saie I soo, and stande þerby
 For euermore.
 'Truth ought to
 be supported. I
 said he was God's
 son, and still say
 so.'
-
- Caip.** Wonder ylle? I pray the why?
 Declare that to this company. 61
- Cent.** So shalle I, sir, fulle securly,
 With alle my mayn, 64
 The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by
 That ye haue slayn.
- Pil.** Centurio sese of sich saw,
 Ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
 And if we shuld any wytnes draw
 To vs excuse, 70
 To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,
 And noght refuse. 72
- Cent.** To mayntene trowthe is welle worthy,
 I saide when I saghe hym dy,
 That it was Godes son almyghty,
 That hang thore; 76
 So say I yit and abydes therby,
 For euermore.

If. 198.
xxviii i.

'Have you any
true signs?'

14. **Cayph.** ȝa, sir, such reasouns may ȝe rewe,
ȝe schulde noght neuelyn such note enewe, 80
But ȝe couthe any tokenyngis trewe
Vnto vs tell.

Cent. Such woundirfull cas neuere ȝit ȝe knewe
As now befell. 84

15. **Anna.** We praye þe telle vs of what thyng.

'The elements
made mourning ;

Cent. All elementis, both olde and ȝing,
In ther maneres þai made mornynge,
In ilke a stede ; 88
And knewe be countenaunce þat þer kyng
Was done to dede.

the sun grew pale
for woe ;

16. **þe sonne** for woo he waxed all wanne,
þe mone and sterres of schynynge blanne, 92
þe erthe tremeled, and also manne
be-gan to speke ;

the earth shook,
stones brake
asunder, and
dead men rose.'

þe stones þat neuer was stered or þanne
gune a-sondir breke. 96

Anna. Yee, sir, siche resons may ye rew,
Thou shuld not neuene sich notys new, 80
Bot thou couthe any tokyns trew,
Vntille vs telle. 82

Cent. Sich wonderfulle case neuer ere ye knew
As then befelle. 84

Cayp. We pray the telle vs of what thyng.

Cent. The elymentes, both old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnynge,
In ilka stede ; 88 • •

Thay knew by contaunce that thare kyng
Was done to dede.

The son for wo it waxed alle wan,
The moyn and starnes of shynynge blan, 92
And erthe it tremlyd as a man

Began to speke ;
The stone that neuer was styrryd or than
In sonder brast and breke ; 96

17. And dede-men rose, both grete and small.

Pil. Centurio, be-ware with-all,
 3e wote oure clerkis þe clipsis þei call
 Such sodayne sight,
 Both sonne and mone þat sesonne schall
 lak of þer light.

Such sights of
 sun and moon are
 called eclipses.
 100
*Gosp. of Nichode-
 mus, ch. xi.*

18. **Cayph.** 3a, and if dede men rose bodily,
 þat myght be done thurgh socery,
 þerfore we sette no thyng þerby
 To be abaiste.

'And dead men
 might rise
 through sorcery.'
 104

Cent. All þat I tell for trewth schall I
 euermore traste.

108

19. In this ilke werke þat 3e did wirke,
 Nought allone þe sonne was mirke,
 But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke,
 That witte I wolde.

How was the
 veil in the
 temple torn?
 112

Pil. Swilke tales full sone will make vs irke
 And þei be talde.

'These tales will
 do us harm.'

And dede men rose up bodely bothe greatt and smalle.

Pil. Centurio, bewar withe alle,
 Ye wote the clerkes the clyppes it calle
 Siche sodan sight;
 That son and moyne a seson shalle
 Lak of thare light.

100

Cayp. Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,
 That may be done thughe socery,
 Therfor nothyng we sett therby,
 That be thou bast.

104

Cent. Sir, that I saw truly,
 That shalle I euermore trast.
 Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
 Not oonly for the son wex myrke,
 Bot how the vaylle rofe in the kyrke,
 Fayn wyt I wold.

108

Pil. A! siche tayles fulle sone wold make vs yrke,
 If thay were told.

112

114

'We don't want
to hear you.'

20. **Anna.** Centurio, such speche withdrawe,
Of all þes wordes we haue none awe. 116

'Sirs, good day.'

Cent. Nowe sen þe sette noght be my sawe,
Sirs, haue gode day!
graunte you grace þat þe may knawe
þe soth alway. 120

Annas sends him
off, but Pilate
muses on his
sayings.

21. **Anna.** With-drawe þe faste, sen þou þe dredis,
For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis. [*Exit Centurion.*
Pil. Such wondir reasouns as he redis

Was neuere beforne. 124

If. 198 b.

Caiph. To neven þis noote no more vs nedis,
Nowþere even ne morne.

22. Þerfore loke nomanne make ilke chere,
All þis doying may do no dere, 128
But to be-ware 3itt of more were
þat folke may fele;

We praye you, sirs, of þes sawes sere
Avise 3ou wele. 132

Harlot, wherto commys thou vs emang
Withe siche lesynges vs to fang?
Weynd furthe, hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur!

Cayp. Weynd furthe, in the wenyande,
And hold styлле thy clattur.

Cent. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, haues now good day, 117
God lene you grace to knaw the sothe alle way. 120

Anna. Withe draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,
For we shalle welle mayntene oure dedes.

Pil. Siche wonderfulle resons as now redes
Were neuer beforne. 124

Cayp. To neuen this note nomore us nedes,
Nawder euen nor morne,
Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do vs dere. 128
Therfor, sir, whils ye are here.
Vs alle emang,

Avyse you of thise sawes sere
How thay wille stand. 132

23. And to þis tale takes hede in hye,
 For Iesu saide even opynly
 A thyng þat greues all þis Jury,
 And riȝte so may,—
 þat he schulde rise vppe bodily
 With-in þe thirde day.
- ‘Take heed of
 this tale,

 136
 for Iesus said he
 should rise on the
 third day;
24. And be it so, als motte I spede,
 His lattar deede is more to drede
 þan is the firste, if we take hede
 Or tente þerto.
 To neuyn þis noote me thynke moste nede
 and beste to do.
- 140

 his latter death
 is more to be
 feared than the
 first,

 144
25. *Anna.* ȝa, Sir, if all þat he saide soo,
 He has no myght to rise and goo,
 But if his mennestele hym vs froo
 And bere away;
 þat were tille us and oþer moo
 A foule ffraye.
- If his men steal
 him away

 148

- For Iesus saide fulle openly
 Vnto the men that yode hym by,
 A thyng that grevys alle Jury,
 And right so may,
 That he shuld ryse up bodely
 Within the thryde day.
 If it be so as myght I spede,
 The latter dede is more to drede
 Then was the fyrst, if we take hede
 And tend therto;
 Avyse you, sir, for it is nede
 The best to do.
- 134
 135
 138
 140
 144
- Anna.* Sir, neuer the les if he saide so
 He hase no myght to ryse and go
 Bot his dyscypyls steyllle his cors vs fro
 And bere away;
 That were tille vs, and othere mo,
 A fowlle enfray.
- 148

they will say that
he rose.

26. For þanne wolde þei saie, euere ilkone,
þat he roose by hym selfe allone ; 152
Therfore latte hym be kepte anone
With knyghtes hende.
Vnto thre daies be comen and gone
and broght till ende. 156
27. Pil. In certayne, sirs, right wele 3e saie,
For þis ilke poynte nowe [to] purvaye,
I schall ordayne if I may
He schall not ryse. 160
Nor none schalle wynne hym þens away
On no-kyns wise. [*To the soldiers.*]
28. Sir knyghtis¹, þat are in dedis dowty,
Chosen for chiffe of cheualrye, 164
As we ay in youre force affie
Boþe day and nyght,
Wendis and kepis Jesu body
With all youre myghte ; 168

-
- Then wold the pepylle say euerilkon
That he were rysen hym self alon, 152
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone
Withe knyghtes heynd,
To thise iij dayes be commen and gone
And broght tille ende. 156
- Pil. Now, certes, sir, fulle welle ye say,
And for this ilk poynt to purvay
I schalle, if that I may,
He shalle not ryse, 160
Nor none shalle wyn hym thens away,
Of nokyns wyse.
Sir knyghtes, that ar of dedes dughty,
And chosen for chefe of cheualry, 164
As I may me in you affy,
By day and nyght,
Ye go and kepe Jesus' body
Withe alle youre myghte, 168
-

¹ The late hand has here interlined the word 'lorde,' it does not appear why.

29. And for thyng þat euere be maye
 Kepis hym wele to þe thirde day,
 And latis noman takis hym away
 Oute of þat stede. 172
 For and þei do, suthly I saie
 þe schall be dede.
30. i Mil. Lordingis, we saie þou for certayne,
 We schall kepe hym with myghtis and mayne, 176
 Per schall no traitoures with no trayne
 Stele hym vs froo.
 Sir knyghtis, takis gere þat moste may gayne,
 And lates vs goo. [Exeunt.] 180
 [SCENE II, near the Sepulchre.]
31. ii Mil. þis, certis, we are all redy bowne,
 We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne;
 On ilke a side latte vs sitte doune,
 Nowe all in fere, 184
 And sone we schall crake his croune
 Whoso comes here.
 [The soldiers sit down and fall asleep.]
-
- And for thyng that be may,
 Kepe hym welle vnto the thryd day,
 That no tratur steyle his cors you fray,
 Out of that sted, 172
 For if ther do, truly I say,
 Ye shalle be dede.
- i Miles. Yis, Sir Pilate, in certan,
 We shall hym kepe withe alle oure mayn, 176
 Ther shalle no tratur with no trayn
 Steyle hym vs fro;
 Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,
 And let vs go. 180
- ii Miles. Yis, certes, we are alle redy bowne,
 We shalle hym kepe tille youre renowne,
 On euery syde lett us sytt doune,
 We alle in fere; 184
 And I shalle fownde to crak his crowne,
 Who so commys here. 186
- [Here Towneley play has 122 lines, chiefly a monologue by Jesus.]

telling the
 soldiers to watch
 him till the third
 day.

If. 199.
 xxviii ij.

They go, declar-
 ing no traitors
 shall steal him.

² *Sic*, but probably the line should read, 'on hym wolde call.'

Es dede and grauen vnder þe grete
With-outen skill.

204 He is dead,
slain without
reason by the
Jews.

35. iii Mar. With-owten skill þe Jewes ilkone
þat louely lorde has newly slayne,
And trespasse did he neuere none
In no-kyn steede.

208

To whome nowe schall I make my mone
Sen he is dede?

36. i Mar. Sen he is dede, my sisteres dere,
Wende we will on mylde manere
With oure a-noynementis faire & clere
þat we haue broght

212 They go to anoint
the body.

To noynte his wondis on sides sere,
þat Jewes hym wroght.

216

37. ii Mar.¹ Goo we same my sisteres free,
Full faire vs longis his corse to see,
But I wotte nought howe beste may be,
Helpe haue we none.

lf. 199 b.
'Let us go
together,

220

[*They approach the sepulchre.*

Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,
Withoutten skylle.

204

Maria Salomee. Withoutten skylle thise Jues ilkon
That lufly lord they haue hym slone,
And trespas dyd he neuer none,
In nokyn sted;

208

To whom shalle we now make oure mone?
Oure Lord is ded.

Maria Magdalene. Sen he is ded, my systers dere,
Weynd we wille with fulle good chere,
With oure anoyntmentes fare and clere
That we haue broght

212

For to anoynt his woundes sere,
That Jues hym wroght.

216

Maria J. Go we then, my systers fre,
For sore me longis his cors to see,
Bot I wote neuer how best may be,
Help haue we none;

220

¹ The MS. has *Prima* Maria, but this seems to be a mistake.

but who will
remove the
stone ?'

And who schall nowe here of vs thre
remove þe stone ?

38. iii Mar. Þat do we noght but we wer moo,
For it is huge and heuy also. 224

They see a young
child clothed in
white.

i Mar. Sisteris ! a ȝonge child as we goo
Makand mornynge,

I see it sitte wher we wende to,
In white clothyng. 228

39. ii Mar. Sisters, sertis, it is noght to hide,
Þe heuy stone is putte beside !

The stone is
gone !

iii Mar. Sertis ! for thyng þat may be-tyde
Nere will we wende, 232

To layte þat luffely and with hym bide,
Þat was oure ffrende.

[*They look in, an angel is beside them.*]

40. Ang. Ȝe mournand women in youre þought,
Here in þis place whome haue Ȝe sought ? 236

i Mar. Jesu, þat to dede is brought,
Oure lorde so free.

And whiche shalle of vs systers thre
Remefe the stone ?

Maria S. That do we not bot we were mo,
For it is hoghe and heuy also. 224

Maria M. Systers, we thar no farther go
Ne make mowrnynge ;

I se two syt where we weynd to,
In whyte clothyng. 228

Maria J. Certes, the sothe is not to hyde,
The graue stone is put besyde.

Maria S. Certes, for thyng that may betyde,
Now wille we weynde 232

To late the luf, and with hym byde,
That was oure freynde.

i Ang. Ye mowrnynge women in youre thoght,
Here in this place whome haue ye soght ?

Maria M. Jesus, that vnto ded was broght
Oure lord so fre. 237

- Ang.** Women, certayne here is he noght,
Come nere and see. 240
- 41.** He is noght here, þe soth to saie,
þe place is voide þat he in laye,
þe sudary here se ȝe may
Was on hym laide. 244
He is resen and wente his¹ way,
As he ȝou saide.
- 42.** Euen as he saide so done has hee,
He is resen thurgh grete poostee,
He schall be foune in Galile
In flesshe and fell. 248
To his discipilis nowe wende ȝe
and þus þame tell. 252
- 43. i Mar.** Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo,
þat he is resen dede þus froo,
As þe Aungell tolde me and yow too,—
Oure lorde so fre,— 256
-
- ii Ang.** Certes, women, here is he noght,
Com nere and se. 240
- i Ang.** He is not here the sothe to say,
The place is voyde ther in he lay,
The sudary here se ye may
Was on hym layde; 244
He is rysen and gone his way,
As he you sayde.
- ii Ang.** Euen as he saide so done has he,
He is rysen thrughe his pauste, 248
He shalbe fon in Galale,
In fleshe and felle;
To his dycypyls now weynd ye
And thus thaym telle. 252
- Maria M.** My systers fre, sen it is so
That he is resyn the dethe thus fro,
As saide tille vs thise angels two,
Oure lord and leche, 256

¹ MS. repeats *his*.

The angel tells
them Jesus is not
there,

and shows them
the napkin.

'He is risen and
gone to Galilee;

tell his disciples.'

Mary Magdalene
remains while the
other two go.
[*Mark* xvi. 9.]

Hens will I neuer goo
Or I hym see.

lf. 200.
xxviiij iij.

44. ii Mar. Marie, vs thare no lenger layne¹,
To Galile nowe late vs wende. 260

i Mar. Nought tille I see þat faithfull frende,
Mi lorde & leche,

'Tell all ye have
seen.'

þerfore all þis my sisteres hende,
þat ȝe forth preche. 264

45. iii Mar. As we haue herde, so schall we saie,
Marie oure sistir, haue goode daye !

'Good day,
Mary.'

i Mar. Nowe verray god as he wele maye
He wisse you sisteres wele in youre waye 268
and rewle ȝou right².

'God be with
you.'

[*Exeunt 2nd and 3rd Maries.*]

46. Allas ! what schall nowe worpe on me,
Mi kaytiffe herte will breke in three,
Whenne I thynte on þat body free 272
How it was spile !
Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre,
Withouten gilte.

Alas ! my
wretched heart
will break.'

As ye haue hard where that ye go,
Loke that ye preche. 264

Maria J. As we haue hard so shalle we say,
Mare, oure syster, haue good day. 265

Maria M. Now veray God, as he welle may,
Man most of myght, 267*

He wyshe you systers welle in youre way,
And rewle you right. 269

Alas what shalle now worth on me ?

My catyf hart wylle breke in thre

When that I thynk on that ilk bodye

How it was spylt ; 273

Thrughe feete and handes nalyd was he—
Withoutten gylt.

¹ *Lende* must have been intended.

² The copyist made an error in this stanza, as a short line is missing : the late hand supplied in the margin 'a weryed wight,' but the Towneley play supplies the true line, 267*.

47. With-outen gilte þe trewe was tane, 276
 For trespas did he neuere none,
 þe woundes he suffered many one
 Was for my misse.
 It was my dede he was for-slayne 280
 And no-thyng his.
48. How might I but I loued þat swete,—
 þat for my loue tholed woundes wete,
 And sithen be grauen vnder þe grete— 284
 Such kyndnes kithe.
 þer is no-thing to þat we mete
 May make me blithe. [*The soldiers awaken.* There is no joy now.
49. i *Mil.* What! oute alas! what schall I saie,
 Where is þe corse þat here in laye? 289
 ii *Mil.* What ayles þe man? is he awaye
 þat we schulde tent?
 i *Mil.* Rise vppe, and see. ii *Mil.* Harrowe! for ay; shouting and swearing, for they find the grave empty.
 I telle vs schente. 293
-
- Withoutten gylt then was he tayne, 276
 That luffy lord, thay haue hym slayn,
 And trypas dyd he neuer nane,
 Ne yit no mys;
 It was my gylt he was fortayne, 280
 And nothing his.
 How myght I bot I lufyd that swete
 That for me suffred woundes wete,
 Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete, 284
 Siche kyndnes kythe;
 There is nothyng tille that we mete
 May make me blythe.
- i *Miles.* Outt, alas! what shalle I say? 288
 Where is the cors that here in lay?
- ii *Miles.* What alys the man? he is away
 That we shuld tent.
- i *Miles.* Ryse vp and se.
- ii *Miles.* Harrow thefe for ay, 292
 I cownte vs shent!

50. **iii Mil.** What deuill is þis, what aylis þou twoo ?
Such noyse and crye þus for to make too.

i Mil. Why is he gone ? 296

iii Mil. Allas ! whare is he þat here laye ?

iv Mil. Whe ! harrowe ! deuill, whare is he away¹ ?

lf. 200 b.

51. **ii Mil.**² What ! is he þus-gatis fro vs wente,
þat fals traitour þat here was lente,
And we trewly here for to tente

300

Had vndir tane ?

' We are ruined !

Sekirlie, I telle vs schente,

Holy ilkane.

304

52. **iii Mil.** Allas ! what schall we do þis day,
þat þus þis warlowe is wente his waye,
And sauely sirs, I dare wele saie

I dare say he
really rose alone.

He rose allone.

308

We had better
not tell Pilate,

ii. Mil. Witte sir pilate of þis affraye,
We mon be slone.

iii Miles. What devylle alys you two ?
Sich no[y]se and cry thus for to may ?

295

ii Miles. For he is gone.

iii Miles. Alas ! wha ?

ii Miles. He that here lay.

iii Miles. Harrow, deville, how swa gat he away ?

iv Miles. What, is he thus-gates from us went ?

The fals tratur that here was lentt,

300

That we truly to tent

Had undertane ?

Certainly I telle vs sheynt

Holly ilkane.

304

i Miles. Alas, what shalle I do this day,

Sen this tratur is won away ?

And safely, syrs, I dar welle say,

He rose alon.

308

ii Miles. Wytt sir Pilate of this enfray

We mon be slone.

¹ This stanza is imperfect.

² The rubricator gave this to the 3 **Mil.**, but he has the next speech.

53. iii Mil. Why, canne none of vs no bettir rede ?

iv Mil. Þer is not ellis, but we be dede.

312

ii Mil. Whanne þat he stered oute of þis steede
None couthe it kenne.

i Mil. Allas ! harde happe was on my hede,
Amonge all menne.

316

54. Fro sir Pilate witte of þis dede,
þat we were slepande whanne he ȝede,
He will forfette with-outen drede
All that we haue.

if he knows we
were asleep, we
shall lose all we
have.

320

ii Mil. Vs muste make lies, for þat is nede,
Oure-selue to saue.

They propose to
lie,

55. iii Mil. ȝa, that I rede I wele, also motte I goo.

iv Mil. And I assente þerto alsoo.

324

ii Mil. An hundereth, schall I saie, and moo,
Armed ilkone,

and to say that
roo armed men
took Jesus.

Come and toke his corse vs froo
'And vs nere slayne.

328

iv Miles. Wote ye welle he rose in dede.

ii Miles. I sa[g]h my self when that he yede.

312

i Miles. When that he styrryd out of the stede
None couthe it ken.

iv Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede
Emang alle men.

316

iii Miles. Ye, bot wyt sir Pilate of this dede,
That we were slepand when he yede,
We mon forfett, withoutten drede,
Alle that we haue.

320

iv Miles. We must make lees, for that is nede,
Oure self to saue.

i Miles. That red I welle, so myght I go.

ii Miles. And I assent therto also.

324

iii Miles. A thousand shalle I assay and mo,
Welle armed ilkon,
Com and toke his cors vs fro,
Had vs nere slone.

328

' I think it best
to say the truth.

56. i Mil. Nay, certis, I halde þere none so goode

As saie þe soth even as it stode,

Howe þat he rose with mayne and mode

And wente his way.

332

To sir Pilate if he be wode

Þis dar I saie.

57. ii Mil. Why, dare þou to sir Pilate goo

With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?

336

i Mil. So rede I, if he vs sloo

We dye but onys.

We die but once,
if he slay us.'

iii Mil. Nowe, he þat wrought vs all þis woo,

Woo worthe his bonys!

340

If. 207 a.
xxviij iiij.

58. iv Mil. Go we þanne, sir knyghtis hende,

Sen þat we schall to sir Pilate wende,

I trowe þat we shall parte no frendes

Or þat we passe.

344

He will tell it all.

i Mil.¹ And I schall hym saie ilke worde tille ende,

Even as it was.

[*They go to Pilate.*]

iv Miles. Nay, certes, I hold ther none so good

As say the sothe right as it stude,

How that he rose with mayn and mode,

And went his way;

332

To Sir Pilate, if he be wode,

Thus dar I say.

i Miles. Why and dar thou to Sir Pilate go

With these tythynges, and telle hym so?

336

ii Miles. So red I that we do also,

We dy bot oones.

iii Miles et Omnes. Now he that wrought vs alle this wo

Wo worth his bones!

340

iv Miles. Go we sam, sir knyghtes heynd,

Sen we shalle to sir Pilate weynd,

I trow that we shalle parte no freynd,

Er that we pas.

344

i Miles. Now and I shalle telle ilka word tille ende,

Right as it was.

¹ This speaker added by late hand.

[SCENE III, *Pilate's Hall; enter the soldiers.*]

59. Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,
 Sir Cayphas and Anna in fere, 348 They salute
 And all 3e lordyngis þat are here Pilate and the
 To neven by name, others.
 God saue 3ou all, on sidis sere,
 Fro synne and schame ! 352
60. Pil. 3e are welcome, oure knyghtis kene,
 Of mekill mirthe nowe may 3e mene,
 Therfore some tales telle vs be-twene
 Howe 3e haue wrought. 356
- i Mil. Oure wakyng lorde with-outen wene
 Is worthed to noȝt. 'Our watching
 has come to
 nought,
61. Cayph. To noght? alas! sesse of such sawe.
 ii Mil. Þe prophete Jesu þat 3e wele knawe 360
 Is resen and gone, for all oure awe, Jesus has risen.'
 With mayne and myght.
 Pil. Þerfore þe deuill hym selffe þe drawe,
 Fals recrayed knyght! 364 'False recreants !
-
- Sir Pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,
 Sir Cayphas and Anna bothe in fere, 348
 And alle the lordes aboute you there,
 To neuene by name;
 Mahowne you saue on sydes sere
 Fro syn and shame. 352
- Pil. Ye ar welcom, oure knyghtes so keyn,
 A mekill myrth now may we meyn,
 Bot telle vs som talkyng us betwene,
 How ye haue wrought. 356
- i Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,
 Is worthe to noght.
 Cayp. To noght? alas, seasse of siche saw.
 ii Miles. The prophete Jesus, that ye welle knaw, 360
 Is rysen and went fro vs on raw,
 With mayn and myght.
 Pil. Therfor the deuille the alle to-draw,
 Vyle recrayd knyght! 364

cowards !

- 62.** Combered cowardis I you call,
 Haue þe latten hym goo fro you all?
iii Mil. Sir, þer was none þat did but small
 When þat he ȝede. 368
iv Mil. We wer so ferde downe ganne we falle,
 And dared for drede.

had ye no
strength to bind
him?

- 63. Anna.** Hadde þe no strenghe hym to gayne stande?
 Traitousres! þe myght haue boune in bande 372
 Bothe hym and þame þat ȝe þer fande,
 And sessid þame sone.
i Mil. Þat dede all erthely men leuand
 Myght noȝt haue done. 376

'We were so
frightened we
durst not stir.

- 64. ii Mil.** We wer so radde euer-ilkone,
 Whanne þat he putte beside þe stone,
 We wer so stonyd we durste stirre none
 And so abashed. 380

He rose alone.'

- Pil.** What! rose he by hym selfe allone?
i Mil. Ȝa, sir, þat be ȝe traste.

lf. 201 b.

- 65. iv Mil.** We herde never sen we were borne,
 Nor all oure faderes vs be-forne, 384

- What! combred cowardes I you calle,
 Let ye hym pas fro you alle?
iii Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smalle
 When that he yede. 368
iv Miles. We were so ferde we can downe falle,
 And qwoke for drede. 370
i Miles. We were so rad euerilkon
 When that he put besyde the stone,
 We qwoke for ferd, and durst styr none,
 And sore we were abast. 377
Pil. Whi, bot rose he bi hymself alone?
ii Miles. Ye, lord, that be ye trast,
 We hard neuer on euen ne morne,
 Nor yit oure faders vs beforne, 384

Suche melodie, mydday ne morne,

As was made pere.

Melody at the
time.

Cayph. Allas! þanne is oure lawes lorne
for euer-mare.

388

66. ii Mil. What tyme he rose good tente I toke,
þe erthe þat tyme tremyllled and quoke,
All kyndely force þan me for-soke
Tille he was gone.

392

iii Mil. I was a-ferde, I durste not loke,
ne myght had none,

67. I myght not stande, so was I starke.

Pil. Sir Cayphas, 3e are a connyng clerke,
If we amisse haue tane oure merke

I trowe same faile,

þerfore what schalle worpe nowe of þis werke?

Sais your counsaile.

396

Pilate asks Caia-
phas' counsel,
'we must fail
together if we
have aimed
amiss.'

400

68. Cayph. To saie þe beste forsothe I schall,
That schall be prophete to vs all,
3one knyghtis behoues pere wordis agayne call
Howe he is miste.

404

Siche melody, myd-day ne morne,

As was maide thore.

Pil. Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne

For euer more!

388

A deville, what shalle now worthe of this?

This world farys with quantys,

I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys

Of this enfray.

Cayp. Sir and I couth oght by my clergys

Fayn wold I say.

Anna. To say the best for sothe I shalle,

401

It shalbe profett for vs alle,

Yond knyghtes behovys thare wordes agane calle,

How he is myst;

404

'No one ought
to know of this.'

We nolde for thyng þat myght be-fall
þat no man wiste.

69. Anna. Now, sir Pilate, sen þat it is soo,
þat he is resynne dede us froo,

408

'Tell the soldiers
to say that he
was taken by
20,000 men,

Comaundis youre knyghtis to saie wher þei goo,
þat he was tane

With xx^{ti} m^l. men and mo,

And þame nere slayne.

412

70. And therto of our tresorie

and reward them
for this lie.'

Giffe to þame a rewarde for-thy.

Pil. Nowe of þis purpose wele plesed am I,
and forther þus;

416

[*To the soldiers.*] Sir knyghtis, þat are in dedis dowty,
takes tente to vs,

71. And herkenes what þat ȝe shall saie,

To ilke aman both nyȝt and daye,

420

That ten m^l. men in goode araye

Come ȝou vntill,

'It is well,
soldiers, say this
in every land,

With forse of armys bare hym awaye

Agaynst your will.

424

We wold not for thyng that myght befall

That no man wyst.

406

And therfor of youre curtessie

413

Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.

414

Pil. Of this counselle welle paide am I,

It shalbe thus.

416

Sir knyghtes, that ar of dedes doghty,

Take tent tille vs;

Herkyns now how ye shalle say,

Where so ye go by nyght or day,

420

Ten thousand men of good aray

Cam you vntille,

And thefysly toke his cors you fray,

Agans youre wille.

424

72. Thus schall 3e saie in ilke a lande,
 And þerto on þat same comenaunde,
 A thousande pounde haue in youre hande
 To your rewarde;
 And frenschippe, sirs, 3e vndirstande,
 Schall not be spared. here is £1000
reward.
428
73. Caiph.¹ Ilkone youre state we schall amende,
 And loke 3e saie as we 3ou kende. 432 If. 202.
xxviij v.
- i Mil. In what contre so 3e vs sende
 Be nyght or daye,
 Wherso we come, wherso we wende,
 So schal we saie. 436
-
74. Pil. 3a, and where-so 3e tarie in ilke contre,
 Of oure doying in no degre
 Dois þat nomanne þe wiser be,
 Ne freyne be-forne,
 Ne of þe sight þat 3e gonne see
 Nevynnes it nowþere even ne morne. 'Say nothing of
what you have
seen and heard.'
440
75. For we schall mayntayne 3ou alwaye,
 And to þe pepull schall we saie, 444

Loke ye say thus in euery land,
 And therto on this couande
 Ten thousand pounds haue in youre hande
 To youre rewarde, 428
 And my frenship I understande
 Shalle not be sparde; 430
 Bot loke ye say as we haue kende. 432

i Miles. Yis, sir, as Mahowne me mende, 431
 In ilk contree where so we lende 433
 By nyght or day,
 Where so we go, where so we weynd,
 Thus shalle we say. 436

¹ *Caiph* inserted by the late hand.

It is gretely agaynste oure lay
 To trowe such thing.
 So schall þei deme, both nyght and day,
 All is lesyng.

448

'Truth shall be
 bought and sold.'

76. Thus schall þe sothe be bought and solde,
 And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde,
 þerfore ay in youre hartis ȝe holde
 Þis counsaile clene.
 And fares nowe wele, both younge and olde,
 Haly be-dene.

452

¶il. The blyssyng of Mahowne be with you
 Nyght and day.

[Seventy-six lines follow this in Towneley, on the subject of York
 play XXXIX; they are not parallel.]

XXXIX. THE WYNEDRAWERS.¹

If. 203 b.

Jesus appears to Mary Magdalene after the Resurrection.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JESUS.

MARIA MAGDALENE.]

[SCENE, near the holy sepulchre.]

1. **Maria.** ALLAS, in pis worlde was neuere no wight

Walkand with so mekill woo,

Thou dredfull dede, drawn hythir and dight

And marre me, as pou haste done moo.

4

In lame is it loken all my light,

For-thy on grounde on-glad I goo,

Jesus of Nazareth he hight,

The false Jewes slewe hym me froo.

8

2. **Mi witte is waste nowe in wede,**

I walowe, I walke, nowe woo is me,

For laide nowe is pat lufsome in lede,

The Jewes hym nayled vntill a tree.

12

John xx. 11-18.
Matth. xxviii. 10.
None had ever
such woe, my
light is locked in
clay, I go unglad.

My wits are lost,
I totter.

¹ 'The Wynedrawers' runs along the top of every page of this piece except the first, where it has been scratched out and the following written, 'Wevers assygynd in a°. dñi m¹ cliijth, Willm. Cowplande then maire.' On the left hand margin is written 'Sledmen,' while in the right hand corner at top is the word 'Palmer,' the latter in a later hand. Along the top of every page of the next piece XL the original copyist also wrote 'The wynedrawes,' but it has been crossed through and 'Sledmen' written instead, on the first page (fo. 206), in the same hand that wrote 'Sledmen' on fo. 203 v°. It seems therefore that the original copyist made the mistake of writing 'The Wynedrawers' over the two plays, that a contemporary in correcting it himself wrote 'Sledmen' to Play XXXIX in error for XL (there is a faint line across the word which may mean a stroke of his pen), but then went on to correct the first page of XL (the rest are done in a different hand). And Play XXXIX, originally performed by the Winedrawers, was assigned to the Weavers in 1553, and at some other time, perhaps late in their history, it was assigned to the Palmers. See after, p. 433, note.

- My doulfull herte is euere in drede,
 To grounde nowe gone is all my glee,
 I sporne þer I was wonte to spede,
 O God, help me ! Nowe helpe me God in persones three. 16
3. Thou lufsome lede in ilke a lande,
 As þou schope both day and nyght,
 Sonne and mone both bright schynand,
 þou graunte me grace to haue a sight 20
 Of my lorde, or ellis his sande¹.
4. **Jesus** [*as a gardener*]. Thou wilfull woman in þis waye,
 Why wepis þou soo als þou wolde wede,
 Als þou on felde wolde falle doune faie ?
 'Why weepst thou so ? whom seekest thou ?'
 Do way, and do nomore þat dede. 25
 Whome sekist þou þis longe daye ?
 Say me þe sothe, als Criste þe rede.
- 'My lord Jesus.'
Maria. Mi lorde Jesu and God verray,
 þat suffered for synnes his sides bleede. 29
5. **Jesus.** I schall þe saie, will þou me here,
 þe soth of hym þat þou hast sought,
 With-owten drede, þou faithfull fere,
 'Thou faithful friend, he is near.'
 He is full nere þat mankynde bought. 33
 If. 204.
 xxviiiij vii.
- Maria.** Sir, I wolde loke both ferre and nere
 To fynde my lorde, I se hym noght.
Jesus. Womane, wepe noght, but mende thy chere,
 I wotte wele whedir þat he was brought. 37
- 'Sir, if you have borne him away, tell me for the sake of the prophets where the body may be,'
 6. **Maria.** Swete Sir, yf þou hym bare awaye,
 Saie me þe sothe and thedir me leede,
 Where þou hym didde with-uten delay
 I schall hym seke agayne, goode speede. 41
 Therefore, goode gardener, saie þou me,
 I praye þe for the prophetis sake,
 Of ther tythyngis þat I aske þe.
 For it wolde do my sorowe to slake, 45

¹ Lines 17-21 seem to belong to an imperfect stanza. Stanzas 6 and 7 have twelve lines each, the rest have eight lines, of varying length though regular as to rime.

Wher Goddis body founden myght be
 þat Joseph of þe crose gonne take,
 Might I hym fange vnto my fee,
 Of all my woo he wolde me wrake.

49

could I have him
 in my keeping it
 might comfort
 me.

7. **Jesus.** What wolde pou doo with þat body bare
 þat beried was with balefull chere?
 Pou may noght salue hym of his sare,
 His peynes were so sadde and seere.
 But he schall cover mankynde of care,
 þat clowded was he schall make clere,
 And þe folke wele for to fare
 þat fyled were all in feere.

57

'What couldest
 thou do with the
 body?'

Maria. A! might I euere with þat man mete
 þe whiche þat is so mekill of myght,
 Drye schulde I wpe þat nowe is wete,
 I am but sorowe of worldly sight.

61

'I only sorrow
 for the worldly
 sight.'

8. **Jesus.** Marie, of mournyng amende thy moode,
 And be-holde my woundes wyde,
 þus for mannys synnes I schedde my bloode,
 And all þis bittir bale gonne bide.
 þus was I rased on þe roode
 With spere and nayles that were vnrude,
 Trowe it wele, it turnes to goode,
 Whanne men in erthe þer flessch schall hyde.

65

If, 204 b.
 'Dry up thy
 tears, feel my
 wounds, I am
 he.'

9. **Maria.** A! Rabony, I haue þe sought,
 Mi maistir dere full faste pis day.

69

She recognizes,
 and would clasp
 him.

Jesus. Goo awaye, Marie, and touche me noȝt,
 But take goode kepe what I schall saie.
 I ame hee þat all thyng wrought,
 þat pou callis þi lorde and God verraye,
 With bittir dede I mankynde boght,
 And I am resen as þou se may.

73

'Touch me not,
 Mary,

10. And therfore, Marie, speke nowe with me,
 And latte þou nowe be thy grette.

77

but speak to me,
 and stay thy
 sorrow.'

Maria. Mi lorde Jesu, I knowe nowe þe,

'I know thee.'

- ' Touch me not,
 my love, I ascend
 not yet.'
- 81
 Þi woundes þai are nowe wette.
 Jesus. Negh me noght, my loue, latte be!
 Marie, my doughtir swete.
 To my fadir in Trinite
 Forþe I stigh noȝt yette¹.
- 85
 11. Maria. A! mercy, comely conquerour,
 Thurgh þi myght þou haste ouercome dede:
 Mercy, Jesu! man and saueour,
 Thi loue is swetter þanne þe mede.
- 89
 Mercy! myghty confortour,
 For are I was full wille of rede.
 Welcome lorde, all myn honnoure,
 Mi joie, my luffe, in ilke a stede.
- 93
 12. Jesus. Marie, in thyne harte þou write,
 Myne armoure riche and goode,
 Myne actone couered all with white,
 Als cors of man be-hewede
- 97
 With stuffe goode and parfite
 Of maydenes flessch and bloode.
 Whan thei ganne thirle and smyte
 Mi heede for hawberke stoode.
- 101
 13. Mi plates wer spredde all on-brede,
 Þat was my body vppon a tree;
 Myne helme couered all with manhede,
 Þe strengþ þer-of may no man see;
- 105
 Þe croune of thorne þat garte me blede,
 Itt be-menes my dignite.
 Mi diademe sais, with-uten drede,
 Þat dede schall I neuere be.
- 109
 14. Maria. A! blessid body, þat bale wolde beete,
 Dere haste þou bought man-kynne,
 Thy woundes hath made þi body wete,
 With bloode þat was þe with-inne.
- 113
 Nayled þou was thurgh hande and feete,

¹ Here a late side-note says 'Hic deficit.'

- And all was for oure synne.
 Full grissely muste we caitiffis grete,
 Of bale howe schulde I blynne? 117
15. To see þis ferly foode
 þus ruffully dight,
 Rugged and rente on a roode,
 þis is a rewoffull sight. 121
 And all is for oure goode,
 And no-thing for his plight,
 Spilte þus is his bloode,
 For ilke a synfull wight. 125
16. Jesus. To my god and my Fadir dere,
 To hym als swithe I schall assende,
 For I schall nowe noȝt longe dwelle here,
 I haue done als my Fadir me kende, 129
 And therfore loke þat ilke man lere,
 Howe þat in erthe þer liffe may mende.
 All þat me loues I schall drawe nere,
 Mi Fadirs blisse þat neuere schall ende. 133
17. Maria. Alle for joie me likes to synge,
 Myne herte is gladder þanne þe glee,
 And all for joie of thy risyng
 That suffered dede vppone a tree. 137
 Of luffe nowe is þou crouned kyng,
 Is none so trewe levand more free,
 Thy loue passis all erthely thyng,
 Lorde, blissed motte þou euere bee ! 141
18. Jesus. To Galile schall þou wende,
 Marie, my doghtir dere,
 Vnto my brethir hende,
 Þer þei are all in fere. 145
 Telle þame ilke word to ende
 þat þou spake with me here.
 Mi blissing on þe lende,
 And all þat we leffe here. 149

all for our good,
 not for thy fault.

If. 205 b.

'I shall soon
 ascend to my
 Father,

I shall be near
 all who love me.'

Mary rejoices.

'Go, tell my
 brethren in
 Galilee all these
 words.'

XL. THE SLEDMEN¹.

The Travellers to Emmaus meet Jesus.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

JESUS.

PRIMUS PEREGRINUS.

SECUNDUS PEREGRINUS².]

Luke xxiv. 13-33.

[SCENE, *The road near Emmaus (Emax).* Enter two travellers, who meet.]

Two travellers
lamenting the
death of Jesus,

1. i **Pereg.** **T**HAT lorde me lente pis liffe for to lede,
In my wayes þou me wisse þus will of wone,
Qwen othir men halfe moste mirthe to þer mede,
Þanne als a mornand manne make I my mone³. 4
For douteles nowe may we drede vs,
Allas! þei haue refte vs oure rede,
With doole haue þei dight hym to dede,
Þat lorde þat was leeffe for to lede vs. 8
2. ii **Pereg.** He ledde vs full lelly þat lorde, now allas,
Mi lorde for his lewte his liffe has he lorne³.
i **Pereg.** Saye, who comes þere claterand?
ii **Pereg.** Sir, I, Cleophas.
Abide my leffe broþere, to bale am I borne. 12
But telle me whedir þou bounes?

meet and frater-
nize.

¹ *Wynedrawers* was written first, then crossed through, and *Sledmen* written above in contemporary hand. See note on p. 421.

² In the MS. *peregrinus* is spelt throughout *perigrinus*, in the contracted form *pign*?

³ A stroke is drawn after this line, and the words 'hic de novo facto' written in the margin. The same words are repeated after lines 10, 11.

i **Pereg.** To Emax, þis castell beside vs,
 Ther may we bothe herber and hyde vs,
 þerfore late vs tarie at no townes.

They are going to
 Emmaus castle,

16

3. ii **Pereg.** Atte townes for to tarie take we no tent,
 But take vs tome at þis tyme to talke of sume tales,
 And jangle of þe Jewes and of Jesu so gente,
 Howe þei bette þat body was bote of all bales.
 With buffetis þei bete hym full barely,
 In Sir Cayphas hall garte þei hym call,
 And hym be-fore sir Pilate in his hall,
 On þe morne þan aftir, full arely.

and they leisurely
 talk of Jesus
 and the late pro-
 ceedings before
 Pilate.

20

24

4. i **Pereg.** Full arely þe juggemen demed hym to dye,
 Both prestis and prelatis to Pilate made preysing,
 And alls cursid caytiffis and kene on criste gan þei crie,
 And on þat lele lorde made many a lesyng.
 þei spitte in his face to dispise hym,
 To spoile hym no thyng þei spared hym,
 But natheles baynly þei bared hym,
 With scourges smertly goyng þei smote hym.

28

lf. 206 b.

32

5. ii **Pereg.** þei smotte hym full smertely þat þe bloode
 oute braste,
 þat all his hyde in hurth was hastely hidde,
 A croune of thorne on his heede full thrally þei thraste,
 Itt is grete dole for to deme þe dedis þei hym dide.
 With byndyng vn-baynly and betyng,
 þane on his bakke bare he þame by,
 A crosse vnto Caluery,
 þat swettyng was swemyed for swetyng.

36

The cruelties
 they made him
 suffer were most
 grievous.

40

6. i **Pereg.** For all þe swette þat he swete with swyngis þei
 hym swang,
 And raffe hym full rewfully with rapes on a rode,
 þan heuyd þei hym highly on hight for to hang,
 With-uten misse of þis man, þus mensked þei his mode,

44

' My heart breaks
when I think of
the sorrow of
such a friend.'

þat euere has bene trewest in trastyng.
Me thynkith myn herte is boune for to breke
Of his pitefull paynes when we here speke,
So frendfull we fonde hym in fraistying. 48

They rehearse
his death,

7. ii **Pereg.** In frasting we fonde hym full faithfull and free,
And his mynde mente he neuere mysse to no man ;
Itt was a sorowe, for-soth, in sight for to see
Whanne þat a spetyffull spere vn-to his harte ranne. 52
In baill þus his body was beltid,
In to his harte thraly þei thraste,
Whan his piteffull paynes were paste,
þat swetthyng full swiftly he swelted. 56

and burial.

If. 207.
xxix ii.

8. i **Pereg.** He sweltid full swithe in swonyng þat swette,
Allas ! for þat luffely þat laide is so lowe,
With granyng full grissely on grounde may we grette,
For so comely a corse canne I none knowe. 60
With dole vnto dede þei did hym
For his wise werkis þat he wrought þame ;
þes false folke whan þei be-poughte þame,
þat grette vnkyndynesse þei kidde hym. 64

9. ii **Pereg.** Vnkyndynesse þei kidde hym, þo caitiffis so kene,
And als vn-witty wightis, wrought þei hym wreke.

[*Jesus approaches and joins them.*]

Jesus asks what
wonders they are
speaking of.

Jesus. What are þes meruailes þat 3e of mene,
And þus mekill mourning in mynde þat 3e make, 68
Walkyng þus wille by þes wayes ?

They are sur-
prised he does
not know.

ii **Pereg.** Why arte þou a pilgryme, and haste bene
At Jerusalem, and haste þou noght sene
What dole has ben done in þes daies ? 72

10. **Jesus.** In ther daies, dere sir ? what dole was þer done ?
Of þat werke wolde I witte, and youre will were ;
And therfore I pray you telle me now sone,
Was þer any hurlyng in hande ? now late me here. 76

' I pray you tell
me.'

i **Pereg.** Why herde þou no carpyng nor crying,
 Att Jerusalem þer þou haste bene?
 Whenne Jesu of Nazarene
 Was doulfully dight to þe dying.

' Did you not
 hear how the
 death of Jesus
 was procured by
 the chiefs at
 Jerusalem?'

80

11. ii **Pereg.** To þe dying þei dight hym, þat defte was & dere,
 Thurgh prokering of princes þat were þer in prees,
 For-thy¹ as wightis þat are will þus walke we in were,
 For pechyng als pilgrymes þat putte are to pees.
 For mornyng of oure maistir þus morne wee,
 As wightis þat are wilsome þus walke we,
 Of Jesus in telling þus talke we²,
 Fro townes for takyng þus turne we.

84

' Like uncertain
 creatures we
 mourn for our
 Master.'

lf. 207 b.

88

12. i **Pereg.** þus turne we fro townes, but take we entent
 How þei mourthered þat man þat we of mene,
 Full rewfully with ropis on rode þei hym rente,
 And takkid³ hym þer-till full tyte in a tene,
 Vppe-rightis full rudely þei raised hym;
 þanne myghtely to noye hym withall,
 In a mortaise faste lete hym fall,
 To pynne hym þei putte hym and peysed hym⁴.

92

They repeat the
 story of the
 execution.

96

13. ii **Pereg.** Thei peysed hym to pynne hym, þat pereles
 of pese,
 þus on þat wight þat was wise wroȝt þei grete wondir,
 ȝitt with þat sorowe wolde þei noȝt sesse,
 They schogged hym and schotte hym his lymes all in
 sondir.
 His braynes þus brake þei and braste hym,
 A blynde knyght, such was his happe,
 Inne with a spere-poynte atte þe pappe
 To þe harte full thrally he thraste hym.

100

104

¹ MS. has *For they*.

² The rubricator placed i *Peregrinus* to this line, as well as to line 89, evidently by mistake.

³ MS. has *talkid*.

⁴ MS. has *and peysed hym* before *þei*.

14. i *Pereg.* Thei thaste hym full thraly, þan was þer no threpyng,
 þus with dole was þat dere vn-to dede dight,
 His bak and his body was bolned for betyng,
 Itt was, I saie þe for soth, a sorowfull sight. 108
 But oft sithes haue we herde saie,
 And we trowe as we herde telle,
 That he was to rawsonne I[s]raell;
 But nowe is þis þe thirde daye. 112

‘We have oft
 heard that he
 would ransom
 Israel. Now is
 the third day.’

15. ii *Pereg.* Þes dayes newe owre wittis are waxen in were,
 For some of oure women for certayne þei saide
 That þai sawe in þer sightis solas full seere,
 Howe all was lemand light wher he was laide. 116
 Þei called vs, as euer myght þei thriffe,
 For certayne þei saugh it in sight,
 A visioun of aungellis bright,
 And tolde þame þer lorde was a-lyue. 120

If. 208.
 xxix. iii.
 ‘The women have
 told us they saw
 a light and a
 vision of angels,
 and that the Lord
 is alive ;

16. i *Pereg.* On-lyue tolde þei þat lorde leued hir in lande,
 þer women come lightly to warne, I wene,
 Some of oure folke hyed forthe and faste þei it fande,
 þat all was soth þat þei saide þat sight had þei sene. 124
 For lely þei loked þer he laye,
 Þei wende þer þat foode to haue fonne,
 þanne was his tounge tome as a tonne,
 þanne wiste þei þat wight was away. 128

some of our folk
 found what they
 said was true.’

17. ii *Pereg.* Awaye is þat wight þat wonte was vs for to wisse.
Jesus. A ! fooles, þat are fauty and failes of youre feithe,
 þis bale bud hym bide and belde þame in blisse ;
 But ȝe be lele of youre laye, youre liffe holde I laith. 132
 To prophētis he proued it and preched,
 And also to Moyses gan he saie
 þat he muste nedis die on a day,
 And Moyses forth talde it and teched¹. 136

Jesus reproaches
 them for want of
 faith, he talks of
 the law and the
 prophets.

¹ Lines 135, 136 are transposed in the MS.

18. And talde it and teched it many tymes þan.

i Pereg. A! more of þis talking we pray you to telle vs. They beg him to go on talking thus.

ii Pereg. 3a, sir, be youre carping full kyndely we kenne,
3e meene of oure maistir of whome þat we melle vs. 140

i Pereg. 3a, goode sir, see what I saie 3ou,

Se 3e þis castell beside here?

All nyght we thynke for to bide here, lf. 208 b.

Bide with vs, sir pilgrime, we praye 3ou, 144

19. We praye 3ou, sir pilgrime, 3e presse nozt to passe.

Jesus. 3is sir, me bus nede.

i Pereg. Naye, sir, þe nyght is ovir nere.

Jesus. And I haue ferre for to founde.

ii Pereg. I hope wele þou has.

i Pereg. We praye þe sir, hartely, all nyght holde þe
here. 148

Jesus. I thanke youe of þis kyndinesse 3e kydde me. After hesitation he consents.

i Pereg. Go in, sir, sadly, and sone. [*They enter the castle.*]

ii Pereg. Sir, daunger dowe nozt, haue done.

Jesus. Sir, I muste nedis do as 3e bid me, 152

20. 3e bidde me so baynly I bide for þe beste.

i Pereg. Lo her is a sege, goode sir, I saie 3ou.

ii Pereg. With such goode as we haue, glad we oure geste.

i Pereg. Sir, of þis poure pitaunce take parte now we pray yow.

Jesus. Nowe blisse I þis brede þat brought is on þe borde, He blesses the bread.
Fraste þer-on faithfully, my frendis, you to feede. 158

[*Jesus vanishes.*]

21. i Pereg. [To feed þer-on] vnterly haue we tane entent,—¹

Ow! I trowe some torfoyr is be-tidde vs!

Saie! wher is þis man?

ii Pereg. Away is he wente,

Right now satte he beside vs! 162

22. i Pereg. Beside vs we both sawe him sitte!

And by no poynthe couthe I parceyue hym passe.

lf. 209.
xxix iv.

'I did not see him go!'

¹ See note, p. 432.

- ii **Pereg.** Nay be þe werkis þat he wrought full wele
myght we witte,
Itt was Jesus hym selffe, I wiste who it was. 166
- They recognise
that it was Jesus. 23. i **Pereg.** Itt was Jesus þus wisely þat wrought,
þat raised was and rewfully rente on þe rode,
Of bale and of bittirnesse has he vs boght,
Boune was and betyn þat all braste on bloode. 170
24. ii **Pereg.** All braste on bloode, so sore was he bette,
With þer wickid Jewes þat wrethfull was euere,
With scourges and scharpe thornes on his heede sette,
Suche torfoyr and torment of-telle herde I neuere. 174
25. i **Pereg.** Of-telle herde I neuere of so pitfull peynes
As suffered oure souerayne, hyngand on highte,
Nowe is he resen with myght and with mayne,
I telle for sikir, we saugh hym in sight. 178
- 'He is risen; we
have seen him.'
26. ii **Pereg.** We saugh hym in sight, nowe take we entent,
Be þe brede þat he brake vs so baynly betwene,
Such wondirfull wais as we haue wente
Of Jesus þe gente was neuere none seene. 182
- 'Of Jesus the
gentle'
27. i **Pereg.** Sene was þer neuere so wondirfull werkes,
Be see ne be sande, in þis worlde so wide,
Mensksfully in mynde þes materes now merkis,
And preche we it prestly on euery ilke side. 186
- let us go preach
the wonderful
works.'
28. ii **Pereg.** On euery ilke side prestely prech it we,
Go we to Jerusaleme þes tydingis to telle,
Oure felawes fro fandying nowe fraste we,
More of þis mater her may we not melle. 190
- lf. 209 b.
29. i **Pereg.** Here may we notte melle [of] more at þis tyde,
For prossesse of plaies þat precis in plight,
He bringe to his blisse on euery ilke side,
þat sofferayne lorde þat moste is of myght¹. 194
- 'We can do no
more about this
now, because
other plays have
to come.'

¹ The first portion of this play is in regular 8-line stanzas, riming a b a b c d d c; but at l. 158, the point where Jesus vanishes, the metre changes into one of alternate rimes and 4-line stanzas. Lines 160, 161 are reversed in the MS., it is one of the blunders of the old copyist.

XLI.¹ HATMAKERS, MASONS, AND LABORERS.

lf. 209
xxix iij b.

The Purification of Mary: Simeon and Anna prophesy.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

MARIA.	ANNA PROPHETISSA.
JOSEPH.	SYMEON.
ANGELUS.	PRISBETER.]

[SCENE I, *The Temple at Jerusalem.*]

Prisb. ALMYGHTY God in heven so hy,

The maker of all heven and erth,

He ordenyd here all thynges evenly,

For man he ment to mend his myrth.

4

In nomber, weight, and mesure fyne

God creat here althyng, I say,

God created all
and bade men
keep his laws.

His lawes he bad men shulde not tyne,

But kepe his commandmentes all way.

8

In the mount of Syney full fayre,

And in two tabyls to you to tell,

His lawes to Moyses tuke God there

To geve to the chylder of Israell.

12

¹ This play is written on the blank leaves at the end of quire xxix, in the same hand of the middle of the 16th century which wrote the Fullers' play (p. 18). The rubrication (which is not nearly so bright as that of an earlier date) carefully joins the rimes and the combined verse throughout the piece. The words 'explicit liber' at the end seem to show that this was the concluding piece in a book from which it was copied. On leaf 68 (the proper place for this play), otherwise blank, is written in the same hand, 'Hatmakers, Maysons, and Laborers, purificacio Marie; the Laborers is assigned to bryng furth this paygant. It is entryd in the latter end of this boke, next after the Sledmen c3 [i. e. caret] Palmers, and it begynnyth (by the preest), All myghty god in heven so hye.' See notes, pp. 421, 446.

(The play should, rightly, have been numbered XVIII and have been placed between the *Adoration* and the *Flight into Egypt*.)

That Moyses shall theme gyde alway,
And lerne theme lely to knowe Goddes wyll,
And that he shulde not it deny,
But kepe his lawes stable and styll, 16
For payn that he hadd putt therefore,
To stone all theme that kepis it nott
Vtterly to death, both lesse and moore.
There shulde no marcy for them be soght, 20
Therefore kepe well Goddes commandement,
And leyd your lyf after his lawes,
Or ells surely ye mon be shent
Bothe lesse and moore, ylkone on rawes. 24
This is his wyll after Moyses lawe.
That ye shulde bryng your beistes good,
And offer theme here your God to knawe,
And frome your synns to turne your moode. 28
Suche beestes as God hais marked here,
Vnto Moyses he spake full yell¹,
And bad hyme boldly with good chere,
To say to the chylder of Israell, 32
That after that dyvers seknes seer,
And after that dyvers synes alsoo,
Go bryng your beestes to the preest even here
To offer theme vp in Goddes sight, loo. 36
The woman that hais borne her chylde,
She shall comme hether at the forty day
To be puryfied where she was fylde,
And bryng with her a lame, I say, 40
And two dove byrdes for her offerand,
And take them to the preest of lay
To offer theme vp with his holy hand :
There shulde no man to this say nay. 44
The lame is offeryd for Goddes honour

Keep God's command or you will be lost.

lf. 210.
xxix v.

God's will by Moses' law is that after certain sicknesses, beasts should be offered up.

A woman after child-birth must offer a lamb and two turtle-doves.

¹ Corrected by the same hand to 'To Moyses he spake as I yow tell,' *yell* perhaps an error for *well*.

In sacrefyes all onely dight,
And the preistes prayer purchase secure,
For the woman that was fylyd in God sight. 48
And yf so be that she be power,
And have no lame to offer, than
Two tyrtle doves to Godes honoure
To bryng with her for her offrand. 52
Loo! here am I, preest present alway,
To resave all offerandes that hydder is broght,
And for the people to God to pray,
That helth and lyfe to theme be wrought. 56

I, a priest, am
here to receive
all such offerings.

Anna.	Here in this holy playce I say,	Anna abides in the temple night and day.
	Is my full purpose to abyde,	
	To serve my God bothe nyght and day,	
	With prayer and fastyng in ever ylk a tyde.	60
	For I haue beyn a wyddo this threscore yere	She has been a widow sixty-four years,
	And foure yere to, the truthe to tell,	
	And here I haue terryed with full good chere,	
	For the redempcyon of Israell.	64
	And so for my holy conversacion,	
	Grete grace to me hais nowe God sent,	and has the grace of prophecy.
	To tell by profecy for mans redempcion,	
	What shall befall by Goddes entent.	68
	I tell you all here in this place,	If. 210 b.
	By Goddes vertue in prophecy,	
	That one is borne to oure solace,	
	Here to be present securely	72 The child Jesus will be born

Anna abides in
the temple night
and day.

She has been a widow sixty-four years.

and has the grace
of prophecy.

lf. 210 b.

within short space ;
Of his owen mother a madyn free,
Of all vyrgens moost chaist suthly,
The well of mekenes, blyssed myght she be
moost full of grace !

And Symeon, that senyour,
That is so semely in Godes sight,

79 and old Simeon
shall see him,
and take him in
his arms ;

And Melachiell, that proffett snell,
 Hais tolde vs of that babb so bright,
 That he shulde come with vs to dwell

In our temple as leme of light. 114

And other proffettes prophesieth,
 And of this blyssed babb dyd mell,
 And of his mother, a madyn bright,

In prophecy the truth gan tell,— 118 ‘He is to harrow
 hell
 lf. 211.
 xxix vj.

That he shulde comme and harro hell
 As a gyant grathly to glyde,
 And fersly the feyndes malles to fell,

And putt there poors all on syde. 122 and fell the
 malice of the
 fiend,

The worthyest wight in this worlde so wyde!

His vertues seer no tong can tell,

He sendes all succour in ylke tyde,

As redemption of Israell, 126 and redeem
 Israel.

thus say they all,—

There patryarkes and ther prophettes clere,—

‘A babb is borne to be oure fere,

Knytt in oure kynde for all our chere 130

to grete and small.’

Ay! well were me for ever and ay,

If I myght se that babb so bright,

Or I were buryed here in clay, 134

Then wolde my cors here mend in myght

Right faithfully.

Nowe lorde! thowe grant to me thy grace,

To lyf here in this worlde a space,

That I myght se that babb in his face

here or I dy.

A! lorde God, I thynke, may I endure,

Trowe we that babb shall fynde me here, 142

Nowe certys with aige I ame so power

that evir it abaites my chere.

Yet yf kynde fale for aige in me,

Grant me life to
 see him ere I
 die.’

God yett may length my lyfe, suthely, 146
 Tyll I that babb and foode so free
 haue seyn in sight.

For trewly, yf I wyst reuerce (?)
 Thare shulde nothyng my hart dyseas, 150
 Lorde! len me grace yf that thowe pleas,
 and make me light.

'Come, babe,
 come quickly,

When wyll thowe comme, babb? let se, haue done;
 Nay comme on tyte and tarry nott, 154
 For certys my lyf days are nere done,
 for aige to me grete wo hais wrought.

I care no longer
 for health when
 I have seen my
 desire.

Great wo is wrought vnto mans harte,
 Whan he muste want that he wolde haue; 158
 I kepe no longer to haue quarte,
 for I haue seen that I for crave.

A! trowes thowe these ij eyes shall see
 That blyssed babb, or they be owte? 162
 Ye, I pray God so myght it be.
 then were I putt all owte of dowte.
 [Enter Angel.]

The angel pro-
 mises he shall
 see the child
 Jesus.

Ang. Olde Symeon, Godes seruauent right,
 Bolde worde to the I bryng, I say, 166
 For the holy goost, moost of myght,
 He says thowe shall not dye away
 to thowe haue seen

Jesu the babb that Mary bare, 170
 For all mankynde to slake there care.
 He shall do comforth to lesse and mayr,
 both morne and even.

If. 211 b.

Simeon praises
 God.

Symeon. A! lorde, gramarcy, nowe I say! 174
 That thowe this grace hais to me hight,
 Or I be buried here in clay
 to see that semely beam so bright.
 No man of molde may haue more happ 178
 To my solace and myrth allway,

For this cause to bee purysiede, loo, 210
in Goddes temple.

For certys, thowe arte a clene vyrgyn,
For any thoght thy harte within,
Nor never wrought no flesly synne
nor never yll.

Mary. That I my madenheade hais kept styll
It is onely throgh Goddes wyll,
that be ye bold. 218

Yett to fulfill the lawe, ewysse,
That God almyghty gon expresse,
And for a sample of mekenesse,
offer I wolde. 222

Jos. A! Mary, blyssed be thowe ay,
Thowe thyntes to do after Goddes wyll,
As thowe haist said Mary, I say,
I will hartely consent there-tyll
withouten dowte.

Wherefore we dresse vs furth oure way,
And make offerand to God this day,
Even lykwys as thy self gon say
with hartes deuowte. 230

Mar. Therto am I full redy dight,
But one thyng, Joseph I wolde you meyme.
Jos. Mary, my spouse and madyn bright,
Tell on hartely, what is your greyf?

Mar. Both beest and fewll hus muste neydes haue,
As a lambe and ij dove byrdes also,
Lame haue we none nor none we crave, 238
Therefore Joseph what shall we do,
what is your read?

And we do not as custome is,
We are worth to be blamyd, i-wysse, 242
I wolde we dyd nothing amys
as God me speyd.

She would do it as an example of meekness to the law.

Joseph freely
consents.

lf. 212.
xxix vij.

She hesitates

about the lamb
and two doves;

they have no
lamb, what shall
they do?

- Jos.** A! good Mary, the lawe is this,
 To riche to offer bothe the lame and the byrd, 246
 And the ij tyrtles, i-wys,
 Or two doyf-byrdes shall not be fyrd
 for our offerand;
 And Mary, we haue doyf byrdes two, 250
 As falls for hus therefore we goo,
 They ar here in a panyer, loo,
 Reddy at hand.
 And yf we haue not both in feer, 254
 The lame, the burd, as ryche men haue,
 Thynke that vs muste present here
 Oure babb Jesus, as we voutsauē
 before Godes sight. 258
 He is our lame, Mary, kare the not,
 For riche and power none better soght;
 Full well thowe have hym hither broght
 this our offerand dight. 262
 He is the lame of God, I say,
 That all our syns shall take away
 of this worlde here.
 He is the lame of God verray, 266
 That muste hus fend frome all our fray,
 Borne of thy wombe, all for our pay¹,
 and for our chere.
- Mar.** Joseph, my spowse, ye say full trewe, 270
 Than lett vs dresse hus furth our way.
- Jos.** Go we than Mary, and do oure dewe,
 And make meekly offerand this day. [*They set forth.* 274
 Lo, here is the tempyll on this hyll, they go to the
 And also preest ordand by skyll, priest in the
 power havand. temple,

¹ MS. has *pray*.

and kneeling,
And Mary, go we thyther forthy,
And lett vs both knele devowtly,
And offre we vp to God meekly
our dewe offrاند.

278

[SCENE IV, *The Temple, as before. Enter to the Priest, Joseph and Mary with the Babe.*]

lf. 212 b.	Mar.	Vnto my God highest in heven,	
		And to this preest ordand by skylle,	
offer the child to		Jesu my babb, I offer hyme,	
God.		Here with my harte and my good wyll	284
		right hartely.	
		Thowe pray for hus to God on hyght,	
		Thowe preest, present here in his myght,	
		At this deyde may be in his sight	288
		accept goodly.	

‘ Here are two
doves ; we are
poor, and have
neither rent nor
land.’

Jos. Loo sir ? and two doyf-byrddes ar here,
Receyve them with your holy handes,
We ar no better of power,
For we haue neyther rentes ne landes
trewely,
Bott good sir, pray to God of myght
To accepte this at we have dight,
That we haue offeryd as we arr hight
here hartely.

292

296

The priest ac- cepts, with prayer.	Presb. O God, and graunter of all grace,	
	Blyst be thy name both nyght and day,	300
	Accepte there offerand in this place	
	That be here present to the alway.	
	A! blyssed lorde, say never nay,	
	But lett thy offerand be boot and beyld	304
	Tyll all such folke lyvand in clay,	
	That thus to the mekly wyll heyld,	
	That this babb, lord, present in thy sight,	

Borne of a madyns wombe vnfylde ; 308

Accepte, [lord,] for there specyall gyft

Gevyn to mankynde, both man and chylde,

so specyally.

And this babb borne and here present

312 A prayer of
worship of
welcome.

May beylde vs, that we be not shent,

But ever redde his grace to hent

here verely.

A blyssed babb ! welcome thowe be,

316

Borne of a madyn in chaistety,

Thowe art our beylde, babb, our gamme and our glee

ever sothly.

Welcome ! oure wytt and our wysdome,

320

Welcome ! our joy all and somme,

Welcome ! redemptour omnium

tyll hus hartely.

[Enter Anna.

Anna. Welcome ! blyssed Mary and madyn ay,

324

Anna welcomes
the bright star,

Welcome ! mooste meke in thyne array, [To the Babe.

Welcome ! bright starne that shyneth bright as day,

all for our blys.

Welcome ! the blyssed beam so bryght,

328

Welcome ! the leym of all oure light,

Welcome ! that all pleasour hais plight

to man and wyfe.

Welcome ! thowe blyssed babb so free,

332

lf. 213.
xxix viij.
our welfare and
bliss.

Welcome ! oure welfayre wyelly,

And welcome all our seall, suthly,

to grete and small.

Babb, welcome to thy beyldly boure,

336

Babb, welcome now for our soccoure,

And babb, welcome with all honour

here in this hall,

[SCENE V, *Simeon's house as before : enter Angel.*]

The angel tells
Simeon to get
ready.

Ang. Olde Symeon, I say to the, 340
Dresse the furth in thyne array,
Come to the temple, there shall þu see,
Jesus, that babb that Mary barre,
that be thowe bolde. 344

Simeon rejoices,
as light as a leaf,
he feels young
again.

Sym. A! lorde, I thanke þe ever and ay,
Nowe am I light as leyf on tree,
My age is went, I feyll no fray,
Me thynke for this that is tolde me 348
I ame not olde.
Nowe wyll I to yon temple goo
To se the babb that Mary bare,
He is my helth in well and woo, 352
And helps me ever frome great care. [Exit.]

[SCENE VI, *The Temple, as before : enter Simeon.*]

Simeon hails the
babe and the
mother.

Haill! blyssed babb, that Mary bare,
And blyssed be thy mother, Mary mylde,
Whose wombe that yeildyd fresh and fayr, 356
And she a clean vyrgen ay vnfyld.
Haill babb, the Father of Heven own chylde,
Chosen to chere vs for our myschance;
No erthly tong can tell fylyd 360
What thy myght is in every chance.

' Shield us from
ill.

Haill! the moost worthy to enhance,
Boldly thowe beylde [us] frome all yll,
Withoute thy beylde we gytt grevance, 364
And for our deydes here shulde we spyll.

Hail, rose of
Sharon!
(*Cant. cant. cap.*
ii. 1.)

Haill! floscampy, and flower vyrgynall,
The odour of thy goodnes reflars to vs all.
Haill! moost happy to great and to small 368
for our weyll.

Haill! ryall roose, moost ruddy of hewe. Royal rose!

Haill! flower vnfadyng, both freshe ay and newe,
Haill the kyndest in comforth that ever man knewe, 372
for grete heyll.

And mekly I beseke the here where I kneyll,
To suffre thy servant to take the in hand, Let me take thee
in mine arms.
And in my narmes for to heue the here for my weyll, 376
And where I bound am in bayll to bait all my bandes.

[Takes the babe in his arms.]

Now come to me, lorde of all landes, lf. 213 b.
Come myghtyest by see and by sandes,
Come myrth by strete and by strandes 380
on moolde.

Come halse me, the babb that is best born, Embrace me, or
else I am lost.
Come halse me, the myrth of our morne,
Come halse me, for elles I ame lorne 384
for olde.

I thanke the lord God of thy greet grace, Simeon thanks
and praises God.
That thus haith sparyd me a space,
This babb in my narmes for to inbrace 388
as the prophecy tell[es].

I thanke the that me my lyfe lent,
I thanke the that me thus seyll sent,
That this sweyt babb, that I in armes hent, 392
With myrth my myght alwais melles.

Mellyd are my myndes ay with myrth,
Full fresh nowe I feyll is my force,
Of thy grace thowe gave me this gyrth, 396
Thus comly to catch here thy corse
moost semely in sight.

Of helpe thus thy freynd never faills, God's mercy
never faills.
Thy marcy as every man awaylls, 400
Both by downes and by daylls,
Thus mervelous and mucche is thy myght.

¹ An extra leaf added to this quire, on which to finish the play. See *note*, p. 433.

Jos. God geve hyme grace here well to do,
For he is come of gentyll kynde.

Sym. Harke! Mary, I shall tell the þe truth or I goo, 436
This was putt here to welde vs fro,
In redemption of many and recover also,

I the say.

And the sworde of sorro thy hart shal thyrll,
Whan thowe shall se sothly thy son suffer yll,
For the well of all wrytches þat shall be his wyll
here in fay.

440

'He is for the redemption of many, and a sword shall thrill thy heart when he suffers.

But to be comforth agayn right well thowe may,
And in harte to be fayne the suth, I the say,
For his myght is so muche thare can no tong say nay,
here to his wyll.

444

But thou shalt be comforted.

For this babb as a gyant¹, full graythly shall glyde,
And the myghtiest mayster shall meve on ylke syde,
To all the wightes that wons in this worlde wyde,
for good or for yll.

448

Tharefore babb, beylde vs, that we here not spyll.
And fayrwell, the former of all at thy wyll,
Fayrwell! starne stabylst by lowde and be styll,
in suthfastnes.

452

Farewell!

Fayrwell! the ryolest roose that is renyng,
Fayrwell! the babb best in thy beryng,
Fayrwell! God son, thowe grant vs thy blyssyng
to fynd our dystresse.

456

Explicit Liber.

¹ MS. has *gyane*.

XLII. THE ESCREUENERES.

The Incredulity of Thomas.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

DEUS (i. e. Jesus).

JACOBUS.

PETRUS.

THOMAS.]

JOHANNES.

John xx. 19-29.

[SCENE I, *A chamber with doors shut : the disciples assembled.*]

The disciples are
grieving;

1. **Petrus.** ALLAS! to woo þat we wer wrought,
Hadde never no men so mekill þought
Sen that oure lorde to dede was brought 3
with Jewes fell;
Oute of þis steede ne durst we noght,
but here ay dwelle. 6

they fear the
Jews,

2. **Joh.** Here haue we dwelte with peynes strang,
Of oure liffe vs lothis, we leue to lange,
For sen the Jewes wrought vs þat wrong 9
Oure lorde to sloo,
Durst we neuere come þame emang,
ne hense to goo. 12

and therefore
remain still.

3. **Jac.** þe wikkid Jewes hatis vs full ille,
And bittir paynes wolde putte vs till,
Therfore I rede þat we dwelle stille 15
Here þer we lende,
Unto þat Criste oure lorde vs wille
some socoure sende. 18

Collations with the Sykes MS. of this play at York; see p. 455.

1. 1. to] the; wer] are. 1. 5. ne] sens. 1. 6. ay] a. 1. 8. And
with our lyvys owe lath we lyff so longe. 1. 9. Sen that thes Jewys
wrought this. 1. 11. Sens drust. 1. 12. ne hyne goo. 1. 13. þes.
1. 14. wolde] thay. 1. 15. omit þat. 11. 17, 18. *These lines stand
as one, tyll that cryst vs some socor send.*

[*Jesus appears.* Jesus appears to
[*He vanishes.* them for an in-
stant.

4. **Deus.** Pees and reste be with yowe !
Petrus. A ! brethir dere, what may we trowe,
 What was this sight þat we saughe nowe 21
 Shynand so bright ?
 And vanysshed þus and we ne wote how,
 Oute of oure sight ? 24
5. **Johes.** Oute of youre sight nowe is it soghte,
 Itt makith vs madde, þe light it broght.
Jacobus. Sertis I wotte noght but sekirly 27 It must have
 What may it be ; been fancy !
 Itt was vanyte in oure þought, 29
 Nought ellis trowe I it be. 30
- [*Jesus re-appears.* Jesus appears
again. 'Fear not.'
6. **Deus.** Pees vnto yowe euermore myght be,
 Drede you noȝt, for I am hee.
Petrus. On goddis name, benedicite, 33
 What may þis mene ?
Jacobus. Itt is a sperite, for sothe thynketh me, They think it is
 þat dose vs tene. 36 a spirit,
 If. 215 b.
7. **Johannes.** A sperite it is, þat trowe I right,
 All þus appered here to oure sight,
 Itt makis vs madde of mayne and myght, 39 they are afraid.
 Dois vs flaied,
 ȝone is þe same þat broughte þe light,
 þat vs affraied. 42
8. **Deus.** What thynke ȝe, madmen, in youre thought ?
 What mournyng in youre hertis is brought ?
 I ame Criste, ne drede ȝou noght, 45
 her may¹ ȝe se

1. 19. Deus] Jesus ; with] vnto. 1. 21. this] the. 1. 23. þus ys
 vanysshed we wayt not. 1. 25. youre] our. 1. 26. makes. 1. 27.
 whole line omitted. 1. 29. Yt ys some vanytes. 1. 31. Deus] Jesus.
 1. 35. A sprett for soth so thynke me. 1. 38. þat þus. 1. 40. flaied]
 frayd. 1. 41. ȝone] yt. 1. 46. may.

¹ MS. has *nay*.

- þe same body þat has you bought
vppon a tre. 48
9. þat I am comen 3ou here to mete,
Be-halde and se myn handis and feete, 50
And grathely gropes my woundes wete
Al þat here is, 52
þus was I dight youre bales to beete,
and bring to blis. 54
10. For yowe þusgatis þanne haue I gone,
Folous me grathely euerilkone, 56
And se þat I haue flessch and bone,
Gropes me nowe. 58
For so ne has sperite none,
þat schall 3e trowe. 60
- for further proof 11. To garre 3ou kenne and knowe me clere,
I schall you schewe ensaumpillis sere,
Bringe nowe forthe vnto me here 63
some of youre mette,
If 3e amange you all in-fere
haue ought to ete. 66
12. **Jacobus.** þou luffand lorde þat laste schall ay,
Loo here is mette þat þou ete may,
A hony kombe þe soth to saye,
Roste fecche þertill ; 70
To ete þerof here we þe praie,
with full goode will. 72
13. **Deus.** Nowe sen 3e haue broughte me þis mete,
To make youre trouthe stedfast and grete,
And for 3e schall wanhope for-gete, 75
and trowe in me,
With youe þan here wol I ete,
þat 3e schalle see. 78
- see my hands
and feet, and feel
my wounds.
- Feel and believe,
I am no spirit ;
- bring to me meat,
if ye have aught
to eat.
- They bring
honeycomb and
some roast fish.
- 'To make your
faith steady and
your despair for-
gotten I now eat
with you.'

l. 50. behold. l. 55. þanne] þus. l. 56. felys. l. 70. Roch fych.
l. 71. here we] we wold. l. 77. þan] now ; þen woll.

- | | | |
|-------------|---|---|
| 14. | Nowe haue I done, þe haue sene howe,
Boldely etyng here with youe,
Stedfastly loke þat þe trowe
yitt in me este,
And takis þe remenaunte sone to you
þat her is lefte. | 84 |
| 15. | For þoue þus was I reuyn and dreste,
Perfore some of my payne þe taste,
And spekis now no whare my worde waste,
þat schall þe lere,
And vnto þou þe holy goste
Releffe yow here. | 86

89 |
| 16. | Beis now trewe and trowes in me,
And here I graunte youe in youre poste,
Whome þat þe bynde bounden schall be
Right at youre steuene,
And whome þat þe lesid losed schalbe
Euer more in heuene. [<i>Exit.</i> | 91

93

95
96 |
| | <i>[Thomas outside the chamber.]</i> | |
| 17. Thomas. | Allas for sight and sorowes sadde,
Mornyng makis me mased and madde,
On grounde nowe may I gang vngladde
Bope even and morne.
þat hende þat I my helpe of hadde
his liffe has lorne. | Thomas is
mourning for
Jesus,

99
100

102 |
| 18. | Lorne I haue þat louely light,
þat was my maistir moste of myght,
So doulfully as he was dight
was neuere no man ;
Such woo was wrought of þat worthy wighte
with wondis wan. | 103

105 |

1. 81. Now stedfastly.
dreste] rent and rayst.
88. here that ye lere
101. hende] hynd.

1. 83. remland.
1. 87. now *omi*
90. releffe] resave.

1. 85. reuyn and
ur wordes I wayst.
1. 100. even] eyn.

19. Whan lo ! as his wondis and wondis wette,
 With skelpis sore was he swongen, þat swette, 110
 All naked nailed thurgh hande and feete, 111
 allas ! for pyne, 112
 þat bliste, þat beste my bale myght bete, 113
 his liffe schulde tyne ! 114

He is so cast
 down with
 sorrow that he
 will seek his
 brethren.

20. Allas ! for sorowe my selffe I schende, 115
 When I thynke hartely on þat hende,
 I fande hym ay a faithfull frende, 117
 Trulie to telle ; 118
 To my brethir nowe wille I wende 119
 wher so þei dwell.

[*Enters the chamber.*

' All our joy is
 gone, God bless
 you, brethren.'

21. A ! blistfull sight was neuere none, 121
 Oure joie and comferte is all gone,
 Of mournyng may we make oure mone
 In ilka lande ; 124
 God blisse you, brether ! bloode and bone,
 same þer 3e stande.

' Welcome, we
 have seen our
 lord.'

22. Petrus. Welcome Thomas, where has pou bene ?
 Wete pou wele withouten wene 128
 Jesu oure lorde þan haue we sene,
 on grounde her gang.
 Thomas. What saie 3e men ? allas ! for tene,
 I trowe 3e mang. 132

If. 216 b.

23. Johannes¹. Thomas, trewly it is noght to layne,
 Jesu oure lorde is resen agayne.

l. 109. Whan lo as] wan was. l. 110. skelpis] swapis. l. 113. bale
 balles. l. 119. To] Vnto. l. 120. wher some.
 l. 121. A . . . sight] so wofull wyghtis. l. 122. and] owr.

¹ Johannes supplied from Sykes MS., the name is wanting in Ashburnham.

- Thomas.** Do waie, these tales is but attrayne
of fooles vnwise. 136 Thomas will not
believe that
Jesus is risen.
- For he pat was so fully slayne,
howe schulde he rise ? 137
138
- 24. Jacobus.** Thomas, trewly he is on-lyue,
pat tholedede þe Jewes his flessch to riffe, 140 ‘ Truly he is
alive, we felt his
wounds.’
- He lete vs fele his woundes fyue, 141
Oure lorde verray. 142
- Thomas.** That trowe I nought, so motte I thryue,
what so þe saie. 144
- 25. Petrus.** Thomas we saugh his woundes wette,
How he was nayled thurgh hande and feete, 146
Hony and fisse with vs he eette, 147
pat body free.
- Thomas**¹. I laye my liff it was some spirit 149 ‘ It was a spirit.’
þe wende wer hee.
- 26. Johannes.** Nay Thomas, þou haste misgone,
For-why he bad vs euerilkon 152 ‘ We felt his
blood, bones, and
flesh ; spirits
have none.’
- To grope hym grathely, bloode and bone
And flessch to feelee, 154
- Such thyngis, Thomas, hase sperite none,
pat wote þe wele. 156
- 27. Thomas.** What ! leue felawes, late be youre fare,
Till pat I see his body bare, 158 Thomas will not
believe till he
has felt the
wound of the
spear,
- And sithen my fyngir putte in thare
within his hyde, 160
- And fele the wound þe spere did schere
riȝt in his syde ; 162

1. 135. a trayne.
1. 139. trewly] lely.
1. 157. What leue] now.
this sper.

1. 137. For *supplied from Sykes MS.*
1. 144. what so] why sa. 1. 155. spretes.
1. 158. his] pat. 1. 161. þe ... did]

¹ Thomas supplied from Sykes MS.

you] they.

þat trowis haly in my rising right,	191	
And saw it neuere.	192	
33. My brethir, fonde nowe forthe in fere,	193	Go forth, and
Ouere all in ilke a contre clere,		preach my rising.'
My rising both ferre and nere,	195	
And preche it schall 3e,		
And my blissyng I giffe 3ou here,	197	
And my men3e.	198	

l. 193. fandes. 194. clere] sere. l. 196. Preached shall be. l. 198. my] this.

The MS. of the Skryveners' play, now in the possession of the York Philosophical Society, to which it has been presented by Dr. Sykes of Doncaster, consists of four leaves of parchment, sewn in a parchment cover with a flap, the whole doubled lengthwise, the flap folding over, as though intended for the pocket. It is endorsed 'Skryveners' only, no other marks indicate the object of this duplicate; the hand is of about the beginning of the 16th cent., and is not the regular clerkly hand of the Ashburnham MS.; the spelling differs considerably, and the short lines are often confused with the long ones. This cannot have been copied *from* the Ashburnham, as it supplies a line and several important words wanting in that MS.; on the other hand the Ashburnham is a better text in some points. Both were probably copied from another original.

The collations given are those of variants from the Ashburnham text found in the Sykes MS. Notice is not taken of different spelling merely, which may be seen by consulting Mr. Collier's print of the Sykes MS., Camden Miscellany, vol. iv.

XLIII. THE TAILOURES¹.

If. 218 b.
xxx. iij b.

The Ascension.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JESUS.
MARIA.
PETRUS.
JOHANNES.

JACOBUS.
ANDREAS.
1 ANGELUS.
2 ANGELUS.]

Luke xxiv. 49-53.
Acts i. 4-14.

[SCENE, *The Mount of Olives, near Bethany: the disciples with Mary are assembled.*]

The disciples are
in doubt when
Jesus will leave
them.

1. **Petrus.** O MIGHTFULL god, how standis it now,
In worlde þus will was I neuere are,—

Butte he apperes,—bot I ne wote howe

He fro vs twynnes whanne he will fare. 4

And ȝitt may falle þat for oure prowē,

And alle his wirkyng lesse and mare,

A ! kyng of comforte ! gudde arte þou,

And lele and likand is thy lare². 8

John mourns the
loss and want of
his company.

2. **Johannes.** The missing of my maistir trewe,

That lenghis not with vs lastandly,

Makis me to morne ilke a day newe,

For tharnyng of his company. 12

His peere of gudnes neuere I knewe,

Of myght ne wisdome it anly.

Petrus. That we hym tharne, sore may vs rewe,

For he luffed vs full faithfully. 16

¹ An early hand wrote 'Potters' on this page after 'Tailoures,' but the pen was struck through it. The Potters play the next piece.

² In the MS. *and lele* was originally written at end of l. 7; but the Elizabethan hand corrected it as above.

3. Bot ȝitt in all my mysselykyng,
 A worde pat Criste saide comfortis me,
 Oure heuynes and oure mournyng,
 He saide to joie turned schuld be. 20
 Pat joie he saide in his hetying,
 To reue vs none schulde haue no poste,
 Wherfore abouen all othir thyng
 That joie me longis to knowe & see. 24
4. *Maria.* Pou Petir, whanne my sone was slayne,
 And laide in graue, ȝe wer in were
 Whedir he schulde rise, al moste ilkane,
 But nowe ȝe wotte thurgh knowyng clere. 28
 Come pat he saide schulde is gane,
 And some to come, but ilkane sere,
 Whedir it be to come or none,
 Vs awe to knowe it all in fere. [*Jesus appears.*] 32
5. *Jesus.* Almyghty god, my Fadir free,
 In erthe ȝi bidding haue I done,
 And clarifed ȝe name of ȝe,
 To thy selffe clarifie ȝe sone. 36
 Als pou haste geuen me pleyne poste,
 Of ilke a flesh graunte me my bone,
 Pat pou me gaffe myght lyffand be
 In endles liffe and with ȝe wonne. 40
6. Pat liffe is ȝis pat hath none ende,
 To knawe the Fadir, moste of myght,
 And me thy sone, whanne pou gon sende
 To dye for man with-uten plight, 44
 Mankynde was thyne whome ȝu be-kende
 And toke me to ȝi ȝemyng right.
 I died for man, mannes misse to mende,
 And vnto spitous dede was dight. 48
7. Thy wille vn-to ȝem taughte haue I,
 Pat wolde vn-to my lare enclyne,

A word of com-
 fort, our mourn-
 ing shall be
 turned to joy.
John xvi. 20.

' Whatever is to
 come, let us
 all be together.'
*1f. 219.
 xxx. v.*

John xvii. 4-23.
 ' Father, I have
 glorified thy
 name.

Glorify thy son.

Grant life eternal
 to those thou
 givest me,

mankind, given
 me to rule.

They have taken
my teaching
obediently,

Mi lare haue they tane buxsomly,
Schall none of them þer trauaile tyne.

52

banish them not
from us,

Þou gaffe þem me but noght for-thy
3itt are they thyne als wele as myne,
Fleme þem not fro oure companye,
Sen thyne are myne and myne er thyne.

56

let them not be
lost for want of
help.
lf. 219 b.

8. Sen they are oures, if þame nede ought
þou helpe þem, if it be thy will,
And als þou wate þat I þame boght,
For faute of helpe latte þem not spill.
Fro þe worlde to take þem pray I noght,
But þat þou kepe þame ay fro ill.
All þois also þat settis þare þoght
In erthe my techyng to fulfill.

60

64

My company will
teach the people,

9. Mi tythandis tane has my men3e
To teche þe pepull wher they fare ;
In erthe schall þei leue aftir me,
And suffir sorowes sadde and sare.
Dispised and hatted schall þei be,
Als I haue bene, with lesse and mare,
And suffer ¹ dede in sere degre
For sothfastnesse schall none þem spare.

68

72

Hallow them and
their work.'

10. Þou halowe þame, fadir, for-thy,
In sothfastnes so þat þei may
Be ane as we ar, yowe and I,
In will and werke, both nyght and day,
And knawe þat I ame verilye
Both sothfastnes and liffe alway ;
Be the whilke ilke man þat is willy
May wynne þe liffe þat laste schall ay.

76

80

The apostles
have had great
mistrust, and are
hard of heart,

11. Bot 3e, my postelis all be-dene,
þat lange has wente a-bowte with me,
In grete wanne-trowing haue 3e bene,
And wondir harde of hartis ar 3e,

84

¹ MS. has *suffered*.

- Worthy to be reprovéd, I wene,
 Ar 3e forsothe, and 3e will see,
 In als mekill als 3e haue sene
 My wirkyng proued and my poste. 88
12. Whan I was dede and laide in graue,
 Of myne vpryse 3e were in doute,
 And some for myne vprysing straue,
 When I was laide als vndir-lowte 92
 So depe in erthe ; but sithen I haue
 Ben walkand fourty daies aboute,
 Eten with 3ou, youre trouthe to saue,
 Comand emange 3ou inne and oute. 96
13. And perfore beis nomore in were
 Of myne vppe-rysing, day nor nyght,
 Youre misbeleue leues ilkone seere,
 For witte 3e wele, als man of myght 100
 Over whome no dede may haue poure,
 I schall be endles liffe and right.
 But for to schewe you figure clere,
 Schewe I me þus-gatis to youre sight, 104
14. Howe man by cours of kynde schall ryse,
 All þogh he be roten on-till noȝt,
 Oute of his graue in þis same¹ wise
 At þe daye of dome schall he be broght 108
 Wher I schall sitte as trewe justise,
 And deme man aftir he has wroght ;
 Þe wikkid to wende with þer enmyse,
 Þe gode to blisse þei schall be broght. 112
15. A-nodir skill for-soth is þis,
 In a tre man was traied thurgh trayne,
 I man, for-thy, to mende þat misse
 On a tree boght mankynde agayne. 116
 In confusioune of hym and his
 Þat falsely to forge þat frawde was fayne,

they quarrelled
about Christ's
uprising.

If. 22o.
xxx. vj.
He has been
with them forty
days since then,

they must cast
away unbelief.

Man shall rise
from the grave in
course of nature,
although he be
rotten, at dooms-
day.

Through a tree
man was be-
trayed, Christ
redeemed him on
a tree.

¹ MS. has *sane*.

Mankynde to bringe agayne to blisse
His foo þe fende till endles peyne. 120

16. þe thirde skille is, trewly to telle,
Right als I wende als wele will seme,
So schall I come in flessch and fell
Atte þe day of dome ; whan I schal deme 124
þe goode in endles blisse to dwell,
Mi fomen fro me for to fleme,
With-uten ende in woo to well.
Ilke leuand man, here to take yeme. 128

Christ will come
again in the flesh
at doomsday.

If, 220 b.

17. But in-till all þe worlde weldand
þe Gospell trewly preche schall 3e,
Tille ilke a creatoure lifland.
Who trowes, if that he baptised be 132
He schall, als yhe schall vndirstande,
Be saued, and of all thraldome free ;
Who trowis it not, as mistrowand
For faute of trouth dampned is he, 136

He who believes,
and is baptized,
shall be saved ;

the unbeliever is
damned.

The powers given
to those who
believe.

18. But all þer tokenyngis be-dene
Schall folowe þam þat trowis it right,
In my name deuellis crewell and kene,
Schall þei oute-caste of ilk-a wight ; 140
With newe tongis speke ; serpentis vnclene
For-do ; and if þei day or nyght
Drinke venym wik, with-uten wene,
To noye þame schall it haue no myght. 146

19. On seke folke schall þei handes lay,
And wele schall þei haue sone at welde ;
þis poure schall þei haue alway,
My menzhe, bothe in towne and felde. 150

' They who do
my will shall
abide with me in
bliss.

John xiv. 2.

And witte 3e wele, so schall þei
þat wirkis my wille in youthe or elde,
A place for þame I schall purveye
In blisse with me ay in to belde. 154

20. Nowe is my jorney brought till ende,
 Mi tyme þat me to lang was lente¹,
 To my Fadir nowe vppe I wende,
 And youre Fadir þat me doune sente. 158
 Mi God, youre God, and ilke mannes frende,
 That till his techyng will consente,
 Till synneres þat no synne þame schende,
 Þat mys amendis and will repente. 162
21. But for I speke þes wordis nowe
 To you, youre hartis hase heuynes,
 Full-ffillid all be it for youre prowē,
 Þat I hense wende, als nedful is. 166
 And butte I wende, comes noght to yowe
 Þe comfortoure² of comforteles;
 And if I wende, 3e schall fynde howe
 I schall hym sende, of my goodnesse. 170
22. Mi Fadirs will full-ffillid haue I,
 Therfore fareswele, ilkone seere,
 I goo make youe a stede redye
 Endles to wonne with me in feere. 174
 Sende doune a clowde, fadir! for-thy
 I come to þe, my fadir deere.
 Þe Fadir blissing moste myghty
 Giffe I you all þat leffe here³. [*Jesus ascends.* 178
23. Maria. A! myghtfull god, ay moste of myght,
 A selcouth sight is þis to see,
 Mi sone þus to be ravished right
 In a clowde wendande vppe fro me. 182
 Bothe is my harte heuy and light,
 Heuy for swilke twynnyng schulde be,
 And light for he haldis þat he hight,
 And þus vppe wendis in grette poste. 186

¹ MS. has *lende*.² MS. has *comforte oure*.³ In the margin is here written in the late corrector's hand, 'Ascendo ad patrem meum. Tunc cantent angeli.'

My time is at an
 end, I go to my
 Father and your
 Father.
John xiv. 27, 28.

Ye are sorrowful,
 If. 221.
 xxx. vij.

but unless I go
 the Comforter will
 not come to you,
John xvi. 7.

Farewell, I go to
 make a place
 ready for you.
 Father, I come.'

A cloud de-
 scends.

Mary is sad at
 parting, joyful
 that he keeps his
 promise.

24. His hetynge haldis he all be-dene,
 þat comfortis me in all my care,
 But vnto whome schall I me mene,
 þus will in worlde was I neuere. 190
- She fears to stay
 among the Jews.
 To dwelle amonge þes Jewes kene,
 Me to dispise will þei not spare.
 Joh. All be he noght in presens seene,
 ʒitt is he salue of ilk a sare, 194
- John will serve
 her as her son
 25. But lady, sen þat he be-toke
 Me for to serue you as youre sonne,
 ʒou nedis no-thing, lady, but loke
 What thyng in erthe ʒe will haue done. 198
- lf. 221 b.
 I ware to blame if I for-soke
 To wirke youre wille, midday or none,
 Or any tyme ʒitt of þe woke.
 at all times.
 Maria. I thanke þe, John, with wordis fune, 202
- She will give
 John her mother-
 hood.
 26. Mi modirhed, John, schall þou haue,
 And for my sone I wolle þe take.
 Joh. þat grace, dere lady, wolde I craue.
 Maria. Mi sone sawes will I neuere for-sake. 206
- 'We must not
 go contrary to
 my son's wish,
 Itt were not semand þat we straue
 Ne contraried noȝt þat he spake.
 But John, tille I be broght in graue,
 Schall þou never see my sorowe slake. 210
- but my sorrow
 will never
 lessen.
 27. Jacob. Owre worthy lorde, sen he is wente
 For vs, lady, als is his will,
 We thanke hym þat vs þe hath lente
 With vs on¹ lyue to lenge her stille. 214
- James and
 Andrew will do
 all her desire.
 I saie for me with full concente,
 þi likyng all will I fulfille.
 Andreas. So wille we all with grete talent,
 For-thy, lady, giffe þe noght ill. 218

¹ MS. has *no*.

[*Enter Angels.*

28. **i Angelus.** 3e men of þe lande of Galile,
 What wondir 3e to heuene lokand?
 Þis Jesus whome 3e fro youe see
 Vppe-tane, 3e schall well vndirstande, 222
 Right so agayne come doune schall he,
 When he so comes with woundes bledand,
 Who wele has wrought full gladde may be,
 Who ill has leved full sore dredand. 226
29. **ii Angel.** 3e þat has bene his seruauentis trewe,
 And with hym lengand, nyght and day, 1f. 222.
 Slike wirkyng als 3e with hym knew, xxx. viij.
 Loke þat 3e preche it fourthe alway. 230
 Youre mede in heuene beis ilke day newe,
 And all þat seruis hym wele to paye,
 Who trowes you noght, it schall þame rewe,
 Þei mon haue peyne encresand ay. 234
30. **Jacobus.** Loued be þou lorde ay, moste of myght,
 Þat þus, in all oure grete disease,
 Vs comfortist with thyne aungellis bright;
 Nowe might þer Jewes þare malise meese, 238
 Þat sawe þame-selue þis wondir sight,
 Þus nere þame wrought vndir þer nese¹.
 And we haue mater day and nyght,
 Oure god more for to preyse and plese. 242
31. **Andreas.** Nowe may þer Jewes be all confused
 If pai on-thinke þame inwardly,
 Howe falsely þei haue hym accused,
 And sakles schente thurgh þer envy. 246
 Þer falsed, þat þei longe haue vsed,
 Nowe is it proued here opynly,
 And they were of þis mater mused,
 Itt schulde þame stirre to aske mercy. 250

The angels
 explain
 that as Christ has
 ascended, so he
 shall descend.

1f. 222.
 xxx. viij.

'Preach him
 forth, your re-
 ward is in
 heaven.'

James gives
 praise for this
 comfort.

The Jews ought
 now to be con-
 founded and to
 ask mercy.

¹ MS. has *nose*.

' They will not
do that, as there
is no profit in
staying; let us
go to many
countries.'

32. **Petrus.** Þat wille þei noȝt, Andrewe, late be!

For þei are full of pompe and pride,

Itt may noȝt availe to þe ne me,

Ne none of vs with þame to chide.

254

Prophite to dwelle can I none see,

For-thy late us no lenger bide,

But wende we vnto seere contre,

To preche thurgh all þis worlde so wide.

258

33. **Joh.** Þat is oure charge, for þat is beste,

Þat we lenge nowe no lenger here,

For here gete we no place of reste,

To lenge so nere þe Jewes poure.

262

Vs for to do þei will þame caste,

For-thy come forthe my lady dere,

And wende vs hense, I am full preste

With you to wende with full goode chere¹.

266

34. **Mi** triste is nowe euer ilk a dele

In yowe to wirke aftir youre counsaill.

Jacob. Mi lady dere, þat schall ȝe fele

In oght þat euere vs may availe,

270

Oure comferte, youre care to kele,

Whill we may leue we schall not faile.

Maria. Mi brethir dere, I traste itt wele,

Mi sone schall quyte ȝou youre trauaile.

274

John takes Mary
away,

' Now to Jerusa-
lem.'

35. **Petrus.** To Jerusalem go we agayne,

And loke what fayre so aftir fall,

Oure lorde and maistir moste of mayne,

He wisse youe, and be with youe all.

278

¹ These two lines are written as three in the MS.

XLIV. THE POTTERES.

lf. 223.
xxxj. i.

The Descent of the Holy Spirit.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

MARIA.	4 APOSTOLUS.
PETRUS [1 Apos.].	5 APOSTOLUS.
JOHANNES [2 Apos.].	1 DOCTOR.
JACOBUS [3 Apos.].	2 DOCTOR.]

[SCENE, *A chamber in Jerusalem; Mary and the Apostles are assembled in it: the Jews, headed by their Doctors, are outside.*]

1. Peter¹. B RETHIR, takes tente vnto my steuen,

Acts, ch. ii.

panne schall 3e stabily vndirstande,

Oure maistir hende is hence to heuyn,

To reste pere on his fadirs right hande.

4

And we are leued a-lyue, elleuyn,

To lere his lawes lely in lande,

Or we begynne vs muste be even,

Ellis are owre werkis noght to warande.

8

For parfite noumbre it is none,

Off elleuen for to lere,

Twelue may be a-soundir tone,

And settis in parties seere.

12

Nobis precepit dominus predicare populo et

testificare quia prope est iudex² viuorum et mortuorum.

The apostles meet
to choose another
to make their
number perfect ;

twelve can be
divided in
several.

Acts x. 42.

¹ The rubricator forgot to write the first speaker's name here ; a later hand wrote *Deus*, which was struck out, and *Petrus* substituted.

² The word *iudex* is interlined in later hand, the rubricator of these two Latin lines having omitted it. In the margin the late corrector wrote 'nota, a newe clause mayd for the eleuen, of an apostle to make the number of xij.'

Our Lord bade
us preach.

2. Oure lord comaunded vs, more and lesse,
To rewle vs right aftir his rede,
He badde vs preche and bere wittenesse
That he schulde deme bothe quike and dede. 16
To hym all prophettis preuys expresse,
All þo þat trowis in his godhede,
Off synnes þei schall haue forgiffenesse,
So schall we say mekill rede. 20

Since we publish
his counsel we
must not say
differently.

And senne we on þis wise
Schall his counsaile discrie,
Itt nedis we vs avise,
Þat we saye noȝt serely. 24

3. Joh. Serely he saide þat we schulde wende
In all þis worlde his will to wirke,
And be his counsaile to be kende
He saide he schulde sette haly kirke. 28

He said he
should establish
holy church, but
first his mes-
senger, the Holy
Ghost, should
come,
lf. 223 b.

But firste he saide he schulde doune sende
His sande, þat we schuld noȝt be irke,
His haly gaste on vs to lende,
And make vs to melle of materes mirke. 32
Vs menis he saide vs þus,
Whan þat he fared vs fra¹,

John xiv. 26 ;
xv. 26.

iii Apos. *Cum venerit paracletus*
Docebit vos omnia. 36

4. Jacob. 3a certaynely, he saide vs soo.
And mekill more þanne we of mene,
Nisi ego abiero,
Þus tolde he ofte tymes vs be-twene, 40
He saide forsoth, but if I goo,
Þe holy goste schall not be sene,
Et dum assumptus fuero,
Þanne schall I sende ȝou comforte clene. 44
Þus tolde he holy howe
Þat oure dedis schulde be dight,

James repeats
the promises as
to the Holy
Ghost.

¹ MS. has *froo*.

- So schall we trewly trowe,
He will holde þat he vs highte. 48
5. **iv Apos.** He highte vs fro harme for to hyde,
And holde in hele both hede and hende,
Whanne we take þat he talde þat tyde,
Fro all oure foois it schall vs fende. 52
But þus in bayle behoues vs bide,
To tyme þat sande till vs be sende ;
þe Jewis besettis vs in ilke aside
þat we may nowdir walke nor wende. 56
- v Apos.** We dare noȝt walke for drede,
Or comferte come vs till,
Itt is moste for oure spede,
Here to be stokyn still. 60
6. **Maria.** Brethir, what mene ȝe ȝou emelle,
To make mournyng at ilk a mele ?
My sone, þat of all welthe is well,
He will ȝou wisse to wirke full wele.
For þe tente day is þis to telle,
Sen he saide we schull faouure fele,
Leuys wele þat lange schall it not dwell,
And therfore drede you neuere a dele ; 68
But prayes with harte and hende,
þat we his helpe may haue,
þanne schall it sone be sende,
þe sande þat schall vs saue. 72
7. **i Doctor.** Harke, maistir, for Mahoundes peyne,
Howe þat þes mobbardis maddis nowe,
þer maistir þat oure men haue slayne
Hase garte pame on his trifullis trowe. 76
- ii Doc.** þe lurdayne sais he leffis agayne,
þat mater may þei neuere avowe,
For as þei herde his prechyng pleyne,
He was away, þai wiste noȝt howe. 80

'He promised
to shield us from
harm ; but we
must wait in
sorrow till it
comes.'

'It is best to
stop here.'

If. 224.
xxxj. ij.

64 Mary asks why
they mourn, her
Son will show
them what to do.

The Jews, out-
side the chamber,
hear them talk-
ing.

i **Doc.** They wiste noȝt whenne he wente,
 þerfore fully þei faile,
 And sais þam schall be sente
 Grete helpe thurgh his counsaile. 84

'Let us give a
 great shout; no,
 they'll die for
 fear;

8. ii **Doc.** He myghte nowdir sende clothe nor clowte,
 He was neuere but a wrecche alway,
 But samme oure men and make a schowte,
 So schall we beste yone foolis flaye. 88

we will way-lay
 them as they
 come out.'

i **Doc.** Nay, nay, þan will þei dye for doute,
 I rede we make noȝt mekill dray,
 But warly wayte when þai come oute,
 And marre þame þanne, if þat we may. 92

lf. 224 b.

ii **Doc.** Now, certis, I assente þer-tille,
 Yitt wolde I noght þei wiste,
 ȝone carles þan schall we kill
 But þei liffe als vs liste. 96

[*The Holy Ghost descends among the Apostles in the chamber.*]

*Angelus tunc cantare.*¹

Mary praises her
 Son for this deed.

9. **Maria**². Honnoure and blisse be euer nowe,
 With worschippe in þis worlde alwaye,
 To my souerayne sone, Jesu,
 Oure lorde allone þat laste schall ay, 100
 Nowe may we triste his talis ar trewe,
 Be dedis þat here is done þis day.
 Als lange as ȝe his pase pursue,
 þe fende ne fendis yow for to flay. 104
 For his high haligaste
 He lattis here on ȝou lende
 Mirthis and trewthe to taste,
 And all misse to amende. 108

¹ 'Veni creator spiritus' is added in the margin by a later hand.

² The rubricator omitted this name, which was supplied by the late hand.

10. **Pet.** All mys to mende nowe haue we myght,
 Þis is þe mirthe oure maistir of mente,
 I myght noȝt loke, so was it light,
 A! loued be þat lorde þat itt vs lente.
 Now hase he holden þat he vs highte,
 His holygoste here haue we hente,
 Like to þe sonne itt semed in sight,
 And sodenly þanne was itt sente.
 ii **Apos.** Hitt was sente for oure sele,
 Hitt giffis vs happe and hele,
 Me thynke slike forse I fele,
 I myght felle folke full feelee.
11. iii **Apos.** We haue force for to fighte in felde,
 And ffauour of all folke in feere,
 With wisdom in þis worlde to welde,
 Be knowing of all clergie clere.
 iv **Apos.** We haue bewteis to be oure belde,
 And langage nedis vs none to lere,
 Þat lorde vs awe ȝappely to ȝelde,
 Þat vs has ȝemed vnto þis ȝere.
 v **Apos.** This is þe ȝere of grace
 Þat muste vs emang,
 As aungellis in þis place,
 Þat sais þus in þer sange.
12. i **Apos.** In þare sigging saide þei þus,
 And tolde þer talis be-twene þem two,
Veni creator spiritus,
*mentes tuorum visita*¹.
 Þei praied þe spirite come till vs,
 And mende oure myndis with mirthis ma,
 Þat lered þei of oure lorde Jesus,
 For he saide þat itt schulde be swa.
- The apostles
rejoice at the
coming of the
Holy Ghost.
- It seemed like
the sun.
- 'It has made me
so strong I could
felle many folk.'
- If. 225.
xxxj. iij.
'It has given us
strength, learn-
ing, and
languages.'
- This is the year
of grace.
- 'The angels,
singing, prayed
the Spirit to come
to us.'

¹ These two are written as one line in the MS.

ii **Apos.** He saide he schulde vs sende
 His holygoste fro heuyn,
 Oure myndis with mirthe to mende,
 Nowe is all ordand euyn. 144

13. iii **Apos.** Euen als he saide schulde to vs come,
 So has bene schewid vn-to oure sight,
Tristitia impleuit cor vestrum,
 Firste sorowe in herte he vs sight; 148
Sed conuertetur in gaudium,
 Sen saide he þat he schulde be light,
 Nowe þat he saide vs, all & summe,
 Is mefid emange vs thurgh his myght. 152

John xvi, 6, 20.
 'Sadness is
 turned into joy.'

lf. 225 b.

iv **Apos.** His myght with mayne and mode
 May comforte all man-kynde.

The Jews shout,
 'these men are
 mad, they talk
 many tongues,

Doctor [*outside*]. Harke man, for Mahoundes bloode,
 Þer men maddis oute of mynde. 156

14. Þei make carpyng of ilke contre,
 And leris langage of ilk a lande.
 ii **Doct.** They speke oure speche als wele as we,
 And in ilke a steede it vnderstande. 160

they are
 drunken with
 wine.'

i **Doct.** And all are noȝt of Galilee
 Þat takis þis hardinesse on hande;
 Butt þei are drounken, all þes menȝe,
 Of muste or wyne, I wolde warande. 164

ii **Doct.** Nowe certis þis was wele saide,
 þat makis þer mynde to marre,
 ȝone faitours schall be flaied,
 Or þat þei flitte aught ferre. 168

'Take care,
 brethren, the
 Jews are strong
 against us.'

15. iv **Apos.** [*within*.] Harke, brethir, waites wele aboute,
 For in oure fayre we ffynde no frende,
 Þe Jewes with strength are sterne and stoute,
 And scharpely schapes þem vs to schende. 172
 i **Apos.** Oure maistir has putte alle perellis oute,

And fellid þe falsed of þe fende,
Vndo youre dores, and haues no doute,
For to 3one warlowes will we wende.

'Have no fear,
open the doors,
we will go to yon
fiends.'

176

ii **Apos.** To wende haue we no drede,
Noght for to do oure dette,
For to neuyn þat is nede
Shall none on-lyve vs lette.

'We will do our
duty.'

[*They open the doors.* 180

16. **Pet.** 3e Jewez þat in Jerusalem dwelle,
Your tales are false, þat schall 3e fynde ;
þat we are dronken we here you telle,
Be-cause 3e hope we haue bene pynnyd.
A prophette preued, his name is Johell,
A gentill Jewe of youre awne kynde,
He spekis þus in his speciall spell,
And of þis matere makis he mynde.
Be poyntis of prophicie
He tolde fulle ferre be-fore,
þis may 3e noȝt denye,
For þus his wordis wore,
Et erit in nouissimus diebus, dicit dominus,
effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem.

Peter addresses
the Jews ;

184 Joel prophesied
all these things.

lf. 226.
xxxj. iiii.

188

192

Acts ii. 17.
Joel ii. 28.

17. iii **Apos.** Loo, losellis, loo, þus may ye lere,
Howe youre elders wrotte alway,
þe holygoste have we tane here,
As youre awne prophettis prechid ay.
iv **Apos.** Hitt is þe myght of oure maistir dere,
All dedis þat here are done þis daye,
He giffis vs myght and playne power
To conclude all þat 3e can saie.
i **Doct.** There men hase mekill myght,
Thurgh happe þei here haue tone.
ii **Doct.** Wende we oute of þer sight,
And latte þem even allone.

'Yewretches, the
Holy Spirit has
come to us, as
your prophets
preached. Our
Master gives us
power.'

196

200

The Jews shrink
away and let
them alone.

[*Exeunt.* 204

' Let us carry
forth the faith,

18. i Apos. Nowe, brethir myne, sen we all meffe,

To teche þe feithe to foo and frende,

Oure taryng may turne vs to mischeffe,

Wherfore I counsaile þat we wende

208

and take leave
of our lady.'

Vntille oure lady, and take oure leue.

ii Apos. Sertis so woll we with wordis hende.

[*To Mary.*] Mi lady, takis it noȝt to greue,

I may no lenger with you lende¹.

212

19. Maria. Nowe Petir, sen itt schall be soo,

þat ȝe haue diuerse gatis to gang,

Ther schall none dere you for to doo,

Whils my sone mustervis you emang.

216

' None shall
harm you while
my Son is with
you.

lf. 226 b.

Butt John and Jamys, my cosyns twoo,

Loke þat ȝe lenge not fro me lange.

John and James
stay with me.'

Johan. Lady, youre wille in wele and woo,

Itt schall be wroght, ellis wirke we wrang.

220

Jacob. Lady, we bothe are boune

Atte youre biddyng to be.

Maria. The blissing of my sone

Be boith with you and me².

224

¹ This stanza is short of the four 2-accented lines.

² Here is a side-note, 'loquela de novo facta,' and in a more recent ink is written at the end,

' That with his grace ye may endewe,
And bryng yowe to his Companye.'

XLV. THE DRAPERES.

lf. 227 b.
xxxj. v b.

The Death of Mary.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

GABRIELL.	JACOBUS.
MARIA.	ANDREAS.
JOHANNES.	PRIMA ET SECUNDA ANCILLA.
PETRUS.	PRIMUS ET SECUNDUS JUDAEUS.
JESUS.	1, 2, 3, 4 ANGELUS.]
VNUS DIABOLUS.	

[SCENE I, *Mary's dwelling-place.*]

1. Gab. HAYLE! myghfull Marie, Godis modir so mylde!
 Hayle! be þou roote of all reste, hayle be þou ryall,
 Hayle! floure and frewte noȝt fadid nor flyd,
 Haile! salue to all synnefull; nowe saie þe I schall,
 Thy sone to þi selue me has sente,
 His sande, and sothly he saies,
 No lenger þan þer thre dayes
 Here lefte þe þis liffe þat is lente¹. 8
2. And perfore he biddis þe loke þat þou blithe be,
 For to þat bigly blisse þat berde will þe bring,
 There to sitte with hym-selue, all solas to see,
 And to be crowned for his quene and he hym-selue
 kyng. 12
- In mirthe þat euere schall be newe²,
 He sendis to þe worpely, i-wis,
 Þis palme oute of Paradise,
 In tokenyng þat it schall be trewe. 16

*Transitus
Marię*, Tischen-
dorf, Text A.
pp. 114-118;
Text B. pp. 124-
129.

Gabriel salutes
Mary, and tells
her she has but
three days to
live.

Her Son will take
her to bliss, and
have her crowned
queen. As a
token he brings
a palm from
Paradise.

¹ MS. has *lentthe*.

² Lines 12-15 are run into three lines in MS.

3. **Mar.** I thanke my sone semely of all his sandis sere,
 Vn-to hym lastandly be ay louyng,
 þat me þus worpely wolde menske on þis manere,
 And to his bigly blisse my bones for to bringe. 20
 But gode sir, neuenes me þi name?

Gab. Gabriell, þat baynely ganne bringe
 þe boodworde of his bering,
 For sothe, lady, I ame þe same. 24

Mary thanks
 Gabriel for his
 message,

4. **Mar.** Nowe Gabriell, þat sothly is fro my sone sent,
 I thanke þe þer tythyngis þou tellis me vntill,
 And loued be þat lorde of the lane þat has me lente¹, 27
 And dere sone, I beseke þe,
 Grete God, þou graunte me þi grace,
 Thyne appostelis to haue in þis place,
 þat þei at my bering may be². 31

and prays that
 the apostles may
 be at her burying.

5. **Gab.** Nowe foode faireste of face, most faithfull and fre,
 þyne askyng þi sone has graunte of his grace ;
 And saies all same in sight 3e schall see
 All his appostelis appere in þis place, 35
 To wirke all þi will at þi wending,
 And sone schall þi peynes be paste,
 And þou to be in liffe þat schall laste
 Euermore with-uten any ending. 39

'They shall all
 appear together,
 lf. 228.
 xxxj. vj.

and thy pains be
 soon over.'

[*Enter John.*]

6. **Joh.** Marie, my modir, þat mylde is and meke,
 And cheffe chosen for chaste, nowe telle me, what chere ?
Mar. John, sone, I say þe forsothe I am seke,
 Mi swete sone sonde I hete, right nowe it was here, 43
 And douteles he saies I schall dye,
 Within thre daies i-wis,
 I schall be belded in blisse,
 And come to his awne company³. 47

Mary tells John
 she is sick, and
 will die in three
 days.

¹ Evidently a line is wanting here, probably it ended in 'will.' But no blank in MS.

² Lines 28-31 are written as two in MS.

³ Lines 44-47 are run into three in MS.

7. **Joh.** A! with þi leue, lady, þou neuene it me noght,
 Ne telle me no tydingis to twynne vs in two!
 For be þou, blissid birde, vnto bere broght,
 Euermore whils I wonne in þis worlde will me be full
 woo¹.
 Therfore lete it stynte, and be still. 52
- Mar.** Nay, John sone, my selue nowe I see,
 Atte Goddis will moste it nedis be,
 Þer-fore be it wroght at his will.
8. **Joh.** A! worthy, when þou art wente will me be full
 woo! 56
 But God giffe þe appostelis wiste of þi wending.
Mar. ȝis, John sone, for certayne schall it be so,
 All schall þei hardely be here at myne ending.
 The sonde of my sone saide me þus², 60
 Þat sone schall my penaunce be paste,
 And I to be in liffe þat euere schall laste,
 Than baynly to belde in þat blisse.
- [*Enter Peter, James, and Andrew, suddenly.*] They all appear, miraculously.
9. **Pet.** O God! omnipotent, þe giffer of all grace, 64
Benedicite dominus, a clowde now full clere
 Vmbelappid³ me in Jude prechand as I was,
 And I haue mekill meruayle how þat I come here.
Jac. A! sesse, of þis assemelyng can I noȝt saie 68
 Howe and in what wise þat we are here mette,
 For sodenly in sight here sone was I sette,
 Owthir myrþe or of mornyng mene wele it maye⁴.
10. **And.** A! bredir, be my wetand and i-wisse so wer we, 72
 In diuerse landes lely I wotte we were lente,
 And how we are semelid þus can I noȝt see,
 But as God of his sande has vs same sente.
Joh. A! felawes, late be youre fare, 76

'Tell me nothing
to part us two, be
still.'

John mourns, but
hopes the apostles
may come.

60

64

'A cloud covered
me as I was
preaching in
Judea.'

68

lf. 228 b.

They are all as-
tonished but
think God has
sent them.

¹ Two lines in MS.

² Perhaps *þisse* is intended.

³ MS. has *Vmbelappid*.

⁴ Lines 70, 71, are reversed in MS.

For as God will it moste nedis be,
 þat pereles is of poste
 His myȝt is to do mekill mare¹ 79

John tells them
 it is to be near
 Mary.

11. For Marie, þat worthy, schall wende nowe, I wene,
 Vnto þat bigly blisse þat high barne baynly vs boght,
 þat we in hir² sight all same myȝht be sene,
 Or sche disseuer vs froo, hir sone sche be-soght.
 And þus has he wroght atte hir will, 84
 Whanne sche shalbe broght on a bere,
 That we may be neghand hir nere
 This tyme for to tente hir vn-till.

Mary thanks her
 Son for his grace.

12. **Mar.** Jesu, my darlyng þat ding is, and dere,
 I thanke þe my dere sone of þi grete grace, 89
 þat I all þis faire felawschip atte hande nowe has here,
 þat þei me some comforte may kythe in þis case.
 Þis sikenes it sittis me full sare, 92
 My maidens, take kepe nowe on me!
 And caste some watir vppon me,

She faints.

I faynte! so febill I fare. [*She faints.* 95

Her maidens
 weep and cry,
 help!

13. **i Ancilla.** Allas! for my lady þat lemed so light,
 That euere I leued in þis lede þus longe for to lende,
 That I on þis semely schulde se such a sight.
ii Ancilla. Allas! helpe! sche dyes in oure hende.
 A! Marie, of me haue þou mynde, 100
 Some comforte vs two for to kythe³,
 þou knowes we are comen of þi kynde. 102

Mary scolds
 them for their
 noise.

If. 229.
 xxxj. vij.

'We must
 all die. John,
 make them be
 quiet.'

14. **Mar.** What ayles yow women, for wo þus wynly to wepe?
 Yhe do me dere with youre dynne, fo[r] me muste nedis dye.
 Yhe schulde, whenne ȝe saw me so slippe and slepe,
 Haue lefte all youre late and lette me lye. 106
 John! cosyne, garre þame stynte and be still.
Joh. A! Marie, þat mylde is of mode,

¹ Lines 76-79 are two in MS.

² MS. has *high*.

³ A line is wanting here.

When þi sone was raised on a rode,
To tente þe he toke me þe till,

110 'Thy Son gave
thee to me on the
rood,

15. And þerfore at þi bidding full bayne will I be.

Iff þer be oght, modir, þat I amende may,
I pray þe, myldest of mode, meue þe to me ;
And I schall, dere-worþi dame, do it ilke a daye.

114 if I can do aught,
dearest lady, I
will.'

Mar. A! John sone, þat þis peyne were ouere paste !
With goode harte ȝe alle þat are here
Praies for me faithfully in feere,
For I mon wende fro you as faste.

118 'All pray for me,
I must go fast.'

16. **i Judeus.** A! foode fairest of face, most faithfull to fynde,
þou mayden and modir þat mylde is and meke,
As þou arte curtaise and comen of oure kynde,
All our synnes for to sesse þi sone þou be-seke,
With mercy to mende vs of mys.

122 The Jews pray
her to help them
to heaven.

ii Judeus. Sen þou lady come of oure kynne,
þou helpe vs nowe, þou veray virginne,
þat we may be broght vnto blisse.

126

17. **Mar.** Jesu, my sone, for my sake beseke I þe þis,
As þou arte gracious and grete God, þou graunte me my
grace !

Mary beseeches
her Son for her
kinsfolk ;

þei þat is comen of my kynde and amende will þere mys,
Nowe specially þou þame spede and spare þame a space, 130
And be þer belde, if þi willis be.
And dere sone, whane I schall dye,
I pray þe þan, for þi mercy,
þe fende þou latte me noȝt see.

134 and that she may
not see the devil
when she dies.

18. And also my blissid barne, if þi will be,
I sadly beseke þe, my sone, for my sake,
Men þat are stedde stiffely in stormes or in see,
And are in will wittirly my worschippe to awake,
And þanne nevenes my name in þat nede,

lf. 229 b.

138 'Grant mercy to
all who call on
me in storms, at
sea,

þou late þame not perissh nor spille ;
 Of þis bone, my sone, at þi will,
 þou graunte me specially to spede ! 142

help those who
 are oppressed or
 in need,

19. Also, my bliste barne, þou graunte me my bone,
 All þat are in newe or in nede and nevenes me be name,
 I prairie þe sone, for my sake, þou socoure þame sone,
 In alle þer schoures þat are scharpe þou shelde þame fro
 schame. 146

and especially
 women in child-
 birth.'

And women also in þere chylding,
 Nowe speciall þou þame spede,
 And if so be þei die in þat drede,
 To þi blisse þane baynly þou þame bringe. 150

[*Jesus appears.*]

Jesus grants her
 asking ;

20. **Jesus.** Marie, my modir, thurgh þe myght nowe of me,
 For to make þe in mynde with mirthe to be mending,
 Þyne asking all haly here heete I nowe þe.
 But modir, þe fende muste be nedis at þyne endyng,
 In figure full foule for to fere þe ; 155
 Myne aungelis schall þan be a-boute þe.
 And perfore, dere dame, þou thar noȝt doute þe,
 For douteles þi dede schall noȝt dere þe ; 158

'but the devil,
 hideous, must be
 there,

yet fear not, my
 angels will be
 round thee.'

21. And perfore, my modir, come myldely to me,
 For aftir þe sonne my sande will I sende,
 And to sitte with my selfe all solas to se,
 In ay lastand liffe in likyng to lende. 162
 In þis blisse schall be þi bilding,
 Of mirth shall þou neuere haue missing,
 But euermore abide in my blissing. 166
 All þis schall þou haue at þi welding ¹. 167

Thou shalt abide
 with me in ever-
 lasting bliss.

If. 230.
 xxxj. viij.
 Mary gives
 thanks and gives
 up her spirit.

22. **Mar.** I thanke þe my swete sone, for certis I am seke,
 I may noȝt now meve me, for mercie,—almoste,—
 To þe ², sone myne þat made me, þi maiden so meke,

¹ In the MS., line 167 stands before l. 165.

² The MS. has *pie*, but it is a little indistinct.

Here thurgh pi grace, god sone, I giffe þe my goste. 170
 Mi sely saule I þe sende
 To heuene þat is highest on heghte,
 To þe, sone myne, þat moste is of myght,
 Ressayue it here in-to pyne hande. [Dies. 174

[SCENE II, *Heaven.*]

23. **Jesus.** Myne aungellis louely of late, lighter þan þe leuene, Jesus sends his angels to fetch his mother into heaven.
 In-to þe erþe wightly I will þat ȝe wende,
 And bringe me my modir to þe highest of heuene,
 With mirthe and with melody hir mode for to mende.
 For here schall hir blisse neuer be blynnande,
 My modir schall myldely be me 180
 Sitte nexte þe high Trinite,
 And neuere in two to be twynnand.
24. **i Ang.** Lorde! atte pi bidding full bayne will I be,
 þat floure þat neuere was fadid full fayne will we fette.
ii Ang. And atte pi will, gode lorde, wirke will we Chorus of angels singing.
 With solace in ilke side þat semely vmsitte. 186
iii Ang. Latte vs fonde to hir faste fors hir to deffende,
 þat birde for to bringe vnto þis blis bright,
 Body and sawle we schall hir assende,
 To regne in þis regally, be regente full right. 190
iv Ang. To bliss þat birde for to bringe,
 Nowe Gabriell, late vs wightly be wendand¹;
 This maiden mirthe to be mendand,
 A semely song latte vs sing². 194

Cum vno diabolo.

Et cantant antiphona scilicet Ave regina celorum.

¹ In the MS. l. 191 stands after l. 186, and is spoken by **ii Ang.**, the **iv Ang.** beginning with l. 192. Probably four lines are missing after l. 186.

² MS. has *see*.

XLVI. THE WEFFERES [WEAVERS].

The Appearance of our Lady to Thomas.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]

THOMAS APOSTOLUS.

JACOBUS.

MARIA.

ANDREAS.

PETRUS.

JOHANNES.

TWELVE ANGELS, SINGING.]

[SCENE, *on the way from India; afterwards the Vale of
Jehoshaphat.*]

*Transitus
Mariæ*, Tischendorf, Text A.
pp. 119-121.
Thomas mourns
the cruel death
of Jesus.

1. Thom. In waylyng and weping, in woo am I wapped,
In site and in sorowe, in sighing full sadde,
Mi lorde and my luffe loo full lowe is he lapped,
þat makes me to mourne nowe full mate and full madde. 4
What harling and what hurlyng þat hedesman he hadde!
What breking of braunches ware brosten a-boute hym,
What bolnyng with betyng of brothellis full badde!
Itt leres me full lely to loue hym and lowte hym. 8
That comely to kenne,
Goddis sone Jesus
He died for vs,
þat makes me þus 12
To mourne amange many men.

2. Emange men may I mourne, for þe malice þei mente
 To Jesu, þe gentillest of Jewes generacioun,
 Of wisdom and witte were þe waies þat he wente,
 þat drewe all þo domesmen derffe indignacioun ; 16 The Jews injured
 For douteles full dere was his diwe dominacioun. him, for he
 Vnkyndely þei kidde þem þer kyng for to kenne, showed miracles,
 With carefull comforth and colde recreacioun, 20 preached,
 For he mustered his miracles amonge many men,
 And to þe pepull he preched,
 But þe Pharases fers
 All his resouns revers, 24
 And to þer hedesmen rehers
 þat vntrewe were þe tales þat he teched.
3. He teched full trewe, but þe tirauntes were tened,
 For he reproued þer pride, þai purposed þame preste, 28 and reproved
 To mischeue hym with malis in þere mynde haue þei menyd, their pride.
 And to accuse hym of cursednesse þe caistiffis has caste.
 Ther rancoure was raised, no renke might it reste,
 þei toke hym with treasoun, þat turtill of treuthe, 32 They tortured
 þei fedde hym with flappes, with fersnesse hym feste, him without pity.
 To rugge hym, to riffe hym, þer reyned no rewthe.
 Vndewly þei demed hym, lf. 231 b.
 þei dusshed hym, þei dasshed hym, 36
 þei lusshed hym, þei lasshed hym,
 þei pushed hym, þei passhed hym,
 All sorowe þei saide þat it semed hym.
4. Itt semed hym all sorowe, þe saide in þe seggyng, 40 ' That man of
 þei skippid and scourged hym, he skapid not with scornes, sorrows,' they
 þat he was leder and lorde in þere lawe lay no leggyng, beat him ; that
 But thrange on and thristed a croune of thik thornes. dove was torn,
 Ilk tag of þat turtill so tatterid and torne es, his body was
 That þat blissid body blo is and bolned for betyng, 44 swollen.
 3itt þe hedesmen to hyngge hym with huge hydous hornes,
 As brothellis or bribours we[re] belyng and bletyng.

‘Crucifie hym!’ þei cried. 48
 Sone Pilate in parlement
 Of Jesu gaffe jugement¹,
 To hyngre hym þe harlottis hym hente;
 Þer was no deide of þat domesman denyed. 52

That friendly
 fair creature was
 doomed to death.

5. Denyed not þat domesman to deme hym to dede,
 Þat frendly faire foode þat neuere offended,
 Þei hied þame in haste þan to hyngre vppe þere heede,
 What woo þat þei wroghte hym no wyȝt wolde haue
 wende it. 56

As a traitor he
 was pulled about
 and lashed to the
 cross.

His true titill þei toke þame no tome for to attende it,
 But as a traytour atteynted þei toled hym and tugged hym,
 Þei schonte for no schoutis his schappe for to schende it,
 Þei rasid hym on rode als full rasely þei rugged hym. 60
 Þei persed hym with a spere,

His royal blood
 fell to the ground.

Þat the blode riall
 To the erþe gun fall,
 In redemption of all 64
 Þat his lele lawes likis to lere.

He that learns of
 Him will find him
 a faithful friend.

6. To lere he þat likis of his lawe, þat is lele,
 Mai fynde in oure frende here full faithfull feste,
 Þat wolde hyngre þus on hight to enhaunce vs in hele, 68
 And by vs fro bondage by his bloode þat is beste.
 Þan þe comforte of oure companye in kares were keste,
 But þat lorde so allone wolde not leffe vs full longe,
 On þe thirde day he rose riȝt with his renkis to reste; 72
 Both flessch and fell fersly þat figour gon fange,
 And to my brethir gonne appere;

He rose on the
 third day,

If. 232.
 xxxij. ij.

‘My brethren told
 me, but I would
 not believe it.

Þai tolde me of pis,
 Bot I leued a-mys, 76
 To rise flesschly, i-wis,
 Me thought þat it paste mans pou[e]re.

¹ Lines 49, 50, are one in MS.

7. But þe poure of þat prince was presiously previd,
 Whan þat souerayne schewed hym selffe to my siȝt, 80
 To mene of his manhode my mynde was all meued,
 But þat reuerent redused me be resoune and be riȝt.
 Þe woundes full wide of þat worthy wight,
 He frayned me to fele þame, my faith for to feste, 84
 And so I did douteless, and doune I me diȝt,
 I bende my bak for to bowe and obeyed hym for
 beste.
 So sone he assendid
 Mi felaus in feere 88
 Ware sondered sere.
 If þai were here
 Mi myrthe were mekill amended. If my companions
 were here I
 should be
 happier, I shall
 go seek them.
8. Amendid were my mirthe with þat meyne to mete, 92
 Mi felaus in fere for to fynde woll I fonde,
 I schall nott stedde in no stede but in stall and in strete,
 Grath me be gydis to gette þame on grounde. *Transitus*
Marię, Tischend-
orf, Text A,
pp. 119-121.
 [The Vale of Jehoshaphat suddenly appears.]
 O souerayne! how sone am I sette here so sounde! 96
 Þis is þe Vale of Josophat, in Jury so gente.
 I will steme of my steuene and sted here a stounde,
 For I am wery for walkyng þe waies þat I wente,
 Full wilsome and wide. 100
 Þerfore I kaste
 Here for to reste,
 I halde it beste
 To buske on þis banke for to bide. [He lies down. 104
- [This page is occupied with music, the words to which are, *Surge proxima
 mea columba mea tabernaculum glorie vasculum vite templum celeste.*] If. 232 b.
 (?) *Transitus*
Marię, Text B.
 p. 135.
 [Vision of Mary, and Angels singing before her.]
9. i Ang. Rise, Marie, þou maiden and modir so milde. If. 233.
 ii Ang. Rise, lilly full lusty, þi luffe is full likand. xxxij. iij.
 iii Ang. Rise, chefteyne of chastite, in chering þi childe. The angels call
 upon Mary,—
 rose, dove, turtle,

seemly and
goodly,—to rise
and come to the
king to be
crowned.

iv Ang. Rise, rose ripe redolent, in reste to be reyn-
and. 108

v Ang. Rise, douffe of þat domesman, all dedis is de-
mand.

vi Ang. Rise, turtour, tabernacle, and tempull full trewe.

vii Ang. Rise, semely in sight, of þi sone to be semande.

viii Ang. Rise, grathed full goodely in grace for to
grewe. 112

ix Ang. Rise vppe þis stounde.

x Ang. Come chosen childe!

xi Ang. Come Marie milde!

xii Ang. Come floure vnfiled! 116

xiii Ang. Come vppe to þe kyng to be crouned.

Song of Solomon [The rest of the page, about half, is occupied with more music, of which
iii. 8. the words are, *Veni de libano sponsa veni coronaberis.*]

lf. 233 b.

Thomas sees a
bright light and
a vision of Mary,
borne aloft by
angels.

10. Thom. O glorious god, what glemes ar glydand!

I meve in my mynde what may þis be-mene?

I see a babbe¹ borne in blisse to be bidand, 120

With aungelus companye, comely and clene.

Many selcouth sitis in sertis haue I sene,

But þis mirthe and þis melody mengis my mode.

Mar. Thomas, do way all þi doutes be-dene, 124

For I ame foundynge fourthe to my faire fode,

I telle þe þis tyde.

Thom. Who, my souerayne lady?

Mar. ʒa! sertis I saie þe. 128

Thom. Whedir wendes þou, I praye þe?

Mar. To blisse with my barne for to bide.

Thomas praises
Mary, the gentle
courteous, and
beloved,

11. Thom. To bide with thy barne in blisse to be bidand!

Hayle! jentilest of Jesse in Jewes generacion, 132

Haile! welthe of þis worlde all welthis is weldand,

Haile! hendest enhaunsed to high habitacion.

Haile! derworth and dere is þi diewe dominacion.

¹ MS. has *babbe*, but *berde* or *burde* (i. e. lady) was surely intended.

Haile ! floure fresshe florissshed, þi frewte is full felesome. 136

Haile ! sete of oure saveour and sege of saluacion,

Haile ! happy to helde to, þi helpe is full helesome.

Haile ! pereles in plesaunce,

Haile ! precious and pure,

the peerless and
pure, the help for
all our ills.

140

Haile ! salue þat is sure,

Haile ! lettir of langure,

Haile ! bote of oure bale in obeyesaunce.

12. **Mar.** Go to þi brethir þat in bale are abiding,

144 lf. 234.
xxxij. iv.

And of what wise to welthe I ame wendande,

With-oute taryng þou telle þame þis tithynge,

þer mirthe so besse mekill amendande.

Mary tells
Thomas to go
tell his brethren
what he now sees.

For Thomas, to me were þei tendande,

148

Whanne I drewe to þe dede, all but þou.

Thom. Bot I, lady ! whillis in lande I ame lendande,

Obeye þe full baynly my bones will I bowe.

Bot I ! alas !

152

Whare was I þanne

When þat barette beganne ?

An vnhappy manne

Both nowe and euere I was.

' But, unhappily,
they will not
believe me.'

156

13. Vnhappy, vnhende, am I holden at home,

What drerye destonye me drew fro þat dede !

Mar. Thomas, sesse of thy sorowe, for I am sothly the
same.

Thom. þat wote I wele, þe worthiest þat wrapped is in
wede ! 160

Mar. þanne spare nott a space nowe my speche for to
spede,

' Delay not, say
you saw me
ascending,

Go saie þem sothely, þou sawe me assendinge.

Thom. Now douteles, derworthy, I dare not for drede,

For to my tales þat I telle þei are not attendinge, 164

For no spelle þat is spoken.

- Maria.** I schall þe schewe
 A token trewe,
 Full fresshe of hewe, 168
 Mi girdill, loo, take þame þis tokyn.
- 14. Thom.** I thanke þe as reuerent rote of oure reste,
 I thanke þe as stedfast stokke for to stande,
 I thanke þe as tristy tre for to treste, 172
 I thanke þe as buxsom bough to þe bande,
 I thanke þe as leeffe þe lustiest in lande,
 I thanke þe as bewteuous braunche for to bere,
 I thanke þe as floure þat neuere is fadande, 176
 I thanke þe as frewte þat has fedde vs in fere.
 I thanke þe for euere,
 If they repreue me,
 Now schall þei leue me ! 180
 Þi blissinge giffe me,
 And douteles I schall do my deuere.
- 15. Mar.** Thomas, to do þanne thy deuere be dressand,
 He bid þe his blissinge þat beldis aboven, 184
 And in sichte of my sone þer is sittand,
 Shall I knele to þat comely with croune ;
 Þat what dispaire be dale or be doune
 With piteuous playnte in perellis will pray me, 188
 If he synke or swete, in swelte or in swoune,
 I schall sewe to my souerayne sone for to say me.
 He schall graunte þame þer grace,
 Be it manne in his mournyng, 192
 Or womanne in childinge,
 All þes to be helpinge,
 Þat prince schall I praye in þat place.
- 16. Thom.** Gramercy ! þe goodliest grounded in grace, 196
 Gramercy ! þe luffiest lady of lire,
 Gramercy ! þe fairest in figure and face,
 Gramercy ! þe derrest to do oure desire.

I give you my
 girdle as a token.

Thomas over-
 flows with thanks.

If. 234 b.

'They will now
 believe me, I
 fearlessly will do
 my duty.'

Mary will sue for
 help for all in
 despair, or
 danger, for man
 in trouble or
 woman in travail.

Great thanks !

Mar. Farewele, nowe I passe to þe pereles empire, 200 Mary passes aloft,
Farewele, Thomas, I tarie no tyde here.

Thom. Farewele, þou schynyng schappe þat schyniste so 201 Thomas bids fare-
schire, well to the *belle*
of all beauties.

Farewele, þe belle of all bewtes to bide here ;

Farewele þou faire foode, 204

Farewele þe keye of counsaile, lf. 235.
Farewele all þis worldes wele, xxxij. v.

Farewele, our hape and oure hele,

Farewele nowe, both gracious and goode. 208

[*The Vision vanishes.*

[Four staves of music here occupy about half the page; the words are,
*Veni electa mea et ponam in te tronus meum Quia concupivit rex
speciem tuam*¹.]

17. **Thom.** That I mette with þis may here my mirthis amend, 210 Thomas hastens
I will hy me in haste and holde þat I haue hight, by hill and valley
To bere my brethir þis boodeword my bak schall I bende, to find his fellow-
And saie þame in certayne þe soth of þis sight. ship. 212

Be dale and be doune schall I dresse me to dight,

To I fynde of þis felawschippe faithfull in fere,

I schall renne and reste not to ransake full right.

Lo ! þe menþe I mente of I mete þam euen here at hande. 216 lf. 235 b.

[*Meets the other Apostles.*

God saffe þou in feere, He greets them;
Say breþir, what chere ? they are surly.

Pet. What dois þou here ?

þou may nowe of þi gatis be gangand. 220

18. **Thom.** Why dere brethir, what bale is be-gune ?

Pet. Thomas, I telle þe, þat tene is be-tidde vs.

Thom. Me for-thinkith for my frendis þat faithfull are 221 He thought his
foune. friends were true.

Jacob. 3a, but in care litill kyndnes þou kid vs. 224

Andr. His bragge and his boste is he besie to bid vs, They upbraid
But and þer come any cares he kepis not to kenne, him as a boaster.

¹ See the Frontispiece.

We may renne till we raue, or any ruth rid vs,
For þe frenschippe he fecched vs be frith or be fenne. 228

Thom. Sirs, me meruailes, I saie yowe,
What mevis in youre mynde.

and unkind,

Joh. We can wele fynde
þou art vnkynde. 232

Thom. Nowe pees þanne, and preue it, I pray yowe.

because he did
not come to
Mary's burial.

19. **Pet.** þat þou come not to courte here vnkyndynes þou
kid vs,

Oure treuth of has turned vs to tene and to traye,
þis yere haste þou rakid, þi reuth wolde not ridde vs, 236
For witte þou wele þat worthy is wente on hir waye.

In a depe denne dede in scho doluen þis daye,
Marie, þat maiden and modir so milde.

If. 236.
xxxij. vj.
Thomas knows
about it.

Thom. I wate wele i-wis,
Jacob. Thomas, do way. 240

Andr. Itt forse noȝt to frayne hym, he will not be filde.

Thom. Sirs, with hir haue I spoken
Lattar þanne yee.

Joh. þat may not bee. 244

Thom. Yis, knelyng on kne.

Pet. þanne tite, can þou telle us some token ?

He shows the
girdle to them,
who still do not
believe him.

20. **Thom.** Lo ! þis token full tristy scho toke me to take youe,
[Shows the girdle.]

Jacob. A ! Thomas, whare gate þou þat girdill so gode? 248

Thom. Sirs, my messages is meuand some mirthe for to
make youe,

For founding fleshly I fandē hir till hir faire foode,
And when I mette with þat maiden, it mengid my mode.
Hir sande has scho sente youe, so semely to see. 252

And. Ya, Thomas, vnstedfaste full staring þou stode,
þat makis þi mynde nowē full madde for to be.

But herken and here nowē¹ 255

¹ This line is placed after l. 257 in the MS.

Late vs loke where we laid hir,

If any folke haue affraied hir.

Joh. Go we groppe wher we graued hir, 258

If we fynde ou3te þat faire one in fere nowe.

[*They go to Mary's grave.*]

21. **Pet.** Be-halde nowe, hidir youre hedis in haste,

þis glorious and goddely is gone fro þis graue.

They look in the
grave and find
she is gone ;

Thom. Loo ! to my talking ye toke youe no tente for to
traste. 262

Jacob. A ! Thomas, vntrewly nowe trespassed we haue,
Mercy, full kyndely we crie and we craue.

they all beg
pardon for not
believing
Thomas.

Andr. Mercye, for foule haue we fautid in faye.

If. 236 b.

Joh. Mercye, we praye þe, we will not de-praue. 266

Pet. Mercye, for dedis we did þe þis daye,

Thom. Oure saueour so swete

For-giffe you all,

And so I schall. 270

þis tokyn tall

Haue I brought yowe, youre bales to beete.

22. **Pet.** Itt is welcome, i-wis, fro þat worthy wight,

For it was wonte for to wappe þat worthy virgine. 274

Jacob. Itt is welcome, i-wis, fro þat lady so light,

For hir wombe wolde scho wrappe with it and were it with

wynne,

The girdle is
welcome for the
sake of its wearer.

Andr. Itt is welcome i-wis, fro pat saluer of synne,

For scho bende it aboute hir with blossom so bright. 278

Joh. Itt is welcome i-wis, fro þe kepe of oure kynne,

For aboute þat reuerent it rechid full right.

Pet. Nowe knele we ilkone

Vpponne oure kne.

They kneel to
Mary. 282

Jacob. To þat lady free.

Andr. Blissid motte sche be !

3a, for scho is lady lufsome allone,

- Thomas returns
to India, **23. Thom.** Nowe brethir, bese besie and buske to be bow-
nand, 286
To Ynde will I torne me and trauell to teche.
- Peter goes to
Rome, **Pet.** And to Romans so royall þo renkis to be rownand,
Will I passe fro þis place, my pepull to preche.
- James to
Samaria, **Jac.** And I schall Samaritanus so sadly enserche, 290
To were þam be wisdom þei wirke not in waste.
- lf. 237.
xxxii. vij.
Andrew to
Achaia, **Andr.** And to Achaia full lely þat lede for to leche,
Will hy me to helpe þame and hele þame in haste.
- John to Asia. **Joh.** Þis comenaunt accordis, 294
Sirs, sen 3e will soo,
Me muste nedis parte youe froo
To Assia will I goo.
He lede 3ou, þat lorde of all lordis ! 298
- 'Pray God may
bless our labours,' **24. Thom.** The lorde of all lordis in lande schall he lede youe,
Whillis 3e trauell in trouble, þe trewthe for to teche,
With frewte of oure feithe in firthe schall we fede youe,
For þat laboure is lufsome, ilke lede for to leche. 302
Nowe I passe fro youre presence þe pepull to preche,
To lede þame and lere þame þe lawe of oure lorde ;
As I saide, vs muste a-soundre and sadly enserche,
Ilke contre to kepe clene and knytte in o corde 306
Off oure faithe.
þat frelye foode
þat died on rode,
With mayne and moode, 310
He grath youe be gydis full grath !

[The rest of leaf 237 and back are blank. Both sides of leaf 238 are filled with music ; see the facsimiles.]

XLVII. THE OSTELERES¹.

If. 239.
xxxiiij. j.

The Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JESUS.
MARIA.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 ANGELUS.]

[SCENE I, *The heights of Heaven.*]

JESUS. **M**YNE aungellis pat are bright and schene,
On my message take ye þe waye

*Transitus
Mariæ, Tischen-
dorf, Text B,
p. 135.*

Vnto Marie, my modir clene,
þat berde is brighter þan þe daye.

Jesus sends his
angels to burd
4 Mary,

Grete hir wele haly be-dene,
An to þat semely schall ȝe saye,
Off heuene I haue hir chosen quene,
In joie and blisse þat laste schall aye.

to say he has
chosen her queen
8 of heaven;

I wille ȝou saie what I haue þoughte,
And why þat ȝe schall tille hir wende,
I will hir body to me be brought,
To beilde in blisse with-uten ende.

12

Mi flesshe of hir in erþe was tone,
Vnkindely thing it were, i-wis
þat scho schulde bide be hire allone,
And I beilde here so high in blis.

she was his
mother, it were
unnatural she
should be left
alone, while he is
high in bliss.

16

For-thy tille hir þan schall ȝe fare,
Full frendlye for to fecche hir hedir,
þere is no thyng þat I loue more,
In blisse þanne schall we belde to-gedir.

20

¹ 'Alias Inholders,' and 'caret' beneath, is written immediately after *Osteleres*, in the late hand.

- i Angelus.** O! blissfull lorde, nowe moste of myght,
 We are redye with all oure myght
 Thy bidding to fulfille, 23
 To þi modir, þat maiden free,
 Chosen cheffe of chastite,
 As it is thy wille. 26
- ii Angelus.** Off þis message we are ful fayne,
 We are redy with myght and mayne,
 Bothe be day and be nyght; 29
 Heuene and erþe nowe gladde may be,
 Þat frely foode nowe for to see,
 In whome þat þou did light¹. 32
- iii Angelus.** Lorde! Jesu Criste, oure gouvernoure,
 We are all boune att þi bidding,
 With joie and blisse and grete honnoure,
 We schall þi modir to þe bringe. 36
- [SCENE II, *Near Mary's grave.*]
- iv Angelus.** Hayle! þe doughtir of blissid Anne,
 Þe whiche consayued thurgh þe holy goste,
 And þou brought forthe both god and manne,
 The whiche felled doune þe fendis boste. 40
- v Angelus.** Haile! roote of risse, þat fourthe brought
 Þat blissid floure oure saueoure,
 The whiche þat made mankynde of noght,
 And brought hym vppe in to his toure. 44
- vi Angelus.** Of þe allone he wolde be borne
 In-to þis worlde of wrecchidnesse,
 To saue mankynde þat was for-lorne,
 And bringe þame oute of grete distresse. 48
- i Angelus.** Þou may be gladde, bothe day and nyght,
 To se thy sone oure saueoure,

The angels go
rejoicingly.

lf. 239 b.

Hail! daughter
of blessed Anna,

Hail! branch
that brought
forth that blessed
flower!

¹ These two 6-line stanzas are the only two that occur in this piece.

- He will þe croune nowe, lady bright,
 þou blissid modir and faire floure. He will crown thee.
 52
- ii **Angelus.** Marie modir, and mayden clene,
 Chosen cheffe vn-to þi childe,
 Of heuene and erþe pou arte quene,
 Come vppe nowe, lady, meke and mylde. Come up, now, lady,
 56
- iii **Angelus.** Þi sone has sente vs aftir þe
 To bringe þe nowe vnto his blisse,
 þer schall þou belde and blithe be,
 Of joie and mirthe schall þou noȝt misse. thy son sends us for thee,
lf. 24o.
xxxij. ij.
 60
- iv **Angelus.** For in his blisse with-uten ende,
 þere schall þou alkyne solas see,
 þi liffe in likyng for to lende,
 With þi dere sone in Trinite. thou shalt live in all kinds of joy.
 64
- Maria** [*rising*]. Al blissid be god, Fadir all weldand,
 Hym selffe wottith best what is to doo,
 I thanke hym with harte and hande,
 þat þus his blisse wolde take me too: Mary thanks the Father and the angels.
 68
- And ȝou also his aungellis bright,
 þat fro my sone to me is sente,
 I am redy with all my myght,
 For to fulfille his comaundement. 72 She is ready.
- v **Angelus.** Go we nowe, þou worþi wight,
 Vnto þi sone þat is so gente,
 We schall þe bringe in-to his sight,
 To croune þe quene, þus hase he mente. 76 'Let us go to thy gentle son.'
- vi **Angelus.** Alle heuene and erþe schall worschippe þe,
 And baynnely be at þi.biddinge,
 Thy joie schall euere inressid be,
 Of solas sere þan schall þou synge. *Cantando*¹

[SCENE III, *The heights of Heaven.*]

- i **Angelus.** Jesu, lorde and heuene-is kyng,
 Here is þi modir pou aftir sente, 81

¹ Original direction.

	We haue her brought at þi biddynge, Take hir to þe as þou haste mente.	84
lf. 240 b. Mary thanks her son.	Maria. Jesu, my sone, loved motte þou be, I thanke þe hartely in my þought þat þis wise ordandis for me, And to þis blisse þou haste me broght.	88
' Hail ! Mary mother, thou art clothed with grace and good- ness.	Jesus. Haile ! be þou Marie, maiden bright, þou arte my modir and I thy sone, With grace and goodnesse arte þou dight, With me in blisse ay schall þou wonne.	92
	Nowe schall þou haue þat I þe hight, Thy tyme is paste of all þi care, Wirschippe schall þe aungellis bright, Of newe schall þou witte neuere more.	96
	Maria. Jesu my sone, loued motte þou be, I thanke þe hartely in my þoȝt, þat on þis wise ordandis for me, And to this blisse þou has me broght.	100
We shall ascend to my bliss. Thy hurts are turned to joy, mother ! the angels shall bow to thee.	Jesus. Come forth with me, my modir bright, In-to my blisse we schall assende, To wonne in welthe, þou worþi wight, That neuere more schall it haue ende.	104
	Thi newis, modir, to neuen þame nowe, Are turned to joie, and soth it is, All aungellis bright þei schall þe bowe, And worschippe þe worþely i-wis.	108
The five joys of Mary ;	For mekill joie, modir, had þou, Whan Gabriell grette þe wele be þis, And tolde þe tristely for to trowe, þou schulde consayue þe kyng of blisse.	112
Gabriel's mes- sage. lf. 241. xxxij. iij.	i Angelus. Nowe maiden meke and modir myne ¹ , Itt was full mekill myrþe to þe, þat I schulde ligge in wombe of þine, Thurgh gretynge of an aungell free.	116

¹ See note on next page.

- ii **Angelus.** The secounde joie modir was syne,
With-uten payne whan þou bare me. The birth of
Jesus.
- iii **Angelus.** The thirde aftir my bittir peyne,
Fro dede on lyve þou sawe me be. 120 The resurrection.
- iv **Angelus.** The fourthe was when I stied vppe right,
To heuene vnto my fadir dere, Christ's ascen-
sion into heaven.
My modir, when þou saugh þat sight,
To þe it was a solas seere. 124
- v **Angelus.** Þis is þe fife, þou worthy wight,
Of þe jois þis has no pere, Her own assump-
tion.
Nowe schall þou belde in blisse so bright,
For euer and ay, I highte þe here. 128
- vi **Angelus.** For þou arte cheffe of chastite,
Off all women þou beris þe floure,
Nowe schalle þou, lady, belde with me,
In blisse þat schall euere in-dowre. 132
- i **Angelus.** Full high on highte in mageste,
With all worshippe and all honnoures,
Wher we schall euere samen be,
Beldand in oure bigly boures¹. 136
'We will dwell
together in our
delightful
bowers of bliss.'
- ii **Ang.** Alle kynnys swetnesse is þer-in,
þat manne vpon may thynke, or wiffe,
With joie and blisse þat neuere schall blynne,
þer schall þou, lady, lede thy liffe. 140
- iii **Angelus.** Þou schalte be worshipped with honnoure
In heuene blisse þat is so bright,
With martiris and with confessouris,
With all virginis, þat worthy wight. 144 f. 241 b.
- [Jesus.] Be-fore all opere creatours
I schall þe giffe both grace and might,
In heuene and erþe to sende socoure, Jesus grants her
grace above all
other creatures,
and mercy to all
who call on her.

¹ The rubricator has made the *Angels* tell the five joys of Mary, but it is clear from the pronouns used that ll. 113-136 are spoken by Jesus, in continuation of his previous speech. Jesus also should begin again at line 145, or rather l. 129.

To all þat seruis þe day and nyght. 148
 I graunte þame grace with all my myght,
 Thurgh askyng of þi praier,
 Þat to þe call be day or nyght,
 In what disease so þat þei are. 152
 Þou arte my liffe and my lekyng,
 Mi modir and my mayden schene,

[*Placing the crown on Mary's head.*]

Mary is crowned.

Ressayue þis croune, my dere darlyng,
 Þer I am kyng, þou schalte be quene. 156
 Myne aungellis bright, a songe 3e singe,
 In þe honnoure of my modir dere,
 And here I giffe 3ou my blissing,
 Haly nowe, all in fere. 160

XLVIII. THE MERCERES¹.

If. 242.
xxxiiij. v.

The Judgment Day.

[PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

DEUS.	I, 2 ANIMA MALA.
I, 2, 3 ANGELUS.	I, 2 APOSTOLUS.
I, 2 ANIMA BONA.	I, 2, 3 DIABOLUS.]

[SCENE I, *Heaven.*]

Deus incipit.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. FIRSTE when I þis worlde hadde wrought,
 Woode and wynde and wateris wan,
 And all-kynne thyng þat nowe is oght,
 Fulle wele me þoght þat I did þanne.
 Whenne þei were made goode me þame þoght,
 Sethen to my liknes made I man,
 And man to greue me gaffe he noght,
 þefore me rewis þat I þe worlde began.</p> <p>2. Whanne I had made man at my will,
 I gaffe hym wittis hym selue to wisse,
 And paradise I putte hym till,
 And bad hym halde it all as his.
 But of þe tree of goode and ill,
 I saide, "what tyme þou etis of þis,
 Manne, þou spedes þi selue to spill,
 þou arte broght oute of all blisse."</p> <p>3. Belyue brak manne my bidding,
 He wende haue bene a god þerby,
 He wende haue wittyne of all-kynne thyng,
 In worlde to haue bene als wise as I.</p> | <p>4</p> <p>8</p> <p>12</p> <p>16</p> <p>20</p> | <p>God rehearses
his creation of
the world,</p> <p>how he placed
man therein in
Paradise,</p> <p>how man broke
God's bidding.</p> |
|--|---|---|

¹ The 30th Towneley Play, 'Juditium' (fo. 122 of MS., p. 305, of Surtees print), is in part parallel; the beginning is lost, the first existing 16 lines and other parts differ. It is here given from line 17 (York l. 145).

He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng,
 þus was he begilid thurgh glotony,
 Sithen both hym and his ospring,
 To pyne I putte þame all for-thy.

24

4. To lange and late me þoghte it goode,
 To catche þois caitiffis oute of care,
 I sente my sone with full blithe moode
 Till erþe, to salue þame of þare sare.

28

For rewþe of þame he reste on roode,
 And boughte þame with his body bare,
 For þame he shedde his harte and bloode,
 What kyndinesse myght I do þame mare?

32

God sent his Son
 to save man from
 sorrow, who shed
 his blood, and

afterwards
 harrowed hell.

If. 242 b.

5. Sethen aftirwarde he heryed hell,
 And toke oute þois wrechis þat ware þare-inne.
 Þer faughte þat free with feendis feele
 For þame þat ware sounkyn for synne.
 Sethen in erthe þan gonne he dwelle,
 Ensaumpill he gaue þame heuene to wynne,
 In tempill hym-selffe to teche and tell,
 To by þame blisse þat neuere may blynne.

36

40

' Man has found
 me full of mercy
 and forgiveness,

6. Sethen haue þei founde me full of mercye,
 Full of grace and for-giffenesse,
 And þei als wrecchis, wittirly,
 Has ledde þer liffe in lithirnesse.

44

but they have
 grieved me oft,

I will suffer their
 wickedness no
 more.

- Ofte haue þei greued me greuously,
 þus haue þei quitte me my kyndinesse,
 Þer-fore no lenger, sekirlye,
 Thole will I þare wikkidnesse.

48

7. Men seis þe worlde but vanite,
 ʒitt will no-manne be ware þer-by,
 Ilke a day þer mirroure may þei se,
 ʒitt thynke þei noʒt þat þei schall dye.
 All þat euere I saide schulde be
 Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie,

52

- Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me
To make endyng of mannes folie. 56
8. I haue tholed mankynde many a ȝere,
In luste and likyng for to lende,
And vnethis fynde I ferre or nere
A man þat will his misse amende. 60
In erthe I see butte synnes seere,
Therefore myne aungellis will I sende
To blawe þer bemys, þat all may here
The tyme is comen I will make ende. 64
9. Aungellis! blowes youre bemys belyue!
Ilke a creatoure for to call,
Leerid and lewde, both man and wiffe,
Ressayue þer dome þis day þei schall; 68
Ilke a leede þat euere hadde liffe,
Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.
Ther schall þei see þe woundes fyve
þat my sone suffered for þem all. 72
10. And sounderes þame be-fore my sight,
All same in blisse schall þei not be,
Mi blissid childre, as I haue light,
On my right hande I schall þame see: 76
Sethen schall ilke a weried wight
On my lifte side for ferdnesse flee.
þis day þer domys þus haue I dight,
To ilke a man as he hath serued me. 80
11. **Primus Ang.** Loued be þou, lorde of myghtis moste,
þat aungell made to messengere,
Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,
þat heuene and erthe and helle schalle here. 84
Goode and ill euery ilke agaste,
Rise and fecche youre flessch þat was youre feere,
For all þis worlde is broght to waste,
Drawes to youre dome, it neghes nere. 88

Far or near I
scarcely find a
man who repents.

Matth. xxiv. 31;
xxv. 31-46.

Angels, blow
your trumpets to
call all to the day
of doom.'

If. 243.
xxxij. vj.
The five wounds
that Christ
suffered will be
seen.

'Set the good
men on the right,

the cursed on
the left hand.'

- He summons to justice. **12. ii Angel.** Ilke a creature, bothe olde and yhing,
 Be-lyue I bidde 3ou þat 3e ryse,
 Body and sawle with 3ou 3e bring,
 And comes be-fore þe high justise. 92
- Matth. xvi. 27.* For I am sente fro heuene kyng
 To calle 3ou to þis grette assise,
 Þerfore rise vppe and geue rekenyng,
 How 3e hym serued vppon sere wise. [*The Souls rise up.*] 96
- They rise, body and soul together. **13. Prima anima bona.** Loued be þou lorde, þat is so schene,
 þat on þis manere made vs to rise
 Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,
 To come before þe high justise. 100
- The good souls pray mercy for their sins, Of oure ill dedis, lorde, þou not mene,
 That we haue wroght vppon sere wise,
 But graunte vs for thy grace be-dene
 þat we may wonne in paradise. 104
- lf. 243 b. **14. ii An. bona.** A ! loued be þou, lorde of all !
 þat heuene and erthe and all has wroght,
 þat with þyne aungellis wolde vs call,
 Oute of oure graues hidir to be broght. 108
- they have often grieved God. Ofte haue we greued þe, grette and small,
 Þer aftir lorde þou deme vs noght !
 Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,
 þat ofte in erþe with synne vs soght. 112
- The bad souls shudder at the horn, **15. i An. mala.** Allas ! alas ! þat we were borne,
 So may we synfull kaytiffis say,
 I here wele be þis hydous horne
 Itt drawes full nere to domesday. 116
- they are in terror what can they do? Allas ! we wrecchis þat ar for-lorne,
 þat never 3itt serued God to paye,
 But ofte we haue his flessch for-sworne,
 Allas ! alas ! and welaway. 120
- 16.** What schall we wrecchis do for drede,
 Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee ?

- When we may bringe forthe no goode dede,
 Before hym þat oure juge schall be. 124
 To aske mercy vs is no nede,
 For wele I wotte dampned be we,
 Allas ! þat we swilke liffe schulde lede,
 Þat dighte vs has þis destonye. 128
17. Oure wikkid werkis þei will vs wreye,
 þat we wende never schuld haue bene weten,
 þat we did ofte full pryuely,
 Appertely may we se þem wreten. 132
 Allas ! wrecchis, dere mon we by,
 Full smerte with helle fyre be we smetyn,
 Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,
 But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne. 136
18. Allas ! for drede sore may we quake,
 Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune,
 For oure mys-meuyng mon we make,
 Helpe may none excusacioune. 140
 We mon be sette for our synnes sake
 For euere fro oure saluacioune,
 In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,
 Wher neuer schall be redempcioune. 144
19. *ii An. mala.* Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse,
 Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepe,
 For cursidnesse and for covetise,
 Dampned be we to helle full depe. 148
 Rought we neuere of goddis seruise,
 His comaundementis wolde we noȝt kepe,
-
- iii Malus.* Alas carefulle catyfes may we ryse 145
 Sore may we wryng oure handes and wepe, 153
 For cursid and sore covytyse
 Dampned be we in helle fulle depe ; 148
 Roght we neuer of Godes seruýce,
 His commaundements wold we not kepe,

' Our wicked
 works will de-
 stroy us, we see
 them written
 openly.

If. 244.
 xxxiiij. vij.

The bad must
 stay in hell with
 black devils.

Well may they
 wring their hands
 and weep.

But ofte þan made we sacrafise,
To Satanas, when othir slepe. 152

'We must bear
our wicked works
on our backs.

20. Allas! now wakens all oure were,
Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,
But on oure bakkis vs muste þem bere,
Thei wille vs wreye on ilke a side. 156
I see foule feendis þat wille vs feere,
And all for pompe of wikkid pride,
Wepe we may with many a teere,
Allas! þat we þis day schulde bide. 160

All our deeds that
will damn us are
plainly brought
forth.

21¹. Before vs playnly bese fourth brought
þe dedis þat vs schall dame be-dene,
þat eres has herde, or harte has þoght,
Sen any tyme þat we may mene, 164
þat fote has gone or hande has wroght,
That mouthe has spoken or ey has sene,
þis day full dere þanne bese it boght.
Allas! vnborne and we hadde bene. 168

Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
To Sathanas when othere can slepe. 152
Alas, now wakyns alle oure were,
Oure wykyd warkes can we not hide,
Bot on oure bakes we must theym bere,
That wille vs soroo on ilka syde. 156
Oure dedys this day wille do vs dere,
Oure domysman here we must abide,
And feyndes, that wille vs felly fere, 157
Thare pray to haue vs for thare pride. 158
Brymly before vs be thai broght, 161
Oure dedes that shalle dam vs bidene; 162
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght, 163
That mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene, 166
That foote has gone, or hande wroght, 112
In any tyme that we may mene, 164
Fulle dere this day now bees it boght. 167
Alas, vnborne then had I bene! 168

¹ In the MS. this stanza was omitted by the scribe in its right place and added at the end.

22. **iii Angel.** Standis noght to-gedir, parte you in two,
 All sam schall 3e noght be in blisse,
 Mi fadir of heuene woll it be soo,
 For many of yowe has wrought amys. 172
 3e goode on his right hande 3e goe,
 3e way till heuene he will you wisse;
 3e weryed wightis, 3e flee hym froo,
 On his lefte hande as none of his. 176
23. **Deus**¹. 3is woffull worlde is brought till ende,
 Mi fadir of heuene he woll it be,
 Perfore till erpe nowe will I wende,
 Mi-selue to sitte in mageste, lf. 244 b.
 To deme my domes I woll descende, 180
 3is body will I bere with me, Jesus goes to
 Howe it was dight, mannes mys to mende, earth in the flesh
 All mankynde pere schall it see. [*Descends to earth.*] 184 to sit in judg-
 ment.

[Thirty-two lines intervene here, spoken by 4th malus.]

- i Angelus cum gladio.** Stand not togeder, parte in two, 169
 Alle sam shalle ye not be in blys, 654
 Oure lord of heven wille it be so, 171
 For many of you has done amys;
 On his right hande ye good shalle go, 173
 The way till heuen he shall you wys;
 Ye wykyd saules ye weynd hym fro,
 On his left hande as none of his. 176
- Jesus.** The tyme is comen, I wille make ende,
 My Fader of heuen wille it so be, 178
 Therfor tille erthe now wille I weynde,
 My self to sytt in maieste; 180
 To dele my dome I wille discende,
 This body wille I bere with me, 182
 How it was dight man's mys to amende
 Alle man's kynde ther shalle it se. 184

[A long satiro-comic scene between the devils and Tutivillus follows,
 fo. 123, after which the piece continues as at l. 229.]

¹ i. e. Jesus.

[SCENE II, *The Seat of Judgment.*]

' My apostles
and my beloved,
I will now keep
my promise

24. **Deus.** Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,
þe dredfull dome þis day is dight.
Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here,
Howe I schall holde þat I haue hight,
That ȝe schall sitte on seetis sere,
Be-side my selffe to se þat sight.
And for to deme folke ferre and nere,
Aftir þer werkyng, wronge or right. 188

According to
their deeds
I will judge
them.

25. I saide also whan I you sente
To suffre sorowe for my sake,
All þo þat wolde þame right repente
Schulde with you wende and wynly wake ;
And to youre tales who toke no tente,
Shulde fare to fyre with fendis blake,
Of mercy nowe may noȝt be mente,
Butt aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake. 192 200

*What they shall
haue for y^r folky.*
[Marg. note in
later hand.]

The apostles are
ready to do his
bidding.

26. My hetying haly schall I fullfille.
Therefore comes furth and sittis me by
To here þe dome of goode and ill.
i Apost. ¹ I loue þe, lord god all myghty,
Late and herely, lowde and still,
To do thy bidding bayne am I,
I obblissh me to do þi will,
With all my myght, als is worthy. 204 208

If. 245.
xxxiiij. viij.

27. **ii Apost.** ² A ! myghtfull god, here is it sene,
þou will fulfille þi forward right,
And all þi sawes þou will maynteyne ;
I loue þe, lorde, with all my myght.
þer-fore vs þat has erthely bene,
Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.
Deus. Comes fourthe, I schall sitte ȝou betwene,
And all fulfille þat I haue hight. 212 216

¹ In the margin to this stanza, 'Hic caret O soverand Savyo^r de novo facto.'

² In margin 'de novo facto.'

Hic ad sedem iudicij cum cantu angelorum.

28. **i Diab.** Felas, arraye vs for to fight,
 And go we faste oure fee to fange,
 Þe dredefull dome þis day is dight,
 I drede me þat we dwelle full longe. 220
- ii Diab.** We schall be sene euere in þer sight,
 And warly waite, ellis wirke we wrange,
 For if þe domisman do vs right,
 Full grete partie with vs schall gang. 224
29. **iii Diab.** He schall do right to foo and frende,
 For nowe schall all þe soth be sought,
 All weried wightis with vs schall wende,
 To payne endles þei schall be broght¹. 228
30. **Deus.** Ilke a creature, takes entent,
 What bodworde I to you bringe,
 Þis wofull worlde away is wente,
 And I am come as crowned kynge. 232
- Mi fadir of heuene, he has me sente,
 To deme youre dedis and make ending,
 Comen is þe day of jugement,
 Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge. 236
31. The day is comen of kaydyfnes,
-
- [Towneley, see before, l. 184.]
- Jesus.** Ilka creatoure take tente 229
 What bodworde I shalle you bryng,
 This wykyd warld away is wente,
 And I am commyn as crownyd kyng, 232
 Mi fader of heuen has me downe sent,
 To deme youre dedes and make endyng.
 Commen is the day of lugemente,
 Of sorow may euery synfulle syng. 236
 The day is commen of catyfnes,
-

The devils make
 ready to fight for
 their property.

'Every creature,
 heed my mes-
 sage! My father
 has sent me to
 judge your
 deeds.'

¹ Here in the margin is written, 'Hic caret de novo facto, Alas that I was borne, dixit prima anima mala et ij^{da} anima mala, de novo facto.' And indeed four lines are wanting to the stanza, as shown by the rimes, though there is no blank.

- This day of
sorrow and
dread, long ex-
pected, has come.
- lf. 245 b.
- Christ shows the
wounds he
suffered ;
- how dearly he
bought man's
brotherhood !
- All þam to care þat are vnclene,
þe day of bale and bittirnes,
Full longe abedyn has it bene, 240
þe day of drede to more and lesse,
Of care ¹, of trymbelyng and of tene.
þat ilke a wight þat weried is
May say, alas ! þis daye is sene ! 244
32. Here may 3e see my woundes wide,
þe whilke I tholed for youre mysdede,
Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande, and hide,
Nought for my gilte, butt for youre nede. 248
Beholdis both body, bak, and side,
How dære I bought youre brotherhede.
þes bittir peynes I wolde abide
To bye you blisse, þus wolde I bleede. 252
33. Mi body was scourged with-uten skill,
As theffe full thrally was [I] thrette,
On crosse þei hanged me, on a hill,
-
- Alle those to care that ar vncleyn,
The day of batelle and bitternes,
Fulle long abiden has it beyn ; 240
The day of drede to more and les,
Of ioy of tremlyng and of teyn,
Ilka wight that wikyd is
May say, alas ! this day is seyn. 244
- Tunc expandit manus suas et ostendit eis vulnera sua.*
Here may ye se my woundes wide
That I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thrughe harte, hede, fote, hande, and syde, 247
Not for my gilte bot for youre nede. 248
Behold both bak, body, and syde,
How dære I boght youre broder-hede,
These bitter paynes I wold abide,
To by you blys thus wold I blede. 252
Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skille,
Also ther fulle throly was I thrett,
On crosse thai hang me on a hille,

¹ The copyist first wrote *ire* (a reminiscence of *dies iræ*), *care* is written above it by way of correction.

- Blody and bloo, as I was bette.
 With croune of thorne throsten full ill,
 Þis spere vnto my side was sette,
 Myne harte bloode spared noght þei for to spill,
 Manne for thy loue wolde I not lette. 256
34. Þe Jewes spitte on me spitously,
 Þei spared me nomore þan a theffe,
 Whan þei me strake I stode full stilly¹,
 Agaynste þam did I no thyng greve. 264
 Behalde mankynde, þis ilke is I,
 Þat for þe suffered swilke mischeue,
 Þus was I dight for thy folye,
 Man, loke thy liffe was to me full leffe¹. 268
35. Þus was I dight þi sorowe to slake,
 Manne, þus behoued þe to borrowed be,
 In all my woo toke I no wrake,
 Mi will itt was for þe loue of þe. 272
 Man, sore aught þe for to quake,
 Þis dredfull day þis sight to see,
-
- Blo and blody thus was I bett,
 With crowne of thorne thrastyn fulle ille, 256
 A spere vnto my harte thai sett.
 Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spille,
 Man, for thi luf wold I not lett. 260
 The Jues spytt on me spitously,
 Thai sparid me no more then a thefe,
 When thai me smote I stud stilly.
 Agans thaym did I nokyns grefe : 264
 Behalde, mankynde, this ilk am I,
 That for the suffred sich myschefe,
 Thus was I dight for thi foly,
 Man, loke thi luf was me fulle lefe. 268
 Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake,
 Man thus behovid the borud to be,
 In alle my wo tooke I no wrake,
 Mi wille it was for luf of the ; 272
 Man for sorow aght the to qwake,
 This dredful day this sight to se,
-

¹ The words *full* in l. 263 and *to* in l. 268 are redundant.

' I suffered all
this for man,
what didst thou
for me?

If. 246.
xxxliij. j.

My children on
the right, dread
not ;

come to the king-
dom prepared for
you.

Ye fed me when
hungry, clad me,

had pity on me,

comforted me,
and lodged me.

All þis I suffered for þi sake,

Say man, what suffered þou for me?

36. Mi blissid childre on my right hande,

Youre dome þis day 3e thar not drede,

For all youre comferte is command,

Youre liffe in likyng schall 3e lede.

Commes to þe kyngdome ay lastand,

þat 3ou is dight for youre goode dede,

Full blithe may 3e be where 3e stande,

For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede.

37. Whenne I was hungry 3e me fedde,

To slake my thirste youre harte was free,

Whanne I was clothes 3e me cledde,

3e wolde no sorowe vppon me see.

In harde presse whan I was stedde,

Of my paynes¹ 3e hadde pitee,

Full seke whan I was brought in bedde

Kyndely 3e come to coumforte me.

Alle this suffred I for thi sake,

Say, man, What suffred thou for me?

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis,

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,

Youre dome this day thar ye not drede,

For alle youre joy is now commande,

Youre life in lykyng shalle ye lede;

Commes to the kyngdom ay lastande,

That you in dight for youre good dede,

Fulle blithe may ye be there ye stand,

For mekille in heuen bees youre mede.

When I was hungry ye me fed,

To slek my thirst ye war fulle fre,

When I was clothes ye me cled,

Ye wold no sorowe on me se;

In hard prison when I was sted

On my penance ye had pyte,

Fulle seke when I was brought in bed

Kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

Here the copyist first wrote *penaunce* instead of *paynes*, evidently an ear-blunder.

38. Whanne I was wikke and werieste
 3e herbered me full hartefully,
 Full gladde þanne were 3e of youre geste,
 And pleynd my pouerte piteuously. 296
 Be-lyue 3e brought me of þe beste,
 And made my bedde full esyly ;
 Perfore in heuene schall be youre reste,
 In joie and blisse to be me by. 300
39. i an. bona. Whanne hadde we, lorde, þat all has wroght,
 Meete and drinke þe with to feede ?
 Sen we in erþe hadde neuere noght
 But thurgh þe grace of thy godhede. 304
 ii an. bona. Whanne waste þat we þe clothes brought,
 Or visite þe in any nede ?
 Or in þi sikenes we þe sought,
 Lorde, when did we þe þis dede ? 308
40. Deus. Mi blissid childir, I schall 3ou saye,
 What tyme þis dede was to me done,
 When any þat nede hadde, nyght or day,

'
 Ye made my bed
 easy.'

' When did we all
 these things,
 Lord ?'

If. 246 b.

' When you
 helped the needy ;

-
- When I was wille and weriest
 Ye harberd me fulle esely,
 Fulle glad then were ye of youre gest,
 Ye plenyd my pouerte full pitusly, 296
 Belife ye broght me of the best,
 And maide my bed there I shuld ly,
 Therfor in heuen shalle be youre rest,
 In joy and blys to beld me by. 300
- i Bonus. Lord, when had thou so mekille nede ?
 Hungre or thrusty, how myght it be ?
- ii Bonus. When was oure harte fre the to feede ?
 In prison when myght we the se ?
- iii Bonus. When was thou seke or wantyd wede ?
 To harbour the when helpid we ?
- iv Bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordede ?
 When did we alle this dede to the ? 308
- Jesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shalle you say
 What tyme this dede was to me done,
 When any that nede had, nyght or day,

you never refused
their petition.

Askid þou helpe and hadde it sone. 312
 Youre fre hartis saide þem neuere nay,
 Erely ne late, mydday ne none,
 But als ofte sithis as þei wolde praye,
 Þame thurte but bide, and haue þer bone. 316

But from the
caitiffs of Cain's
kin I will part for
ever.

41. 3e cursid caytiffs of Kaymes kynne,
 Þat neuere me comforte in my care,
 I and 3e for euer will twynne,
 In dole to dwelle for euermare ; 320
 Youre bittir bales schall neuere blynne,
 Þat 3e schall haue whan 3e come þare.
 Þus haue 3e serued for youre synne,
 For derffe dedis 3e haue done are. 324

When I had need
ye expelled me,
when ye sat as
lords I stood out-
side weary and
wet ;

42. Whanne I had mistir of mete and drynke,
 Caytiffs, 3e cacched me fro youre 3ate,
 Whanne 3e were sette as sirs on benke,
 I stode þer-oute, werie and wette, 328
 Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke
 Pyte to haue of my poure state ;

Askyd you help and had it sone ; 312
 Youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay,
 Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,
 As oft-sithes as thai wold pray,
 Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn. 316

Tunc dicet malis,

Ye cursid catyfs of Kames kyn,
 That neuer me comfortid in my care,
 Now I and ye for euer shalle twyn,
 In doylle to dwelle for ever mare ; 320
 Youre bitter bayles shalle neuer blyn.
 That ye shalle thole when ye com thare,
 Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,
 For derfe dedes ye haue doyn are. 324
 When I had myster of mete and drynke,
 Catyfs ye chaste me from youre yate,
 When ye were set as syres on bynke
 I stode ther oute wery and wate, 328
 Yet none of you wold on me thynke,
 To haue pite on my poore astate,

- Per-fore till hell I schall you synke,
Weele are 3e worthy to go pat gate. 332
43. Whanne I was seke and soriest,
3e visitte me noght, for I was poure,
In prisoune faste whan I was feste,
Was none of you loked howe I fore. 336
Whenne I wiste neuere where for to reste,
With dyntes 3e draffe me fro your dore,
Butte euer to pride þanne were 3e preste,
Mi flessh, my bloode ofte 3e for-swore. 340
44. Clothles whanne I was ofte, and colde,
At nede of you 3ede I full naked,
House ne herborow, helpe ne holde,
Hadde I none of you, þof I quaked. 344
Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde,
Was none of you my sorowe slaked,
Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde,
þerfore schall 3e nowe be for-saked. 348
45. i aia. mala. Whan had þou, lorde pat all thyng has,
Hungir or thirste? sen þou god is,

Therfor to helle I shalle you synke,
Welle are ye worthy to go that gate. 332
When I was seke and soryest
Ye viset me noght, for I was poore,
In prison fast when I was fest
Wold none of you loke how I foore; 336
When I wist neuer where to rest
With dyntes ye drofe me from youre doore,
Bot euer to pride them were ye prest,
Mi flesh, my bloode, ye ofte for-swore. 340
Clothles, when that I was cold
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd, 342
Mi myscheffe saghe ye many-folde, 345
Was none of you my sorow slakyd;
Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
Therfor shalle ye now be forsakyd. 348

i Malus. Lorde, when had thou, that alle has,
Hunger or thriste, sen thou God is?

ye visited me
not, poor or in
prison.

lf. 247.
xxxliij. ij.
Ye drove me
with blows from
your door,

none of you
lessened my
sorrow,

therefore I now
forsake you.'

The bad souls
disclaim these
sins.

Whan was þou in prisonne was,
Whan was þou naked or herberles? 352
ii *aia. mala.* Whan was it we sawe þe seke, alas!
Whan kid we þe þis vnkyndnesse,
Werie or wette to late þe passe,
When did we þe þis wikkidnesse? 356

They were done
to the needy;
'ye hid your ears,
your help to them
was not at home.'

46. *Deus.* Caistiffis, als ofte als it be-tidde
þat nedfull aught askid in my name,
þe herde þem noght, youre eris þe hidde,
Youre helpe to þame was noȝt at hame. 360
To me was þat vnkyndnes kyd,—
þere-fore bere þis bittir blame,
To leste or moste whan þe it did,
To me þe did þe selue and þe same. 364

lf. 247 b.

Jesus calls his
chosen ones to
him,

47. *Mi* chosen childir, comes vnto me,
With me to wonne nowe schall þe wende,

When was that thou in prison was?
When was thou nakyd or harberles? 352
ii *Malus.* When myght we se the seke, alas!
And kyd the alle this vnkyndnes?
iii *Malus.* When was we let the helples pas?
When dyd we the this wikydnes? 359
iv *Malus.* Alas, for doylle this day!
Alas, that euer I it abode!
Now am I dampned for ay,
This dome may I not avoyde.
Jesus. Catyfs, as ofte as it betyde 357
That nedefulle oght askyd in my name,
Ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,
Youre help to thaym was not at hame; 360
To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,
Therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
To the lest of myne when ye oght dyd,
To me ye did the self and same. 364
Tunc dicet bonis,
Mi chosyn childer, commes to me,
With me to dwelle now shalle ye weynde,

Pere joie and blisse schall euer be,
 Youre liffe in lyking schall 3e lende,
 3e cursed kaitiffis, fro me 3e flee,
 In helle to dwelle with-uten ende,
 3er 3e schall neuere butt sorowe see
¹ And sitte be Satanas 3e fende.

368

he sends the
 cursed to hell.

372

48. Nowe is fulfillid all my for-poght,
 For endid is all erthely thyng,
 All worldly wightis pat I haue wroght,
 Aftir 3er werkis haue nowe wonnyng,
 Thei pat wolde synne and sessid noght,
 Of sorowes sere now schall 3ei syng,
 And 3ei pat mendid 3ame whils 3ei moght,
 Schall belde and bide in my blissing.

376

380

*Et sic facit finem cum melodia
 angelorum transiens a loco ad locum.*

Ther joy and blys euer shalle be,
 Youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

368

Tunc dicet malis,

Ye warid wighes, from me ye fle,
 In helle to dwelle withoutten ende,
 Ther shalle ye noght bot sorow se,
 And sit bi Sathanas the feynde.

[Another scene between the demons and Tutivillus, with eight closing lines spoken by a Good soul, complete the Towneley play.]

¹ In margin here 'nota, miseremini mei, etc.'

THE INHOLDERS.

[*The Coronation of our Lady.*]

[*Fragment in another hand, 2^d end of 15th cent.*]

HAYLE! fulgent Phebus and fader eternall,	
Parfite plasmator and god omnipotent,	
Be whos will and power perpetuall,	3
All thinges hath influence and beyng verament.	
To the I giffe louyng and laude right excellent,	
And to the sperite also, graunter of all grace,	6
Whilke by thi woorde and thi warke omnipotent,	
I am thi sonne and equale in that case.	
O! sapor suauitatis, O! succour and solace,	9
O life eternall and luffer of chastite,	
Whome aungels abowne and þe erthe in his grete space,	
And all thinges create loues in mageste.	12
Remembre fader meke, in thi solemnpnyte,	
The woundes of thi sonne, whilke by thy providence	
þou made discende frome thyne equalite	15
Into the wombe of Marye, be meke obedience.	
Of a virgin inviolate for mans iniquyte,	
Whilke for his synne stooode mekill fro þi grace,	18
Be hoole assente of thi solempnite,	
þou made me incarnate, and trulie man I was.	
Wherefore too spede me here in this space,	21
þou here me fader hertely, I the praye,	
As for my moder truely in this case,	
þou here þi sonne, and herk what I shall saye.	24

Me semes my silfe it is right grete offence
 My moder wombe in erthe sulde putrifye,
 Sen her flessch and myne were bothe oone in escence, 27
 I had none othir bot of hir truely.
 She is my moder to whome *legem adimpleui*.
 Whilke pou has ordinate as by thi prouidence, 30
 Graunte me thi grace, I the beseke hertely,
 As for the tyme of hir meke innocence If, 248 b.
 In woorde ne dede thoght the neuer to offende, 33
 Sho myght be assumpt, I pray thyn excellence,
 Vnto thi troone, and so to be commende,
 In bodye and saule euer withoutyn ende 36
 With the to reyne in thyne eternyte,
 Fro sorrowe and sadnesse synners to offende.
 O flagraunt fader! graunte yt myght so be! 39

Responcio Patris ad Filium.

O lampe of light! O lumen eternall!
 O coequale sonne! O verrey sapience!
 O mediator ande meen, and lyfe perpetuall, 42
 In whome of derk clowedes may haue none accidence!
 Thoue knawes right wele by thy providence,
 I haue commyt my powere generall, 45
Tibi data potestas ande plenall influence,
 Thou ert my sonne. . . .

[The piece breaks off here, unfinished. See *Innholders*, in Introduction.]



SURGE PROXIMA MEA.

Ashburnham MS. 137, leaf 232 v^o; see before, p. 483.

Sur - - ge, prox - im - a me -

- - - - a, Co -

- lum - ba me - a, ta - ber - na - cu - lum glo -

- ri - - - - e, Vas - cu -

- lum vi - te, tem-plum ce - - -

- les - - - - te.



VENI DE LIBANO SPONSA.

Ashburnham MS. 137, leaf 233; see before, p. 484.

Ve - - - ni de

li - ba - - no spon - sa Ve -

- - - ni co - - - ro -

- - - na - - - - - be -

- - - - - ris.

VENI ELECTA MEA.

Ashburnham MS. 137, leaf 235. See facsimile in frontispiece, and p. 487.

Ve - - - - ni e - lec - ta

me - - a, et po - nam in te tro -

- num me - um, qui - a con - cu - pi -

- - vit rex spe - ci - em - tu

- - - - am.



NOTE ON THE MUSIC.

Edited by WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, F.S.A.

THE difficulties attendant on an attempt to translate ancient manuscript music into modern notation are many. The scribe of the day probably wrote down from dictation some well-known melodies, which were usually orally transmitted from singer to singer; and even had he been desirous of representing the traditional tunes with accuracy, the system for indicating musical sounds by written signs was in such an indefinite and chaotic condition, that with the best and most faithful endeavours, the result would have produced merely an approximation of the music sung.

In the present case some pages of the manuscript seem to have been penned by an indifferent or careless writer; see facsimiles of fol. 238-238 v^o (Plates II, III). The music here is two-part composition like the other tunes; the parts are not written in score, but each at length, the second after the first.¹

¹ Mr. Cummings finds that these two leaves are written in so confused a manner as to make their rendering into modern notation extremely doubtful; instead of attempting it, therefore, the two leaves are presented to the reader in black facsimile, the only variation from the original MS. being that the red notes, and the staff-lines and clefs (all of which are red in the original) are here black. For the sake of any student who may wish to colour his copy, the following enumeration is given, by which he can identify them. Leaf 238: in the first stave, counting from top, are four red notes:—

	Stave.	Red Notes.	Identification, beginning at left hand.
Leaf 238.	1	4	7th, 13th, 14th and 15th notes.
	2	5	12th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th notes.
	3	8	2nd, 3rd, 11th, 21st, 22nd, 30th, 31st, 33rd notes.
	4	4	28th, 31st-33rd notes.
	5	None.	
	6	4	9th, 24th-26th notes.
	7	1	4th note.
	8	5	4th, 15th, 16th, 31st, 32nd notes.
	9	None.	
Leaf 238, <i>verso</i> .	1	15	[41st, 42nd, 45th notes. 9th, 10th, 27th-32nd, 34th, 35th, 37th, 40th,
	2	4	1st, 2nd (double note, and the b), 13th, 29th notes. [40th, 41st notes.
	3	8	4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 28th, 29th (double note).
	4	3	34th, 35th, 36th notes.
	5	4	7th, 8th, 22nd, 40th notes.
	6	9	2nd, 7th-10th, 22nd, 23rd, 40th, 41st notes.
	7	3	5th, 6th, 33rd notes.
	8	4	2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th notes.
	9	2	23rd, 24th notes.

L. T. S.

The traditional memory of this music has long since passed away, and we are therefore unable to do more than guess at the probable rectification of apparent errors. Even in 1597 that learned theorist and composer, Thomas Morley, speaking of the notation found in ancient written music, said: 'That order of pricking is gone out of vse now, so that wee vse the blacke voides as they vsed their black fulles, and the blacke fulles as they vsed the redde fulles. The redde is gone almost quite out of memorie, so that *none use it, and fewe knowe what it meaneth*¹.'

It should also be remembered that the arbitrary division of music into bars is comparatively a modern invention; in ancient music there was no such thing dreamt of as strict time; the music was entirely subordinated to the accent of the words, the very notes themselves had no absolute fixed measure, and to translate the old notation into modern signs of semibreves, minims, etc., is opposed to the spirit of ancient church song. Such music demanded and received very free declamation; a modern writer has affirmed with truth, that in the old *cantus* 'the text is the master, the notes the slaves.'

In barring these tunes we are to a considerable extent placing them in fetters, and we must not therefore always insist on making bars of equal length.

The facsimile of leaf 235 (see frontispiece), the least complex and best written of all the pages, shows very clearly the condition of the manuscript; in all cases the lines are red, some of the notes are also in that colour, but the major part are black.

The words appear to have been inserted in a very loose and promiscuous manner, intended, like the musical notes, simply as an aid to memory. The flat at the commencement of the tune on fol. 232 v^o exists in the original MS.; and the natural in the thirteenth bar of the same melody is written a sharp, at that time the usual mode of indicating that a note was to be raised a semitone.

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

One would have been glad to find that this music—responsoria or sequences—were of any considerable beauty or value; but truth compels us to say that it is not so. Reminiscences of old church music, itself now imperfectly understood, they are not even so intelligible as the songs found among the Coventry Plays, nor give us a beautiful

¹ 'A Plaine and easie Introdyction to practycall Mvsicke.'—London, 1597. 'Annotations' at the end, sign. ¶4.

melody, like the song of Chaucer's child recently discovered in the MS. Arundel 248. Yet several points of interest arise in connection with these musical fragments, such as the employment of red notes, a staff of five lines, and the arrangement in two parts; English manuscripts containing *written* descant or counterpoint being rare at this date, though the use of descant or improvisation upon a given theme dates back much earlier. With regard to the red notes, the Rev. S. S. Greatheed suggests that the red breves may be so coloured in order to call to the attention of the singer that he is to hold them on against the two or more corresponding notes in the other part. The stave in the 15th and 16th centuries was of four, five, or six lines; that 'of four lines was used exclusively for plain chaunt,' that 'of five lines was used for all vocal music, except plain chaunt¹, with which this accords.

It seemed probable that these pieces of music, being attached to the play on the Assumption, and occurring in the Vision of Mary and the Angels seen by Thomas, might have been taken from the special church service for that feast²; and particularly it seemed likely that their original source might be found in the Breviary according to the Use of York. After diligent search, however, the problem appears to resolve itself in this, that the playwright did not quote textually from any office, but wished to remind his audience in a general way of words with which they were familiar enough in church. The plays, themselves religious in origin, were being secularized; the music partook of the same character. Possibly a well-known musical phrase or theme was caught, and its descant attempted to the well-known words. These words were naturally some of those used in the office for the Assumption; part come from the Song of Solomon, the mediæval biblical storehouse for imaginative language concerning Mary. The first versicle, however, *Surge proxima mea*, &c., p. 517, which may be referred to Cant. ii. 10, is not found there as it stands. Examining the York Breviary, in the antiphon to the Magnificat of the Third Day in the Octave of the Assumption³, occur the words 'tota speciosa es proxima mea, et macula non est in te: veni a lybano: sponsa: veni a lybano,' taken from Cant. iv. 7, and ii. 13; the word *proxima* (probably a recollection from the *Transitus Mariæ*, 'ait dominus; Exsurge amica mea et proxima mea'⁴) being substituted

¹ W. S. Rockstro in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music,' v. *Stave*.

² There is and was no festival for the Coronation of the Virgin, but that for her Assumption was of considerable importance.

³ York Breviary. Edited for the Surtees Society, by Mr. Lawley. Vol. II. 1882 (Surtees, vol. 75), col. 490. It may be remarked that this antiphon is not found in the Sarum Breviary.

⁴ Tischendorf, Text B. cap. 16 (17), p. 135.

for *amica* of the Vulgate. The versicle appears in its correct form, 'tota pulchra es amica mea,' at the beginning¹ of the third antiphon of the First Vespers of the Assumption; the same antiphon ending with 'surge, propera, amica mea; veni de libano: veni coronaberis'² from Cant. ii. 10, and iv. 8³. In the feast of the Visitation the versicle from Cant. ii. 10 is used in its exact form (York Breviary, ii. col. 750). Looking now at our versicles it appears evident that the first and fourth pieces (leaves 232 v^o and 238 of the MS.) were made up in part from these two antiphons,—*Surge, proxima mea, columba mea*, or *Surge propera mea columba mea* (the latinity being somewhat thrown out in the last). The latter words—

*tabernaculum glorie,
vasculum vite,
templum celeste—*

are probably a quotation or a recollection from some sequence, which I have been unable to trace. The short lines and the repetition of such rimes were favourite forms in these compositions, of which an example may be referred to in a York sequence printed (from a MS. in Sion College) at the end of the York Missal, edited for the Surtees Society by Dr. Henderson⁴.

It has also been suggested by Mr. E. Bishop, that the second antiphon in the second nocturne of the feast of the Visitation of Mary, printed at end of the York Breviary, vol. ii. col. 742) may have left its echo on the ear of the writer of our first and fourth pieces. It runs—

Dei tabernaculum
quod ipse sacravit
ex te vite fluvium
cunctis derivavit.

From the same antiphons also come our second and fifth pieces (leaves 233, 238 v^o of MS.), the word *sponsa* marking the recollection of that belonging to the Third Day of the Octave, before referred to.

The third versicle (leaf 235 of MS.), the original source of which I am unable to find (it does not appear to be taken from the Scriptures), was much used in services for virgins and female saints; in

¹ York Breviary, col. 476.

² This antiphon also occurs in the York Missal (Surtees Soc. ed. Dr. Henderson, 1874, p. 193) for the Sundays after Trinity. It is also in the Sarum Breviary, *in festo Ass. Mariæ*, and other places.

³ The verses as they stand in *Cant. cant.* are as follow:—

Cap. ii. 10: '... surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni.'

Cap. ii. 13: '... Surge, amica mea, speciosa mea, et veni.'

Cap. iv. 7: 'Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te.'

Cap. iv. 8: 'Veni de Libano, sponsa mea, veni de Libano, veni: coronaberis de capite Amana, de vertice,' &c.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 322; vol. 60 of the Surtees Society, 1874.

the feast of the Assumption at York it stands as a responsorium to the fourth lesson at matins¹. Besides this, it is found in the York Breviary in the Common of Virgins, and as an antiphon in the Common of Matrons²; and in the Missal as part of a gradual for the feast of a Virgin and Martyr³. It was doubtless therefore well known, and was appropriate as the close of the vision, when Mary 'passes to the peerless empire' (p. 487, l. 200).

To determine whence came the tunes to these versicles is, however, very difficult, perhaps impossible. The only liturgical book for York containing music that I have heard of is a fine MS. Antiphonal of the 15th century, written for the cathedral church of York, belonging to Lord Herries, of Everingham Park, York. There are no books of this description in the British Museum; York breviaries, &c., being in fact rare, and York music particularly so. Lord Herries most kindly placed his valuable Antiphonal at my disposal, but in none of the antiphons in the feast of the Assumption do I find any resemblance between the music and that of the plays. And as in this Antiphonal the part known as the *Commune Sanctorum* is wanting, I am unable to see whether the 'Common of a Virgin,' or 'of a Matron,' would have yielded our tunes; it is probable they would not. Those which I can find in the Sarum Breviary give the same answer, and it seems useless looking further afield. Such as they are, the pieces are to the best of my belief unknown at the present day outside this collection of plays.

L. T. S.

¹ York Breviary, Surt. Soc. II, p. 481.

² Ibid., pp. 63, 77.

³ York Missal, Surt. Soc. II, p. 155. Mr. Cummings also finds it in a Roman Pontifical, Venice, 1572,—in the service for consecration of a Virgin; in a Processional, Paris, 1671, in the Procession-service for a Virgin and Martyr; and in a Processional, Madrid, 1672, in the service for S. Clara, and in the service on taking the Veil.

REFERENCES TO THE MUSIC.

The Manuscript contains five pieces ; three are rendered into modern notation, two are only given by photo-lithography.

1. On p. 517, and see p. 483.
2. On p. 519, and see p. 484.
3. On p. 521, see pp. 487, 524, 526, and facsimile in frontispiece.
4. Plate II, and see pp. 490, 523, 526.
5. Plate III, and see pp. 490, 523, 526.

Surge

pe ra

me

A Columna me

lum.

cu

A salve me

les

gio re e. bassim bi te templū te

te

pe ptra me

Sue

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is dense, featuring many beamed notes and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with a line of music above them. The text includes:

in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam
in gloriam

The lyrics are repeated on each staff, with some variations in the phrasing and the placement of the text relative to the musical notation. The handwriting is in a cursive style, typical of 18th or 19th-century manuscripts.

GLOSSARY.

<i>s.</i>	= substantive.	<i>past t.</i>	= past tense.
<i>v.</i>	= verb,	<i>adj.</i>	= adjective.
<i>v. s.</i>	= verbal substantive.	<i>adv.</i>	= adverb.
<i>pa. p.</i>	= past participle.	<i>conj.</i>	= conjunction.
<i>pr. p.</i>	= present participle.	<i>pron.</i>	= pronoun.

The letter y is treated as *i*, initial *ȝ* as *y*, and *þ* as *th*.

A, 3/42, 371/409, *adj.* one.
Abaiste, 401/106; **Abayst**, 228/211;
Abassed, 37/59, *pa. p.* cast down, de-
 pressed.
Abowne, 4/87, *prep.* above.
Abye, 31/54; **Aby**, 106/111, *v.* abide.
A-chesoune, 121/80, *s.* reason.
Actone, 424/96, *s.* leather jerkin or
 jacket.
Adele, 49/131, a bit.
Adreed, 261/191, *adj.* afraid.
A-drygh, 298/160, *adv.* aside, away, off.
Aferde, 190/170, *adj.* afraid.
Affies, 374/29, *v.* trust, confide.
Affaied, 190/169, *adj.* frightened.
Ayle (a person), *v.* to ail, be the matter
 with, 140/65, 67; 157/18.
Ay, 2/40; 3/43, *adv.* ever.
Ay lastand, 35/1, everlasting.
Ayre, 139/42; **Are**, 143/176, *adv.* ere,
 before: *see Or*.
Aysell, 366/244, *s.* vinegar.
Al-beledande, 2/21, *pr. p.* all-shelter-
 ing, all-protecting: *see Belde*.
Alde, 63/221, *adj.* old.
A-lirte, 230/254: *see Lirte*.
All-be, 2/26, *conj.* although.
Allegge, 158/56, 165/193, 388/277;
v. allege, set forth.
All-kyn, 24/70; **Alkynne**, 493/62,
adj. all kinds of, all sorts of.
All-mightfull, 175/106, *adj.* almighty.
All to, 107/153, *adv.* entirely, altogether.
All-yf, 8/4, 41/47, *conj.* although.

Als, *adv.* as.
Alther best, 110/253, *adj.* best of all.
And, 41/54, 61/165, *conj.* if.
Andyber, 52/215, should be read as
 two words, and hither; the line
 would run thus, *And werly watte*,
 and *yper þe wynd*, i. e. And warily
 know, and hither wend thee.
Anes, 63/250, *adv.* once.
Angris, 111/275, *s.* troubles, afflictions.
Anlepy, 103/40, *adj.* single, alone.
A-nodyr, 52/235, *adj.* another.
A-noynementis, 407/213, *s.* ointments.
Apayd, 20/81, *pt. p.* pleased, satisfied.
Aperte, 173/26; **Appertly**, 176/133,
adv. openly, manifestly, publicly: *see*
Pertly.
Appose, 129/87, 298/163, *v.* to examine,
 interrogate.
Appostita, 222/76, *s.* apostate.
Appreue, 274/93, *adj.* satisfactory,
 pleasing.
Arest, 124/35, *v.* arrest, stay.
Arme, 105/101, *s.* harme.
Arow, 176/142, *adj.* averse, reluctant.
Arrore, 283/322, *s.* error.
As arms, 152/207, 155/276, to arms!
Asith, 215/454, *s.* satisfaction, amends
 for injury.
Aspise, 329/281, *v.* espy, look into;
Aspied, 278/206, *pa. p.*
Asse, 69/7, *v.* ask; *elde will asse*,
 seniority requires.
Assemelyng, 475/68, *s.* assembling.

Assewe, 213/401, *v.* follow after.
Assumpt, 515/36, *pa. p.* taken into heaven.

At, *prep.* to.

Ather, 7/155, *pron.* either.

Atteynted, 388/278, *pa. p.* convicted.

Awdir, 52/216, *adj.* either.

Awe, 72/73, *s.* fear, dread.

Awe, 69/12, *v.* ought.

Aughen, 100/202, *adj.* own.

Avise, 207/202, *v.* consider.

Avowtry, 194/15, *s.* adultery.

Baill, 428/53, 436/88, *s.* bale, sorrow.

Baill, 383/195, *s.* part of a defence in fortification.

Bayne, 32/94, 174/63, *adj.* obedient.

Baynely, 2/20, 35, 3/47, 7/160, *adv.* near, closely, directly; straightly; *bein* Icel. (Linc. Gloss.).

Bait: *see* Bete.

Balde, 157/47, *adj.* bold.

Baldely, 91/397, *adv.* boldly.

Bale, 5/102, 30/39, *s.* sorrow.

Balke, 339/68, *s.* a large beam of wood.

Ban, 48/95, *s.* bone.

Bande, 122/112, *s.* a ribbon or string.

Bandome, 255/20, *s. for* bandon, subjection, disposal, discretion.

Banne, 26/127, 155/279, *v.* to curse.

Baran, 99/184, *adj.* barren.

Barenhede, 56/5, *s.* childhood.

Barett, 179/27, *s.* strife, struggle, trouble.

Bargayne, *bargane*, 26/119, 49/126, 130, *s.* strife, combat; 103/23, *bargain*, arrangement, affair.

Bary, 334/428, *v.* thrash or thresh (Icel. *berja*).

Barne, 77/153, *s.* bosom.

Barnes, 67/374, *s.* children.

Battis, 334/429, *s.* batt, a beating.

Bede, 50/170, 91/398, *v.* to bid, offer, proffer.

Be-dene, 2/14, presently, immediately, forthwith, but often a mere expletive to fill up a line or make a rime (*see* Mätzner).

Bedilis, 283/316, *s.* beadles.

Beede, 198/141, *s.* prayers.

Beeldand, 4/87, *pr. p.* building, constructing.

Beelde, 2/35, 3/47, *v.* to build, form; make.

Beeld: *see* Belde.

Beeldyng, 2/38, *v. s.* shelter, protection.

Beere, 72/75, *v.* bear, carry.

Beeths, 79/197, *v. imper.* be: *see* Bese.

Begylyd, 215/453, *v.* deceived, injured.

Be-heest, 208/233, *v.* promised.

Behete, 64/272, 120/57, *v.* promise, assure.

Be-hewede, 424/97, *pa. p.* coloured.

Behoves, 41/53, *v. pr. s.* must; *behoves þe nede*, thou needs must.

Beylde, 43/89, *v.* protect: *see* Belde.

Beyldly, 443/336, *adj.* protecting.

Be-kenne, 232/283, *v.* to give, commit, deliver; *pa. p.* *Bekende*, 457/45: *see* Kende.

Belamy, 275/128, 391/338, *s.* good friend (familiar expression).

Belde, 102/8, 112/14, 307/1, *v.* to protect, shelter, come under cover: *see* Beeld, Beylde, Bylde.

Belyng, 481/47, *v.* roaring, bellowing.

Belyue, 231/273, 497/17, *adv.* immediately, quickly, at once.

Belle, 228/195, 487/203, *s.* prize.

Belschere, 262/214, *s.* belsire, grandfather.

Be-mene, 235/58, *v.* mean, betoken.

Be-menes, 424/107, *v.* betokens, points out.

Bemes, 3/50, *s.* beams, rays.

Bemys, 499/63, *s.* trumpets.

Benke, 227/188, 510/327, *s.* bench.

Bente, 229/228, *s.* field, place.

Berande, 2/40, *pr. p.* bearing, behaving.

Berar, 2/36, *s.* bearer.

Berde, *s.* 105/78, 106/122, *s.* lady; sometimes applied to a man, 473/10.

Bere, 475/50, *s.* bier.

Bere, 25/81, *v.* persuade, induce.

Bere, 143/162, *v.* bear, carry.

Bering, 115/98, *s.* birth.

Bering, 474/31, *s.* burial.

Berne, 289/485, 307/11, *s.* a baron, knight.

Beseke, 65/287, *v.* beseech.

- Bese**, 11/46, 67/348; **Bees**, 96/84, *v.*
 (3 *pers. pl. pres.*) are.
Beswyked, 31/69, *pa. p.* cheated, be-
 trayed.
Be-taught, 219/5, *pa. p.* given up,
 delivered: *see* **Teche**.
Bete, *v.* to amend, remedy; **Beete**, 353/
 125, 424/110; **Bait**, 445/377.
Bete, 136/277, *v.* to beat; **Bettis**, 86/
 316, beats; **Bett**, 136/278; **Bette**,
 131/136, *pa. p.* beaten.
Be-tidde, 487/222, *pa. p.* befallen, hap-
 pened to.
Betyng, 229/228, *s.* amends, satisfac-
 tion, *fig.* payment; or possibly fuel,
 kindling, *used fig.*
Bette, 153/211, *s.* for *bete*, *bote*, i.e.
 help, remedy.
Bettir, 219/12, *v.* improve, amend.
Bewe, 291/538, *adj.* beau.
Bewsheries, 146/1, *s.* pl. beausires.
Bewcher, 148/76, sing.
Bewte, 228/195, *s.* beauty, fairness,
 splendour.
Bewteis, 469/125, *s.* ? beauties.
Bib, 366/242, *v.* to drink.
Biddings, 163/159, *s.* commandments.
Bide, 113/36, *v.* stay, abide, remain;
Bidand, 93/4, *pr. p.*
By, 119/19, *v.* buy.
By, 5/119; **Bye**, 281/259, *for* *abye*,
v. to abide, suffer for.
Bygged, 4/68, *pa. p.* built, made.
Byggly, 30/42, 473/10, *adj.* big-like,
 commodious, immense, great, power-
 ful.
Bygilid, 133/204, beguiled, deceived.
Bylde, 134/233, *v.* for *bield*, to pro-
 tect.
Byn, 281/274, *prep.* be in, ben, within.
Byrde, 439/209, *s.* lady: *see* **Berde**.
Byrnande, 3/50, *pr. p.* burning.
Birrall, 217/505, *s.* beryl, a precious
 stone.
Blayne, 86/316, *s.* blain, sore.
Blakkeste, 5/101, *adj.* most black.
Blanne: *see* **Blynne**.
Blee, 1/5, 220/20, 251/259, *s.* colour,
 complexion.
Blenke, 251/259, *s.* blench.
Blynne, 50/165, 335/461, 352/106, *v.*
 cease, stop, hold, stay; **Blanne**,
 400/92, *pa. t.*; **Blynnande**, 479/179,
pr. p.
Blisshe, 334/433, *v.* blushes.
Blyst, 96/84, *s.* blest, i.e. blest creature.
Blithes, 123/13, *v.* enjoys.
Blonderande, 123/4, *pr. p.* stirring up.
Blondre, 333/403, *s.* blustering, dis-
 turbance.
Bloo, 334/433, 507/256, *s.* blue, livid
 (applied to flesh after it is beaten).
Blore, 227/187, **Blure**, 85/294, *s.* blast,
 noise, bluster.
Blowe, 297/142, *v.* to breathe.
Boddis, 302/293, *s.* orders, bidding.
Bodeword, 58/66, *s.* command, mes-
 sage.
Boght he, 151/171, *s.* error for
Borghe, (borough or town).
Boyste, 225/131, *s.* box.
Bolned, 370/370, *pa. p.* swollen.
Bone, for *boune*, 65/283, *adj.* ready.
Bone, 64/252; 88/350, *s.* boon, peti-
 tion, asking.
Boodword, 76/132, *s.* message, com-
 mand.
Boore (for **Bore**), 352/99; **Boor-
 yngis**, 353/146, bores, holes for nails.
Bordand, 159/80, *v.* jesting, talking.
Bordis, 154/246, *s.* jests; *see* **Bourde**.
Borowe, 30/40, 303/308, *v.* to lay a
 pledge for; 318/352, 507/270, to
 obtain upon a pledge.
Bote, 50/170, *s.* help, remedy, healing.
Botment, 149/90, *s.* for abatement, les-
 sening.
Bott, 234/51, *conj.* for *but*, unless.
Boudisch, 298/172, *adj.* sulky.
Boune, 286/380, *v.* to go, advance,
 with a sense of limit (to be bound for
 a place).
Boune, 35/15, *adj.* ready; 39/113,
 done, ready.
Bountith, 122/118, *s.* bounty.
Bourde, 266/329; **Bowrde**, 47/66, *v.*
 to jest, parry words.
Bourded to brede, 267/333, 362/95,
 spoke or jested too broadly, i.e.
 boastingly.
Boure, 96/76, *s.* bower, chamber.
Boustous, 356/218, mighty-big, huge;

- 'This cros is large in lengthe and also bustus,' Towneley M., p. 212 (*see* Mätzner): boastful, Hampole's Psalter, ed. Bramley.
- Bowde**, 43/119, *adj.* bold.
- Bowe**, 43/110, *s.* bow or arch, the arched frame on which the ship is built. Cf. 'a bowe of a bryge,' in *Catholicon Anglicum*, ed. E.E.T.S.
- Bowis**, 10/35, *s.* boughs.
- Bowrde**, 47/66, *v.* to jest.
- Bowsom**, 198/141, *v.* buxom, obedient.
- Brace furth**, 123/13, to press or squeeze forth.
- Bragges**, 340/95, *s.* ? brads, short strong nails.
- Brayde**, 26/127, 62/188, 352/96, *s.* hasty action, sudden start, or blow.
- Brayed**, 259/142, *v.* for abrayed, suddenly drew (a sword).
- Bralland**, 321/17, *pr. p.* brawling, shrieking, shouting.
- Brande**, 259/142, *s.* sword.
- Brandyng**, 159/89, *error* for bourding, jesting.
- Braste**, 291/526, *pa. p.* braced.
- Brathe**, 221/37, 225/132, *adj.* fierce, excessive.
- Brede**, 162/142, *s.* broad, *on-brede*, abroad, extended: *see* Brode.
- Brede**, 180/57, *s.* bread.
- Breder**, 121/86, *s.* brothers.
- Brent**, 5/107, *pa. p.* burnt.
- Brere**, 220/20, *s.* briar.
- Breste**, 219/4, 236/103, *v.* burst.
- Brethell**, 263/239, *s.* wretch.
- Breue**, 203/62, *adj.* brief, short.
- Brewe**, 236/107, *v.* brew, boil, stir up.
- Bryge**, 27/143, 132/182, *s.* strife, contention, trouble.
- Brighthode**, 3/50, *s.* brightness.
- Bryme**, 195/53, 282/300, *adj.* fierce.
- Bryne**, 5/110, *v.* burn: *see* Brent.
- Brittyn**, 292/9, *v.* to break or cut up (with a sword); **Brittynd**, 62/195, *pa. p.*
- Bro**, 150/135, *s.* broth, anything brewed or boiled, hence figuratively a brew or a stir.
- Brode**, 149/89, *adj.* broad: *see* Brede.
- Brode**, 267/333, *adv.* broadly, widely.
- Broydenesse**, 292/1, *s.* breadth.
- Brokke**, 258/117, *s.* badger.
- Brondis vnbrant**, 266/320, unburnt swords, i. e. staves.
- Brosid**, 345/244, *v.* bruised.
- Brothell**, 154/265, *s.* wretch, bad fellow: *see* Brethell.
- Browle**, 124/38, 152/196, *s.* brat, child (contemptuously).
- Bud**, 43/99, 219/3; **Bus**, 47/64, *pres. t.* must, behoves.
- Bun**, 11/54, *adj.* bound.
- Burde**, 263/245, *s.* jest, joke.
- Burdes**, 42/75, *s.* boards, planks.
- Burdis**, 149/89, *v.* talkest; 188/86, *s.* speech, talking; *same as* Bourde, *which see*.
- Burely**, 328/254, *adj.* burly, big, strong.
- Burgeis**, 216/485, *s.* burgesses.
- Burguns**, 10/40, *s.* buds.
- Bus**, 47/64, *v.* *pres. pl.* must: *see* Behoves.
- Busk**, 74/101, *s.* bush.
- Busk**, 102/8, *v.* to attire; to bustle.
- Buskand**, 274/87, *pr. p.* making ready.
- Bute**, 74/96, *v.* behoved, was obliged.
- Butte**, 499/61, *adv.* only.
- Buxumly**, 2/40, *adv.* obediently, humbly: *see* Bowsom.
- Cache**, 131/145, *v.* to catch; **Cached**, **Cacched**, 110/255, *pa. p.* caught; 510/326, caught away, expelled.
- Caistiffs**, 481/30, *s.* caitiffs.
- Can**, 42/67, *v.* know.
- Care**, 124/36, *s.* grief, vexation.
- Care**, 274/91, 275/133, 278/201, 284/335, *v.* turn, wend; **Caried**, *pa. p.* 280/257.
- Carefull**, 107/145, 481/20, *adj.* grievous, full of trouble.
- Carls**, 79/192, *s.* bond-men.
- Carpe**, 80/201, 106/140, 124/46, *v.* say, tell, talk, speak.
- Carping**, 148/69, *s.* talking, speech.
- Casbalde**, 343/194, *s.* bald-head, term of reproach.
- Case**, 284/335, *s.* cause.
- Catel**, 386/242, *s.* chattels, property.
- Catteraks**, 51/190, *s.* cataracts.

- Caut**, 183/183, 332/351, *adj.* artful, cautious.
- Cautely**, 303/309, *adv.* artfully.
- Cautellis**, 355/206, 358/278, *s.* cunning tricks, devices.
- Cele**, 160/109, *s.* for seel, bliss.
- Chaas**, 139/29, *v.* chose.
- Charred**, 321/32, *v.* ? stayed, turned aside.
- Cheere**, 15/27, 48/103, 58/67, 64/276, *s.* countenance, temper, behaviour.
- Cheffe**, 280/242, *v.* to arrive, to happen.
- Chenys**, 316/278, *v.* chains, binds.
- Chesoune**, 203/77, *s.* a reason, apthetic from *acheson* or *encheson*.
- Cheveleres**, 125/52, *s.* knights.
- Chiffe**, 204/94, *s.* chief.
- Childe**, 104/69, ? shield; **God-childe**, God shield, God forbid.
- Chylding**, 478/147, *s.* child-birth.
- Childir**, 59/109, 60/131, *s.* children.
- Chyned**, 279/212, *pa. p.* chained.
- Chyualrus**, 321/31, *adj.* chivalrous.
- Choppe**, 293/16, *v.* to put in (prison or chains).
- Churles**, 125/52, 280/242, *s.* low fellows, wretches.
- Cyte**, 210/283, *s.* city.
- Cytte**, 180/67, *s.* for syte, i. e. sorrow, grief.
- Clakke**, 344/211, *s.* clack, chattering.
- Clappe**, 324/143, *v.* to slap, to strike.
- Clappe**, 232/283, *v.* to enclose, to put in.
- Clapped**, 123/1, *pa. p.* couched, laid in or enclosed.
- Clargy**, 158/54, *s.* science, knowledge.
- Clarifie**, 187/67, 457/36, *v.* to glorify, make clear.
- Cledde**, 508/287, *v.* clothed, clad.
- Cleepe**, 231/258, for *clepe*, *v.* to call, name, say.
- Cleyngked**, 43/106, *v.* clenched.
- Cleke**, 280/240, *v.* clutch.
- Clematis**, 123/1, *s.* climates.
- Clence**, 332/376, *v.* to cleanse.
- Clene**, 9/24, 149/87, 309/75, *adj.* clean, pure, good, clear, separate.
- Clerenes**, 123/1, *s.* brightness, glory.
- Clergy**, 135/260, 308/29, *s.* science, learning.
- Clipsis**, 401/99, *s.* eclipses.
- Cloghe**, 120/52, *s.* clough or valley.
- Closed**, 94/29, *v.* enclosed.
- Cloumsed**, 191/201, *v.* shrunk or contracted (with fear), fixed, stupefied.
- Clowte**, 324/143, *v.* to clothe; **Clowted**, 325/152.
- Clowte**, 343/194, *s.* kerchief or napkin for the head; 49/120, a blow, a cuff.
- Cobill**, 122/112, *adj.* cobble, round nuts or stones. A string of nuts for the old game of cobnut may be intended in this line, 'two cobill notis vpon a bande.'
- Cobittis**, 51/201, *s.* cubits.
- Colle**, 119/39, *we! colle!* interj. of surprise.
- Comberaunce**, 229/217, *s.* hindrance.
- Combered**, 226/171, *v.* cumbered, hindered; **Comeres**, 344/211, *pr. t.*
- Comenaunt**, 229/234, 316/279, *s.* covenant, agreement.
- Comende**, 124/23, *v.* commend, praise.
- Commodrys**, 49/143, *s.* commothers, i. e. gossips, companions, (*see* Jamieson's Dict. *s. v.* Cummer).
- Con**, 99/168, *v.* to know: *see* **Can**.
- Conant**, 335/463, covenant.
- Conjeon**, 308/47, *s.* a dwarf or humpback, a term of contempt (*see* full discussion of this word in Dr. Skeat's Notes to Piers Plowman, Part IV, p. 241).
- Connandly**, 162/132; **Conande**, 124/31, *adv.* cunningly, with knowledge.
- Consayte**, 208/246, *s.* thought.
- Consayue**, 272/40, *v.* think, imagine.
- Contek**, 153/235, *s.* strife, quarrel.
- Conversation**, 435/65, *s.* deportment, behaviour.
- Convik**, 290/505, 330/294, *adj.* convict, convinced.
- Cope**, 228/199, *s.* a cloak or cape.
- Corde**, 303/309, *v.* to accord.
- Coriousnesse**, 255/31, queerness, strangeness.
- Corse**, 206/164, 272/41, 48, *s.* body.
- Coueres**, 223/101, *v.* to recover, cure, apthetic for *acover*, to regain health.
- Couthe**, 70/26, 72/64, *v.* could, were able.
- Covaites**, 197/122; **Coveyte**, 209/256, *v.* greatly desire.

Couetise, 182/131, *s.* covetousness.

Cowde, 205/148, *v.* could for could tell, knew.

Crafte, 44/150, *s.* knowledge.

Crakid, 120/67, *pa. p.* cracked.

Craue, 95/47, *v.* to crave, ask earnestly, demand; 130/126, to inquire.

Crepillis, 255/36, *s.* cripple.

Croke, 168/240, *v.* crook, bow.

Cruchys, 213/376; Crouchis, 213/380, *s.* crutches.

Curses, 11/58, *s.* courses.

Curstely, 222/73, *adv.* cursedly.

Curtayse, 121/101, *adv.* courteous.

Daynetethly, 4/78, *adv.* daintily, with delight.

Dale, 4/78, *s.* dole, that which is dealt.

Dame, 502/162, *v.* condemn.

Dampned, 195/65, *v.* condemned.

Dare, 141/106, 146/6, *v.* to lie hid, to crouch with fear, to be in dismay; 240/2, *daris*, shrinks.

Dared for drede, 416/370, trembled, shrank for fear.

Darfely, 245/136, *adv.* cruelly, fiercely; Derfely, 245/131.

Dase, 102/11, *s.* days.

Daunger, 79/186, 80/212, *s.* feudal power, dominion, subjection; 431/151, delay, hesitation, *cf. Rom. of the Rose*, 2318.

Dawe, 288/449, *s.* day; *dose a-dawe*, put to death, kill.

Dede, 62/210, 350/21, *s.* death.

Dede, 64/266, 350/31, *s.* deed, action.

Dedeyned, 22/11, *v.* disdained.

Dees, 257/81; Dese, 255/19, *s.* dais.

Defayle, 246/146, *v.* to be wanting to.

Defaute, 158/58, 71, *s.* defect.

Deffame, 131/137, *s.* infamy.

Defende, 23/45, 213/384, *v.* forbid.

Defes, 26/129, *v.* deaves, to deafen, stun.

Defly, 27/165, *adv.* probably should be read *derfly*, grievously.

Defte, 4/92, *adj.* clever, dexterous.

Deyne, 240/1, *adj.* worthy.

Deyuer, 7/156, *s.* duty: *see* Deuer.

Delande, 4/78, 305/363, *pr. p.* dealing, distributing.

Dele, 51/200, 58/82, *s.* deal, i.e. a bit or piece; *sum dele*, somewhat.

Delfe, 72/75, *v.* delve.

Delyuer, 279/217, an exclamation of impatience, make haste!

Deme, 60/126, deem, judge; Demand, 136/273, *pr. p.*

Demers, 189/142, *s.* judges.

Denne, 488/238, *s.* valley.

Deraye, 47/78; Dray, 468/90, *s.* disorder, confusion.

Dere, 3/64, 61/153, *s.* harm, hurt, injury.

Dere, 1/11, 367/276, *adj.* precious.

Dere, 179/35, 323/83, *v.* to injure, hurt;

Derand, 2/37, 223/89, *pr. p.*; Derede, 253/282, *pa. p.*

Derfely, 107/148, *adv.* grievously, heavily.

Derfenes, 223/90, *s.* badness, boldness, severity, gravity, trouble.

Derffe, 481/17, fierce, severe.

Derrest, 282/280, 486/199, *adj.* dearest, noblest, most warlike.

Derworth, 4/92, 321/28, *adj.* worthy of honour, precious.

Dese, 255/19, *s.* dais: *see* Dees.

Dette, 471/178, *s.* debt, duty.

Devell haue þe worde, 269/386, devil a word.

Deuer, 198/157, 364/156: Deyuer, 7/156, *s.* duty.

Deuyse, 42/79, *v.* arrange, set out.

Dewes, 4/92, *interj.* deuce! the deuce!

Dyamaunde, 217/518, *s.* diamond.

Dyder, 240/2, *v.* dither, tremble.

Dye, 396/9, *v.* kill.

Diewe, 273/61, *v.* due.

Diewly, 1/11, *adv.* duely.

Dight, 57/38, *v. infin.* dispose, make ready; Dight, 173/32, 503/183,

Dyghte, 1/11, *pa. p.* dressed, made ready, prepared.

Dyke, 72/75, *v.* dig.

Dill, 27/138, *adj.* stupid, foolish.

Dyme, 206/152, *adj.* dim, difficult to understand.

Dyne, 42/80, *s.* noise; 142/148, *leue thy dyne*, stop thy noise.

Dyng, 91/399, *v.* to knock, strike.

Ding, 476/88, *adj.* worthy.

- Dyngnyte**, 16/55; **Dynyte**, 1/11, *s.* dignity.
- Dyns**, 32/114, *v.* resounds; *dyns ilk dele*, every part makes a noise.
- Dynte**, 39/127, *s.* a blow.
- Discrie**, 466/22, *v.* discover, make known openly.
- Disease**, 122/127, *v.* to hurt.
- Disesse**, 124/42, 496/152, *s.* discomfort, harm, hurt.
- Dispitte**, 215/466, *s.* anger, defiance.
- Disputuously**, 153/230, *adv.* angrily, cruelly, spitefully.
- Dite**, 319/381, *v.* to dispose, prepare: *see* **Dight**.
- Doo**, 41/45, make or cause; *doo fulfill*, cause to be done; **Does**, *imper.* 7/156; **Done**, *pa. p.* 291/532.
- Doo to dede**, 140/55, to do to death, to kill.
- Doo**, 252/266, ? an interjection.
- Do**, 253/297, 265/280, *v. intensive (auxiliary)*.
- Do telle**, 129/80, speak.
- Do way**, 422/25, put away! have done! leave off!
- Dochard**, 230/239, *s.* fool, dotard.
- Doderon**, 319/385, *s.* doddering, totterer, stumbler, trembler.
- Doyf-byrdes**, 441/248, doves.
- Dole**, 5/98, 107, 26/129, *s.* grief.
- Doluen**, 199/189, *v.* dug (*from delve*).
- Dome**, 305/385, *adj.* dumb.
- Doote**, *dote*, 347/309, **Dotist**, 108/180, *v.* to be foolish, to doat, speak or act foolishly, as the aged.
- Dote**, 222/65, **Doote**, 349/5, *s.* fool.
- Doufe**, 52/237, *s.* dove: *see* **Dowue**, **Doyf**.
- Doune commyng**, 96/88, coming down, falling.
- Doute**, 87/326, 471/175, *s.* fear.
- Doute**, 124/42, 146/6, *v.* to fear.
- Dowe**, 431/151, *v.* to avail, be of use.
- Downe**, 10/30, *s.* hill.
- Dowue**, 376/78, *s.* dove.
- Draffe**, 511/338, *past t.* drove.
- Dray**, 468/90, *s. for* deray, disturbance, confusion.
- Drays**, 302/294, *s. for* draws, attempts.
- Draught**, 394/399, *s.* stratagem, artful scheme.
- Drecchid**, 277/177, *v.* tormented.
- Drecchyng**, 277/182, *s.* tormenting, suffering, passion, affliction.
- Dredles**, 105/90, without doubt.
- Drely**, 257/77, *adv.* slowly, continuously.
- Dresse**, 184/201, *v.* punish.
- Dresse**, 257/81, *v.* to make ready; *dresse pe boune*, 37/52.
- Drewry**, 217/518, *s.* ornament or jewel.
- Dryff**, 107/151; **Draffe**, *pa. t.* 511/338, *v.* drive.
- Drynesch**, 10/30, *s.* dryness.
- Drofing**, 292/6, *s.* dregs, refuse.
- Dubbyng**, 219/7, *s.* ornamenting, clothing.
- Dugeperes**, 219/8, *s.* douze pairs, the twelve peers of France, *hence* great lords or knights.
- Dule**, 107/144, *s.* grief.
- Dulye**, 281/269; **Dewly**, 287/407, *adj.* due, fitting.
- Durdan**, 293/41, *s.* noise, uproar.
- Dure**, 95/66, *v.* last, endure.
- Durk**, 141/105, *v.* to hide, conceal oneself, i. e. in a dark place.
- Dussh**, 481/36, *v.* to push violently.
- Dwelle**, 166/198, *v.* remain, tarry; **Dwellyng**, 28/172, *pr. p.*
- Efte**, 274/105, *adv.* after.
- Efte-sones**, 244/101, *adv.* soon after, immediately.
- Eftyr**, 6/125, *adv.* after.
- Egge**, 256/40, *v.* to urge, incite.
- Eghne**, 65/288, *s.* eyes.
- Eke**, 12/68, 220/36, *v.* to increase, add to.
- Elde**, 43/91; **Eelde**, 57/32, *s.* age.
- Elmys**, 341/122, *s. perhaps for* almis = alms (but more probably a corruption).
- Eme**, 13/79, *s. for* zeme, care, attention; *how all pat eme is oght* (ought, due or owing to), how everything that care is owing to, i. e. how everything that ought to be done has been done.
- Emel**, *emell*, 6/146, 70/30, *prep.* among, amidst.

Enbraste, 111/276, *pa. p.* held by, surrounded by.

Encheson, 191/208, *s.* reason: *see* **A-chescoune**.

Endower, 19/26; **Endowre**, 19/30, *s.* endeavour.

Enew, 5/104, *adj.* enough.

Ensampelys, 206/170, *s.* examples, quotations.

Enserche, 490/290, 305, *v.* search out.

Ensewe, 36/33, *v.* follow after.

Entent, 11/50, 35/9, 210/282, 245/118, *s.* attention, heed; take tent, or entent, take heed, have regard to.

Entere, 38/101, *adj.* whole, entire.

Enterly, 35/9, 63/231, *adv.* wholly.

Equite, 213/393, *s.* equity.

Es, 3/41, *is*.

Euere ilkane, 106/133, *pron.* every one.

Eyre, 190/172, *s.* air.

Exynatores, 271/21, *s.* senators.

Fade, 6/132, *v.* to make foul.

Faded, 6/148, lost colour or light.

Fage, 324/125, *v.* to lie.

Fagyng, 290/513, *s.* lying, deceiving.

Fay, 436/94, 446/405, faith; *in fay*, i' faith.

Faie, 422/24, *adj.* fey, the state near death, fated to die.

Faynde, 62/205, *v.* go, set about, try: *see* **Fande**.

Fayndyngis, 235/84, *s.* trials.

Fayne, 89/360, 128/53, *adj.* glad.

Faynte, 263/229, *adj.* faint, poor, weak.

Fayntely, 246/146, *adv.* weakly.

Faire, 90/374; **Fayre**, 470/170, *for* fare, *s.* doing: *see* **Fare**.

Fayrear, 3/53, *adj.* fairer.

Fayre-hede, 6/129, *s.* fairness.

Fays, 79/198, *s.* foes.

Faythely, 2/19, *adv.* (=faytely), fitly, fealty, properly, aptly. *Fr. faite*.

Faytour, 80/213, 124/27, 310/97, *s.* a conjuror, a quack and pretender, liar, deceiver.

Falle, 131/152, *v.* happen; *may-falle*, may-hap; *fallis*, 146/12, is due to.

Fande, 23/18, 80/202, 142/149, *v.* to attempt, try: *see* **Fonde**.

Fandelyng, 151/157, *s.* fondelyngis, 152/193, fond or silly ones; sometimes a term of endearment, sometimes of contempt (*read fondlings in margin*).

Fandyng, 30/47, 240/12, 241/31, *s.* temptation, trial.

Fange, 24/79, 50/174, 88/355, 423/48, *v.* take, lay hold of, catch.

Fantassy, 106/142, *s.* fancy.

Fantome, 282/297, *s.* spirit, imagination.

Fare, 48/90, 58/78, *s.* doing, proceeding, action.

Faren, 86/303, *v.* (3 *pers. pl. pres.*) fare, experience, feel; **Fore**, 511/336, *pa. t.*

Farly, 173/22, *s.* a wonder; **Farles**, 288/442, *pl.* wonders, miracles.

Farre, 86/307, *adv.* far.

Fauchone, 301/246, *s.* falchion.

Fauty, 430/130, *adj.* faulty, defect.

Fawlde, 43/113, *v.* to fold, bend: here strained to mean break down, fail.

Fecche, 450/70, *s.* fish.

Fedd, 94/25, *pa. p.* fed; *fedd be tyne*, fed with vexation, deceived; *cf.* to fode out with words, to deceive, Halliwell's Dict.; *s. v. fode*.

Fede, 108/186, *v.* feed, nourish, bring up.

Fee, 71/58, *s.* cattle; 423/48, *s.* property; *fange unto my fee*, take as my own property.

Feele, 43/108, 58/78, *v. pass.* to be felt, to be perceived.

Feylle, 51/202, ? to feel.

Feere, 58/71, *s.* company.

Feese, 287/424, 124/40, *v.* harass, worry, punish; **Fesid**, *pa. p.* 326/196.

Feest, 119/44, *s.* feast, good thing.

Feetour, 308/18, *s.* elegance, neatness.

Fekyll, 37/63, *adj.* fickle.

Felawe, 110/248, *s.* companion.

Fele, *adj.* many.

Felesome, 485/136, *adj.* tasty, agreeable.

Fell, 482/73, *s.* skin.

Fell, 12/63, 119/34, *s.* a hill, an upland pasture.

Fell, 220/18; **Felle**, 151/157, *v.* feel.

Felle, 353/136; **Fellest**, 114/72, *superl.* cruel, sharp; **Felly**, 31/64, *adv.* cruelly, badly, sharply.

- Felouns**, 124/34, *s.* wickedness.
Felowe, 193/3, *s.* fellow, applied to a woman.
Fende, *feende*, 94/24, 25, 269/396, *s.* fiend; **Feendis**, 97/116, the enemy, *i. e.* Satan.
Fende, 9/10, *v.* defend, prevent.
Fendes-craft, 282/297, *s.* devilry.
Fene me, 143/168, *for* feyne, to feign, pretend (reflexive).
Fenne, 39/126, *s.* marsh.
Ferde, 62/211, *adj.* feared, afraid.
Ferdnes, *ferdnesse*, 244/89, 499/78, *s.* fear, terror.
Fere, *s.* companion, 10/29, *in fere*, in company.
Fere, 478/155, *v.* to frighten.
Ferly, 41/40, *s.* wonder; 58/78, *adj.* wondrous, strange.
Ferre, 87/333, 86/307, *adv.* farther.
Fersly, 482/73, *adv.* freshly, a-new.
Fervent, 257/96, *adj.* hot.
Fesid, 326/196, *pa. p.* harassed, worried: *see* Feese.
Feste, 202/20, *s.* feast.
Feste, 392/340, *v.* bind; 391/335, *pa. p.* bound.
Festynde, 10/29, *pres. p.* fastening, joining.
Fett, 203/63; **Fette**, 136/280, 394/382, *v.* to fetch, fetched.
Fettis, 125/50; **Fetys**, 3/55, 65, *adj.* neat, pretty, elegant.
Fewell, 113/44, *s.* fuel.
Fewle, 18/5, 13, 19/28, 44/125, *s.* fowls.
Fewne, 174/72, *adj.* few.
Fyfigure, 6/140; **Figour**, 482/73, face, image.
Fyfigured, 3/65, *pa. pt.* formed, shaped.
Filde, 488/241, *adj.* polite.
Filed, 341/125, *v.* defiled.
Fyne, 46/51, *v.* to stay, end: **Fynynd**, 54/287, *pa. p.*
Fyrd, 441/248, *probably for* fered, *i. e.* frightened away, rejected.
Firth, 12/63, *s.* a wood or coppice.
Fitte, 392/346, *s.* match, equal.
Fytt, 3/65, *adj.* fit, pretty (*see* **Faytely** and **Fetys**).
Flaye, 252/270, 295/94, *v.* to frighten.
Flème, 257/96, to flee, get away; 305/383, to banish; *flemyd*, 141/98, *pa. p.*
Flet, 12/64, *v.* to swim.
Flighte, 128/76, *s.* a scolding.
Flyte, 358/297, *v.* to scold.
Flitte, 47/58, 119/34, 137/333, to remove, leave house.
Flodde, 258/127, *s.* ?for fold, *i. e.* ground, earth, world. Perhaps it is a corruption, we expect here a word beginning with *w.*
Flowyd, 41/27, *s.* flood.
Flume, 376/76, *s.* river.
Fode, 4/76, 79, 5/106, *s.* food, victuals.
Fode, 275/110, 474/32, *s.:* *see* **Foode**.
Fole, 6/129, *s.* fool.
Folle, 131/138, *v.* for falle.
Folte, 315/261, *s.* stupid one, fool.
Fonde, 303/329; **Fonned**, 304/338, *adj.* silly.
Fonde, 479/187, *v.* to go: *see* **Founde**.
Fonde, 48/80, 169/264, *v.* to try, to inquire, discover: *see* **Fande**.
Fone, 219/11, 368/284; **Fune**, 462/202; **Fewne**, 174/72, *adj.* few.
Fonnes, 48/89, *v.* grows silly or foolish.
Foode, 115/91, 373/10, 474/32, *s.* creature, being, whether man, woman, girl, or boy; *frely foode*, noble creature.
Foole, 202/22, *s.* foal.
For, 31/69, 57/49, *conj.* because.
For, sometimes = fro.
For-bere, 283/325, *v.* to forbear, be over mild with.
For-bledde, 344/224, 345/244, *pa. p.* exhausted with bleeding.
Force, 221/55, *s.* power, dignity.
Force, 80/211, *s.* care, argument; *I make no force*, I do not care; 353/136, *no force*, no matter.
Fordede, 175/107, *s.* a deed beforehand, preparation.
Fordele, 121/107, *s.* advantage.
For-do, 142/121, *v.* kill; 316/282, to ruin.
Fore, 511/336, *past t.* fared.
Fore-reyner, 172/16, *s.* fore-runner.
For-fare, 142/140, *v.* to perish, to destroy.
Forfettis, 283/325, *s.* transgressions, crimes.

Forfette, 295/95, *v.* to transgress.

For-gange, 141/101, *v.* for-go.

Forges, 124/34, 459/118, *v.* commit, fabricate.

For-marryde, 6/139, *pa. p.* completely marred, spoilt.

Formaste, 1/4, *sup.* of *forme*, first.

Forme, 45/14, 97/110, *adj.* first, fore; *forme ffadres*, first parents, ancestors; 3/66, ? chiefest.

Forsake, 105/107, *v.* to deny; **Forsaken**, 260/167; **Forsaked**, 511/348, *pa. p.*; **Forsuke**, 216/474, *past t.* forsook.

Fortheren, 143/168, 269/394, *v.* to further, advance.

For-thy, 21/90, 53/265, *conj.* therefore.

For-wakid, 240/5, *p. p.* over-watched, have watched very long.

For-wandered, 110/250, having much wandered.

Forward, 62/212, 133/193, *s.* promise, paction, agreement; 283/306, order, command.

Forward, 156/14, *adv.* henceforth.

For-wente, 276/152, *adj.* over-done.

Fouchesaffe, 196/101, *v.* vouchsafe.

Founde, 23/24, 32/96, 291/546, *v.* to go, go forward, set out; **Foune**, 56/12, *pa. p.* **Foundynge**, 484/125, *pres. pt.*

Foure, 86/308, ? *error* for *fare*.

Frayne, 48/90, 62/185; **Freyne**, 128/51; **Frande**, 109/225, *v.* to ask, inquire.

Frappe, 330/310, *v.* to brag, to talk violently.

Fraste, **fraiste**, **frayste**, 12/71, 428/48, 431/158, *v.* to try, prove, taste.

Free, 170/269, 409/256, *adj.* fine, noble, open, clear; *lordis free*, a polite address; 206/183, *adj.* as *s.* fine fellow.

Freele, 174/84, *adj.* frail.

Freese, 114/72, *s.* frost.

Freykenesse, 292/2, *s.* boldness, courage.

Freyne: *see* **Frayne**.

Freke, 287/415, 292/2, *s.* a bold man, hero, fellow.

Frekly, 91/394, *adv.* hastily, bravely.

Frely, 121/78, *adj.* noble, fair.

Frely foodde, 492/31, noble creature.

Fresshely, 291/546, *adv.* briskly, quickly: *see* **Fersly**.

Frith, 39/126, *s.* a wood or coppice; 284/344, field, open space.

Fro, 89/364, *adv.* when.

Frosshis, 84/271, *s.* frogs.

Frussehe, 268/363, *v.* to bruise, knock, or hurt.

Fudde, 83/262, *s.* food.

Fulfile, 40/12, *v.* to fill full.

Full, 3/60, *v.* to foul.

Fune, 188/100; **Fun**, 98/155, *pa. p.* found, tried: *see* **Fande**.

Gabbe, 104/48, 106/141, *v.* to lie, to jest.

Gabbyngis, 157/26, *s.* chatterings, idle talk.

Gadling, 148/63; **Gedling**, 148/68, *s.* vagabond.

Gaffe, 29/14, *pa. t.* of give; *gaffe they noght*, &c., they did not hesitate to grieve God.

Gayne, 44/140, 405/179, *v.* gain, be useful or suitable.

Gaynestandynge, 58/55, withstanding; *noght gaynestandynge*, notwithstanding.

Gales, 321/23, *v.* screams.

Galylee, 173/53.

Ganeste, 59/90; **Gaynest**, 67/373, *adj. sup.* directest, nearest.

Gange, 34/161, *v.* to go.

Gar, 75/127; **Garre**, 86/308; **Gares**, 5/103, *v. pres. t.* make, cause; **Garte**, 27/142, 127/45, 370/382, *pa. p.* made, caused.

Gast, 101/239, *s.* spirit.

Gate, 511/332, *s.* road or way.

Gate, 279/229; **Gatte**, 48/98, *s.* way, road; *go my gatte*, go away.

Gawdes, 70/37, 82/248, *s.* tricks.

Gedy, 224/105, *adj.* giddy, heedless.

Gedling: *see* **Gadling**.

Genolgie, 271/29; **Genolagye**, 208/242, *s.* genealogy.

Gente, 247/161, 427/19, *adj.* gentle, courteous.

Gere, 111/301, 143/160, *s.* gear, personal things, clothing.

- Ges**, 11/47, *v.* guess; here perhaps resolve, hit upon, or decide upon.
Gesse, 13/84, 192/220, *v.* guess.
Geste, 369/339, *s.* deed or action.
Gyffe, 32/107, 58/68, *conj.* if.
Gyffe, 378/114, *v.* give: *see* Gaffe.
Gilery, 381/160, *s.* deceit.
Gynn, 43/101; **Gynne**, 355/197, *s.* a catch or contrivance.
Gyrne, 321/23, *v.* to grin; **Gyrnande**, 5/103, *pres. p.* grinning.
Gyrse, 40/4, *s.* grass.
Gyrth = grith, 6/133, *v.* to protect; 50/154, *s.* safety, protection.
Gyrth, 445/396, *s.* for gryth, grace, peace.
Glade, 135/272, *v.* glided.
Glee, 4/82, 34/162, *s.* joy, happiness.
Gleme, 135/272, 191/186, *s.* gleam, brightness.
Glent, 179/38, *s.* start, glance.
Gleteryng, 4/82, *v.* *s.* glittering.
Glyftyng, 226/158, *s.* glance, look.
Glorand, 226/157, *v.* staring.
Gloueres, 35, *s.* gloves.
Golling, 280/235, *s.* rushing and violence.
Gome, 154/255, 221/52, *s.* man, fellow.
Gowlande, 5/103, *pres. p.* howling.
Grath, 94/19, *v.* to prepare; 190/171, prepares, frames; *grath euen*, to make even, to at-one; *grath hym no gate*, 308/15, make ready to go; **Grathid**, 62/186, **Graied**, 251/245, **Grayd**, 98/141, 99/190, *pa. p.* prepared.
Gramercy, 105/92, great thanks.
Granyng, 428/59, *s.* groaning.
Grathe, 133/195, *adv.* directly.
Grathely, 11/46, 42/85, 61/174, 101/225, *adv.* properly, strictly, ready, straightly, exactly.
Graue, 369/338, *v.* to bury; **Graued**, 197/140, *pa. p.* buried.
Grauyng, 136/286, *s.* burial.
Gree, 369/338, *in gree*, in or under favour.
Gres, 11/46, *s.* grass.
Grete, 407/203, 411/284, *s.* grit, gravel, earth.
Grete, 144/192, *s.* weeping, crying.
Grette, 207/191, 494/110, *s.* greeted.
Greve, 194/42, *v.* to vex, injure.
Grewes, 132/164, *v.* grows.
Grill, 327/220, *adj.* stern, cruel, horrible.
Grise, 314/212, *s.* horror.
Grissely, 425/116, *adv.* frightfully.
Grith, 131/150, *s.* peace, safe conduct.
Groche, 61/177, *v.* grumble, murmur.
Gromys, 301/251, *s.* men.
Grope, 188/104, *v.* to feel, search, sound. (*See* Geneva Test., Acts xxiv.)
Grouche, 37/70, *v.* to grudge, grumble, murmur; **Gruechand**, 184/206, *part. pres.*
Growe, 226/158, *v.* become frightened, troubled.
Grughe, 289/473, = Grouche.
Grume, 219/13, *s.* a man.
Gud, 215/450, *s.* goods, money.
Gulles, 124/19, *s.* probably read *gules*, the heraldic term for red, which is here set off against gold. (In margin read *gules*.)
Gun, *gune*, for begun, 369/350, 370/352.
Gwisse, 273/68, for *iwiss*, certainly.
Haale, 352/116, *v.* to haul.
Haftis, 158/76, *s.* heft; affairs, matters, same as heft, chief part of one's business.
Haile, 352/116, *s.* salute.
Hayre, 69/7, *s.* heir.
Hale, 11/54, 77/155, *adj.* whole, healthy.
Hales out, 333/400, *v.* falls, draws out.
Halfe, 207/192, *s.* behalf.
Halfe, 426/3, for *v.* have.
Haly, 2/27, *adv.* wholly.
Halse, 224/104, *s.* neck.
Halse, 376/64, 445/382, *v.* to embrace.
Halsyng, 98/149, 100/213, *s.* salutation.
Hane, 253/285, *s.* ? error for bane = bone (but the alliteration requires *hane*).
Happe, 121/90, 469/118, *s.* chance, fortune, good luck.
Happe, 116/120, 144/195, *v.* to wrap up, to clothe.
Happenynng, 255/39, *s.* chance, luck.
Happing, 257/82, *s.* a coverlet, covering.

- Har**, 332/353, *v.* hear.
- Hardely**, 85/286, *adv.* boldly, certainly.
- Harle**, 344/227, *v.* to drag; **Harlid**, 282/290, *pa. p.*; **Harling**, 480/5, *v. s.*
- Harnes**, 333/400, *s.* brain.
- Harnes**, 143/161; **Harnays**, 121/102, *s.* ornament, household things, or clothes.
- Harre**, 286/378, 297/143, 324/136, *s.* (O. E. *heorr*) a hinge; *figuratively*, cardinal point, important matter; *out of harre*, out of joint, out of order.
- Harro**, 437/119, *v.* to harry = **Herry**; **Heryd**, 498/33, *pa. t.*
- Harrowe**, 295/84, 377/98, *s.* shouting, disturbance, cry, uproar.
- Harrowe!** 5/97, 383/185, 392/343, *interj.* a cry for help; 325/162, hallo!
- Harstow**, 326/185; **Harste**, 228/208, *hearest thou*.
- Hartely**, 42/69, 43/90, *adv.* heartily; 185/3, closely, to heart.
- Hartely**, 246/140, *adj.* hearty, professing.
- Hartyng**, 128/56, 130/115, *s.* encouragement.
- Hate**, 220/27, *adj.* hot.
- Hatereden**, 309/56, *s.* hatred.
- Haterell**, 304/342, *s.* dress, attire.
- Hatyll**, 145/223; **Hatell**, 330/293, *s.* nobleman, prince, or knight (O. E. *aethel*).
- Hatir**, 267/360, *s.* a dress, garment, vestment.
- Hatte**, 213/404, *v.* hate.
- Haues**, 36/28, *v. pres.* has; **Hais**, 38/83, *pres. s.* hast; 38/86, has (16th cent. piece); **Hays**, 40/13, *pres. pl.* have: *see* **Halfe**.
- Haugh**, 19/35, *s.* river-side meadow.
- Hauk**, 253/298, *s.* hawk.
- Hautand**, 15/27, *adj.* haughty, proud.
- Hede**, 397/20, *s.* head; *with a hole hede*, with one voice.
- Hedesman**, 480/5, 481/25, *s.* chief man, chieftain.
- Hedgyd**, 439/205, *v.* closed in, limited, shown.
- Heele**, 60/140, 121/90, *s.* health, salvation.
- Heete**, 85/286, *v.* promise.
- Hefe**, 91/401, *v.* heave, lift.
- Hegh**, 8/4, *adj.* high.
- Heynde**, 295/97, *s.* hind, low fellow.
- Heyne**, 367/272, *adv.* hence.
- Heyned**, 283/309, *v.* tarried, waited.
- Heldand**, 1/6; **Heledande**, 4/95, *pres. p.* going down, descending: *see* **Helde**.
- Helde**, 182/147; **Heyld**, 442/306, *v.* yield, move; **Heild**, 36/21; **Hilded**, 326/188, *past t.*
- Hele**, 129/102, *s.* health, safety.
- Helesome**, 485/138, *adj.* full of healing, helpful.
- Helte** full, 228/198, *for* hilt-full, i. e. full to the hilt.
- Hende**, 36/44, 75/123, *adj.* gentle, well-disposed, civil, polite; *as sb.* 451/101.
- Hendly**, 187/77, *adv.* with kindness, gently.
- Henne-harte**, 326/198, *adj.* chicken-hearted.
- Hente**, 11/47, 77/150, *v.* seize, take hold of, catch.
- Hepe**, **heppe**, 150/132, 231/260, *s.* a company, troop, lot.
- Herand**, 168/233, *s.* errand.
- Herbar**, 122/125, *v.* harbour, contain.
- Herbered**, 44/137, 112/11, *pa. p.* harboured, lodged.
- Herberles**, 512/352, *adj.* without shelter.
- Herberow**, 112/6, *s.* harbour, lodging.
- Herdes**, 71/58, *s.* herdsmen.
- Here**, 118/1, 139/46, *v.* hear; **Heriste**, 313/200, *hearest*.
- Heryed**: *see* **Harro**.
- Hermonye**, 53/264, Armenia.
- Herre**: *see* **Harre**.
- Herre**, 211/325, *s.* ear.
- Herrowe!** 48/99, *interj.* halloo! *see* **Harrowe**.
- Heste**, 120/47, *s.* east.
- Hete**, 229/223, **Hette**, 181/114, *v.* promise.
- Hethyng**, 107/151, 255/32, *s.* scorn, mockery, derision, contempt.
- Hettyng**, 46/22; **Hetyngis**, 462/187, *pl. s.* promise.
- Heuenyng**, 316/284, *s.* vengeance.
- Heuen-ryke**, 96/101, *s.* the kingdom of heaven.
- Hewuyn**, 9/17, *s.* heaven.

Hydande, 1/6, *pr. p.* hiding.

Hyde and hewe, 40/22, skin and colour.

Hye, high; in *hye*, on *hye*, expression frequently used to emphasize a sentence or fill up a line, 41/46, 53/261, 366/229.

Hye, 211/329, *s. eye*.

Hy, hye, *v.* to make haste.

High, 173/26, *adj.* loud.

Hight, 129/84, 461/185, *pa. p.* promised; also called, named (O.E. *hāian*).

Hilded, 326/188, *v.* yielded, inclined, bowed: see **Helde**.

Hille, 257/82, 308/21, *v.* to cover, shelter.

Hyne, 167/228, *adv.* hence.

Hyne, 253/291, 406/197, *s.* servant, hind.

Hyre, 61/167, 387/260, *s.* payment, reward.

Hythyn, 59/89, *adv.* hence.

Hytist (pou), 229/225, *v.* art thou named, called: see **Hight**.

Hyve, 228/198, *s.*, probably a corruption for *hyne*, i.e. servant, fellow, the old copyist reading *n* as *u*, and by ear writing *v*.

Hoyly, 40/22, *adv.* wholly.

Hold, hald, 461/185, *v.* to keep; 469/113, perform (a promise).

Hone, 88/352, 349/13, *v.* delay, wait; **Honed**, 271/35.

Hoo, 19/36, *s.* a height, hill; many one *hoo*, many on hill, in opposition to the haugh or level ground of the previous line.

Hoo, 290/507, ?for *oo*, i.e. ever, continually.

Hope, 84/275, 147/46, 149/93, *v.* to think, opine, expect, consider.

Hopp illa hayle! 82/245, ejaculation of surprise.

Hore, 308/21, *s.* hair.

Hover, 88/352, *v.* to stop, wait, hover; **Houerland**, 53/252, *pr. p.*

Houe, 294/73, *v.* stop, wait.

Howe, 152/182, 189, *adv.* in what manner.

Howe-gates, 229/227, *adv.* in what manner.

Hudde: see **We!**

Hune, Hone, 209/272, *s.* delay.

Hurled, 259/139, *pa. p.* for *harled*, dragged.

Hurth, 427/34, *s.* hurt.

Jangill, 273/59, 307/14, *s.* prating.

Jangillande, 36/47, *adj.* jangling, quarrelsome.

Jape, 36/47, 178/6, *s.* trick, jest, or mock.

Jappis, 280/235, *v.* chatter.

Jappon, 304/344, *s.* a jest, gibe.

Javell, 273/59, *v.* to contend, to wrangle.

Javellis, 280/235, *s.* contentions.

Jeauntis, 292/13, *s.* giants.

Jessen, 86/303, 87/321, = **Gessen**, Goshen.

If all, 220/20, *conj.* although.

Ile, 2/26, isle.

Ille hayle! 253/287, exclamation of aversion or surprise: see **Hopp!**

Ingendis, 292/13, *s.* engines, machines.

In like, 43/99, alike.

In-mange, 103/31 *prep.* among.

Insens, 136/275, *s.* incense.

Instore, 242/45, *v.* to renovate, to strengthen.

Jolle, 307/14, *v.* to knock about.

Jorneys, 242/49, days, day's work.

Jourdane, 173/54, Jordan.

Ire, 42/57, *s.* anger.

Irke, 401/113, *adj.* tired, oppressed.

Itt, *pron.* 6/127; **It**, 43/100.

Itt, 162/134, *conj.* yet.

Juggemen, 427/25, *s.* judges, domestics.

June, 43/101, 247/161, *v.* to join.

Jury, 130/127, 211/312, *s.* Jewry, Judea.

I-wys = **3ewiss**, certainly, surely; generally used as an expletive.

Kacchid, 243/65, *v.* caught.

Kaydynes, 505/237, *s.* wretchedness, captivity.

Kayssaris, 123/15, *s.* emperors.

Kele, 51/198, 300/225, *v.* cool, assuage.

Kempis, 291/521, *s.* knights, soldiers.

Kende, 34/154, 425/129, *v.* taught, gave, delivered to.

- Kene**, 151/150, *adj.* keen, eager: *see* **Kyne**.
- Kenne**, 70/25, 241/29, 32, *v.* to teach, give in hand; 45/8, to know: *see* **Can**.
- Kepe**, 110/247, 423/73, *s.* care, heed; *take kepe*, take care.
- Keste**, 317/319, *pa. p.* of cast.
- Keuellis**, 327/219, *s.* poles, staves.
- Kyd**: *see* **Kythe**.
- Kynde**, 62/209, 94/21, *s.* nature.
- Kynde**, 7/155, *adj.* natural.
- Kyndynes**, 123/15, *s.* feeling of kindred.
- Kyndis**, 9/24, *pl.*, 238/163, tribes.
- Kyn**=kind, *adj. suffix*: *see* **All-kyn**, **What-kynne**, **No-kynne**.
- Kyne**, 30/46, *adj.* keen.
- Kynne**, 121/101, *s.* kindred, family.
- Kynreden**, 221/60, *s.* kindred.
- Kythe**, 123/15, *v.* show; **Kyd**, 36/25; **Kyde**, 227/192, 135/242, *pa. p.* shown, discovered.
- Kyth**, 39/122, 135/260, 141/91, *s.* kith, race, kindred, own people.
- Knave**, 121/100, 140/56, 301/264, *s.* boy, lad, young fellow.
- Knyght**, 151/150, 154/244, *s.* soldier.
- Knyth**, 33/135, *v.* for gnith, contracted form of gnideth (like graydeth, grayth), gnide, to rub, fret, or irritate.
- Knytte**, 360/26, *v.* tied, bound.
- Knowynge**, *s.* knowledge.
- Konne**, 70/25, 16/75, *v.* to know, can, able.
- Lache**, 230/253, *v.* to catch, take; **Laughte**, 280/254, *pa. p.*
- Ladde**, 344/225, *s.* load, burden.
- Ladde**, 81/217, 83/259, *s.* common person, young fellow (used depreciatorily), young serving man.
- Laght**, 329/286, *v.* drawn, taken.
- Laye**, 66/346, 308/40; **Laie**, 290/501, *s.* law; **Layse**, 71/44, 273 *note*, *pl.* laws.
- Layke**, 261/192, *s.* game, play, pleasure.
- Laykis**, 230/238, *v.* to play, make game or fun of.
- Layne**, 186/48, *s.* loan.
- Layne**, 62/187, 109/227, *v.* hide, conceal; 48/88, *passive*.
- Laynyng**, 204/101, *s.* concealment.
- Layre**, 299/213, *s.* soil, ground.
- Layre**, 78/181, *s.* lore, lesson.
- Layte**, 151/154, 408/233, *v.* to seek.
- Laith**, 430/132, *adj.* loath.
- Laytheeste**, 5/100, *adj.* most loathly.
- Lak**, 74/109, *s.* lack, defect, want, fail; *withouten lak*, without fail.
- Lakke**, 111/298, *v.* lack, want, be without.
- Lame**, 441/246, *s.* lamb.
- Lame**, 421/5, *s.* loam, clay.
- Lane**, 56/4, 58/60, *s.* loan.
- Lange**, 221/45, *adv.* long, much; *to lange*, too much; **Lengar**, 62/187, longer.
- Lang are**, 111/300, *adv.* long ago.
- Lang**, 461/156, *v.* to stay.
- Lang**, 215/442, *v.* to belong.
- Lappe**, 330/311, *v.* to lap; *fig.* to lay hold of; **Lappid**, 272/51, *pa. p.* wrapped round, embraced; 480/3, supported, held.
- Lare**, 48/105; **Layre**, 78/181, *s.* lore, learning.
- Largely** (large), 290/493, *adj.* big, presumptuous (applied to language).
- Lat**=let, 5/120, *v.*; *lat loke*, do look.
- Late**, 130/111, 131/134, 476/106, *v.* to seek, endeavour.
- Lath**, 50/147, *adj.* loath; *full lath*, loathfull.
- Lathis**, 107/149, *v.* loathes.
- Laughter**, 281/275, *adj.* lower.
- Laughte**, 280/254, *pa. p.* taken, caught: *see* **Lache**.
- Lawe**, 214/418, *adj.* low (in height).
- Lawe**, 279/225, *v.* to humble, bring low.
- Lawmere**, 298/180, *s.* a term of reproach, sluggard, lown-like man: *see* **lowmyshe** in **Prompt. Parv.**; *loamy* in **Jamieson**; (**Skeat's Dict.**, *s. v.* **loon**).
- Leche**, 160/102, *s.* doctor, physician.
- Leche**, 131/156, 264/266, *v.* to cure, to heal, doctor.
- Lede**, 36/32, 140/70, 192/234, *s.* person, man; 422/17, being.
- Lede**, 10/38, *s.*; 376/70, 476/97, people, country: 'land and lede,' **Arthur and Merlin**, *p.* 4.
- Ledir**, 276/148, 280/254; *adj.* lithier, bad.

- Lee**, 280/248, *s.* pleasure, delight.
Leede, 139/21, *s.* lead.
Leeffe, 486/174, *s.* leaf.
Leere, 391/321, *v.* learn.
Lefe, 41/29, 105/101, *v.* leave, stop!
Lefe, 110/249, *adv.* soon, willingly;
Lever, 237/138, *comp.* rather.
Leffand, 192/234, *adj.* living.
Leffe, **leeffe**, 51/185, 426/8, 12, *adj.*
 dear, pleasant.
Legge, 131/147, 221/45, *v.* allege.
Legh, 297/158, *s.* for lygh (see ll. 161,
 162), lie.
Leythly, 12/72, *adv.* lightly, easily.
Lele, 165/185, *adj.* leal, true.
Lely, 9/17, 158/64, *adv.* lealy, loyally,
 truly.
Lelly, 96/91, *s.* lilly.
Leman, 193/8, *s.* lover.
Lemed, 476/96, *v.* shone.
Lemer, 115/111, *s.* beamer, formed on
leme, a flame, ray, or beam; *lemer*
of light, shedder of light.
Lemes, 118/16, *s.* rays.
Lende, 3/52, 44/124, 375/54, *v.* to
 stay, to remain, dwell, tarry; 513/
 368, to pass.
Lenghis, 456/10, *v.* stays.
Lenne, 56/4, 248/178, *v.* to grant, to
 lend, give; **Lente**, 138/11, *pa. p.*
Lepe, 130/111, *v.* to leap, to spring,
 run; **Leppe**, 150/134, 325/148, 230/
 254, 232/291, to escape.
Lepfull, 299/207, *s.* baskets full.
Lere, 78/181, 93/16, to teach; 48/105,
Leere, 391/321, learn; **Leryd**, 64/
 267, *pa. p.*
Lerne, 16/76, 254/8, *v.* to teach.
Lese, 87/331, 330/311, *s.* lies, deceit.
Lesynge, 23/24, 172/2, *s.* a lie, false-
 hood; **Lesyngis**, 264/273.
Leste, 261/193, *pres. s. subj.*, if it please
 you: see **Liste**: cf. l. 286, p. 265.
Lete, 26/124, 105/98, *v.* let, permit.
Lette, 23/21, 161/117, *v.* hinder, stay,
 refrain.
Lettir, 485/142, *s.* hinderer.
Leue, 157/20, *v.* read *lene* = *lende*, tarry.
Leve, 289/469, 327/231, *v.* *aphetic* for
bileue, believe.
Leue, 34/159, *v.* to live.
Lever, 237/138, *adv.* sooner, rather: see
Lefe.
Leverie, 203/65, *s.* delivery.
Leuyn, 9/17, *s.* lightning.
Levis, 126/1, perhaps read *lenis*, givest:
 cf. with 129/97.
Lewyn, 53/273, *s.* living.
Lewte, 231/266; **Lewty**, 248/178, *s.*
 loyalty.
Lidderon, 298/167, *s.* weak or lazy
 fellow; **Lidrone**, 298/187.
Liddir: see **Ledir** and **Lithre**.
Ligge, **lygge**, 43/98, 347/332, *v.* to
 lay or lie.
Lyghame, 25/110, *s.* the body.
Light, 167/224, 213/388, *adj.* happy,
 joyful.
Lykand, 190/150, *adj.* pleasant.
Lykes me, 7/159, *verb. impers.* 8/7, me
 likes, I like; 12/72, *pame* likes (it
 likes them), they like: see **Liste**.
Likid ill, 169/254, *v.* been sorrowful,
 ill-pleased.
Likyng, 84/282, 86/304, *s.* pleasure,
 delight; *likyng lande*, land of delight,
 the Promised land.
Limbo, 378/102, *s.* a special enclosed
 part of hell, a prison.
Lyme, 131/148, *s.* limb.
Lynage, 76/130, *s.* lineage, people.
Lyolty, 241/25, ?for *lyalty*, loyalty.
Lyre, **lire**, 69/20, 249/199, 379/119,
s. face, countenance, flesh.
Lirte, 230/254, *s.* ?deception, trick
 (*dele* the hyphen in text). **Stratmann**
 has *lurten*, also *bilurten*, *bilirten*, to
 deceive.
Liste, 41/51, 128/76, 265/286, *v.* im-
 personal, to like, to please; *me list*, it
 pleases me.
Liste, 66/345, *s.* desire.
Lite, 303/326, *s.* strife, contest.
Lith, 328/241, *v.* listen; **Lithes**,
 124/16.
Lithernessee, 498/44, *s.* idleness.
Lithre, 324/120, *adj.* lither, easy,
 pliant, hence bad: see **Ledir**.
Litht, 131/148, *s.* joint.
Lyvyng, 18/12, *s.* food, victual.
Lodsterne, 124/24, *s.* load-star.
Lofsom, 249/199, *adj.* loveable, beautiful.

- Loghte**, 152/181, *v.* ?=lout, lurk, lie in ambush (to catch).
- Loyse**, 134/216, *v.* destroy: *see* **Lose**.
- Lokyn**, 93/10, *pa. p.* locked.
- Longes**, 23/48, *v.* belongs.
- Loppis**, 85/293, *s.* fleas (the note *flies* in the margin is an error, though according to Exod. viii. the fourth plague was of flies. The description in ll. 293, 294, suits better *locusts* than *fleas*, but they do not appear to be intended. Cf. ll. 339, 340).
- Lordan**, 81/226, *s.* a stupid, worthless fellow: *see* **Lurdan**.
- Lorel**, 258/113, *s.* bad, worthless fellow.
- Lorne**, 5/108, 50/175, *pa. p.* lost.
- Lose**, 70/36, 71/44, 84/272, *v.* extinguish, destroy; **Losis**, 264/273.
- Losellis**, 72/78, *s.* rascals, bad, worthless men.
- Lothe**, 221/39, *adj.* loath, disagreeable, hateful.
- Lott**, 326/183, 222/68, *s.* portion, choice.
- Lotterell**, 315/259, 319/282, *s.* ?scoundrel, a term of opprobrium.
- Loves**, 205/134, *s.* loaves.
- Louying**, 2/24, 101/237, *s.* praise, love.
- Loue**, 51/189; **Lowe**, 41/42, 44/145, *v.* to praise; **Louyd**, *pa. p.* 51/194.
- Lowte**, 1/24, 267/353, *v.* to bow, bend, reverence.
- Luf**, 3/46, *s.* praise.
- Luffy**, 3/43, *adj.* lovely; **Luffely**, 124/16.
- Lufsome**, 217/520; **Lofsom**, 249/199, *adj.* loveable, beautiful.
- Lurdan**, 5/108, **Lurdayne**, 81/229, 467/77, *s.* sluggard, worthless or idle fellow: general term of opprobrium (Fr. *lourd*, *lourderie*).
- Lusshe**, 252/271, *s.* a slash.
- Lusshe**, 292/10, 481/37, *v.* to slash, cut at.
- Mached**, 278/199, *v.* matched, found his equal.
- Madde**, 119/38, *v.* to grow mad or wild.
- Mahounde**, **Mahownde**, 91/401, 147/15, 37, 148/73, Mahomet.
- Maye**, 119/20, *s.* maid.
- Mayne**, 51/181, 148/62, *s.* might, strength.
- Maistrie**, 203/64, *s.* mastery, i.e. right or power of a master; **Maistreys**, 222/63; **Maistries**, 385/216.
- Make**, 22/14, *s.* mate.
- Makeles**, 135/270, *adj.* without a match, unequalled; as *sub* 223/92.
- Malyngne**, 290/506, *v.* to malign, act spitefully.
- Malysonne**, 27/153, *s.* curse.
- Mang**, 452/132, *v.* ?for meng, are stupefied.
- Mangery**, 299/208, *s.* eating, feast.
- Markid**, 3/49, 58, *v.* designed, noted.
- Marrande**, 4/93, *pr. p.* marring.
- Marre**, 81/224, 89/356, 179/43, *v.* to spoil, damage, destroy.
- Mased**, 31/82, 245/126, *adj.* confounded, giddy.
- Mase**, 79/194, *v.* makes.
- Mate**, 480/4, *adj.* dejected, confounded, stupefied.
- Matere**, 23/43, *s.* matter, story.
- Me**, 102/1, myself, me; *me mene*, be-moan myself.
- Mede**, 66/335, 426/3; **Meed**, 135/269, *s.* portion, reward.
- Mede**, 424/89, *s.* mead, a drink made from honey.
- Medill**, 347/327, *v.* for mell, meddle.
- Medill-erthe**, 40/8, 41/28, *s.* the world.
- Meene**, 220/32, *adj.* low.
- Meese**, 222/64, 463/238, *v.* to soothe, mitigate, diminish.
- Meete**, 136/281, *adj.* even, on a level with: *see* **Mette**.
- Mefid**, 470/152; **Mefte**, 302/290, *pa. p.* moved, taken place.
- Meyne**, 35/2, *v.* to be spoken of: *see* **Mene**.
- Meyne**, 36/21, *s.* company = *menée*: *see* **Menje**.
- Mekenesse**, 196/88, 92, *s.* mildness, humility.
- Mekill**, 3/41, 74/97, *adj.* great.
- Mele**, 467/62, *s.* time, occasion.

- Mell**, 12/66, 37/55, *v.* to mingle, meddle; *to make and mell*, to work and act.
- Mende**: *see* **Mene**.
- Mende**, 94/18, *v.* to amend, reform, make better; *mende your mode*, 273/64, soften your temper, be not angry.
- Mene**, 93/1, 65/286, 122/119, *v.* to tell, speak, mean, think; **Menyd**, 97/125; **Mende**, 75/121, *pa. t.*; **Mente**, *pa. p.* 66/314, 94/32, 103/30; **Meyne**, *passive*, 35/2.
- Meng**, 12/74, 366/245, *v.* mingle, mix, stir up; **Mengis**, 118/4; *menged in mood*, disturbed in temper.
- Men3e**, 66/324, *s.* company, people.
- Menyng**, 378/103, *s.* talking.
- Menske**, 115/107, 243/47, *v.* honour, worship.
- Mensfull**, 217/502, *adj.* worshipfull.
- Mente**, 6/139, *pa. p.* meant, spoke or intended: *see* **Mene**.
- Mercy**, 170/281, 368/309, *s.* thanks, grace; **Mersy**, 143/181, *s.* mercy, pardon.
- Mercye**, 489/265, *interj.* grace.
- Merour**, 2/34, *s.* mirror.
- Merr**, 94/39, *v.* to mar, destroy: *see* **Marre**.
- Mesellis**, 86/317, *s. pl.* lepers.
- Mesore**, 49/136, *s.* measure.
- Messe**, 77/162, *s.* measure, bound, *cf.* M. E. *mepe*, *pl.* *mepes*.
- Meste**, 302/290, *v. error*, read (as in MS.) *mefte*, moved.
- Mett**, 85/288, *v.* meet.
- Mette**, 189/116, 135/269, *v.* measured; *ewyn with hym mette*, Christ measured even with God: *see* **Meete**.
- Met yng**, 204/95, 213/383, *s.* meeting.
- Myddyng**, 85/296, *s.* dung-hill.
- Mydwayes**, 72/69, seems to be an error for mid-wives.
- Myghfull**, 473/1, ? *for* mightfull.
- Mightfull**, 3/58, *adj.* powerful.
- Mightes**, 2/33, *s.* powers.
- Myn**, 41/28, *adj.* less; *more and myn*, greater and less.
- Mynde**, 471/188, *s.* remembrance.
- Myre**, 387/256, *s.* mire, bog (here figuratively).
- Myrke**, 88/344, 113/41, *adj.* dark.
- Myrknes**, 6/146, *s.* darkness.
- Myron**, 276/139, 147, 322/62, *s.*, appears to mean a subordinate or servant.
- Myrroure**, 175/93, 184/195, *s.* mirror, example, pattern.
- Myrthe**, 79/188, 227/123; **Myrpes**, 79/194, *s.* pleasure, happiness, profit, advantage.
- Mys**, 8/9; **Mysse**, 93/2, 106/132, *s.* fault.
- Mys**, 63/232, *v.* lose, want; **Miste**, 398/55, *pa. p.* missed.
- Mysses**, 84/273, *s. ?* lice. In Towneley *Myst*, the word is *mystes*.
- Mysfare**, 211/324, *s.* misfortune.
- Mismarkid**, 258/123, mistaken.
- Mis-paye**, 24/64, *v.* displease.
- Misse**, 427/44, *s.* fault.
- Misseis**, 135/258; **Myssese**, 167/213, *s.* evil, care, anxiety.
- Myssyng**, 3/48, *v. s.* want, lack.
- Misty**, 398/43, *adj.* ? sad, dreary.
- Mystir**, 41/52, 278/196, *s.* need.
- Mystris**, 37/54, *v. pres. s.* needs; *what mystris 3e*, why needest thou.
- Mistrowand**, 454/179, *adj.* unbelieving.
- Mytyng**, 141/113, 179/26, 296/110, 303/305, *s. a* mite, little fellow, midget, a darling, term of endearment for a child; 'praty mytyng,' Towneley *Mysteries*, p. 96. In margin on p. 179 read 'mite' for 'myghty one.'
- Mytyng**, 316/305, *adj.* tiny, very small.
- Mobardis**, 246/137, 467/74, *s.* clowns, a term of contempt.
- Mode**, 179/43, 484/123, *s.* mood, temper.
- Moffe**, 22/2, 128/52; **Moyfe**, 127/48, *v.* to move: *see* **Mefid**.
- Molde**, 36/35, *s.* mould, earth.
- Momell**, 236/106, *v.* mumble, mutter; **Mummeland**, *pres. p.* 303/305.
- Mon**, 31/54, 67, 33/131, *aux. v.* must.
- Mone**, 123/14, *s.* moon. (Note, of masculine gender.)
- Mone**, 231/275, *s.* moan.
- Mop**, 299/196, *s.* a fool.
- More**, 11/48, *adj.* greater.
- More**, 85/296, *s.* moor, waste.
- Morne**, 62/196, *v.* mourn.

- Mornys**, 62/199; **Mornying**, 79/190, s. mourning.
- Mort**, 222/77, v. *aphetic form of* amort, put to death.
- Morteysed**, 226/163, *pa. p.* mortised.
- Moster**, 123/14, v. show.
- Mot**, 158/61; **Mote**, 183/178, v. may, might.
- Mote**, 387/256; **Moote**, 354/159, v. to moot, plead, argue, discuss.
- Moulde**, 6/141, s. earth: *see* Molde.
- Mowe**, 361/78, v. to make faces.
- Mowes**, 358/286, s. *pl.* faces, grimaces.
- Mum**, 78/175, v. mutter.
- Muste**, 470/164, s. new wine.
- Muste**, 472/216, v. to show; **Mustyr**, 6/145; **Mustirs**, 70/30; **Musteres**, 183/177; **Mustered me**, 178/9.
- Namely**, 114/74, 277/173, *adv.* especially.
- Nare**, 179/52, *adj.* near; **Narre**, 47/62; **Nerre**, 303/321, nearer.
- Nawe**, for awe, 63/240, *adj.* own.
- Ne**, 468/104, *read* he.
- Nedelyngis**, 302/278, *adv.* necessarily.
- Nedes**, 57/43, *adv.* of necessity.
- Neffes**, 268/370, s. fists.
- Neghe**, 128/65; **Neygh**, 23/33, 38, v. come near to, approach.
- Nemely**, 262/219, 353/120, *adv.* quickly, nimbly.
- Nemen**, **nemy**, **neme**, 33/144, 107/170, 194/37, v. name, mention.
- Nenys**, 313/185, ?for *nevenys*.
- Nerre**, 303/321, *adj.* nearer.
- Nerthrist**, 329/266, (?).
- Neuen**, 45/15, 310/89, v. to name, to mention; 285/366, to call, proclaim.
- Newe**, 76/141, of *newe* = a-new; *here* for the first time.
- Newe**, 478/144, 494/96, 105, s. *noye*, harm, hurt, annoyance.
- Newe**, 275/131, v. to annoy.
- News**, 217/531, v. renews.
- Newsome**, 277/183, *adj.* annoying.
- Nexile** (an exile), 2/25, s. aisle, from Lat. *axilla*, a detached part of the structure of the world; *here* seems to be confounded with *isle*.
- Nyse**, 261/193, 265/286, *adj.* nice, good, fastidious, particular.
- Noble**, 43/107, 225/133; **Nobill**, 210/300, *adj.* glorious, notable, grand, fine, splendid.
- Nociens**, 316/291, s. ? usefulness.
- Noddil**, 268/370, v. to strike with the closed fist, to rap.
- Noghte**, 2/16, 30/44; **Nouȝt**, 37/59, nothing.
- Noy**, 4/71, v. *aphetic for* annoy.
- Noyes**, 90/386, 150/140, s. hurts, annoyances: *see* **Newe**.
- Nokyn**, 143/152, *adj.*; **No-kynnes**, 24/76, 48/100, *adj.* no kind of.
- Nolde**, 418/405, v. would not.
- Nones**, 285/366, s. *nonce*; *þe nones*, for *then ones*, that once, the *nonce*, once at least.
- Note**, 76/141, 154/268; **Nott**, 128/75, s. affair, business, matter; **Noote**, 371/383, s. use, occupation.
- Note**, 120/65, s. song, sound.
- Notis**, 122/112, s. nuts.
- Nouȝt**, 37/59, *adv.* not (nothing).
- Novellis**, 160/102, s. news.
- Novelte**, 122/127, 205/118, s. novelty, new thing, news.
- Nowele**, 358/119, s. owl (a *nowele* = an *owele*).
- Obitte**, 388/269, dead (Lat. *obitus*).
- Oblissh**, 117/151, v. to oblige, compel.
- Of**, 144/216, *prep.* for.
- Of heght**, 54/291, on high.
- Omell**, 95/62, *prep.* amidst.
- On-brede**, 10/35, abroad.
- Ondergh**, 349/2, *adj.* undree, without sorrow or trouble.
- Ongayne**, 290/511, *adj.* ungainly.
- Ongaynely**, 32/99, *adv.* with trouble.
- On-glad**, 421/6, *adj.* sorrowful.
- On-hande**, 131/138, *adv.* on one hand, aside.
- On lif**, 83/254; **On-lyve**, 32/103, 146/13, *adv.* alive.
- Oondis**, 116/132, v. *pr. p.* breathe, from *ande*, *onde*, to breathe.
- Or**, 31/55, *adv.* before: *see* **Ayre**.
- Ordandis**, 494/87, v. ordains.
- Os**, 42/66, 44/140, *conj.* as.

- Ospring**, 498/23, *s.* offspring.
Othir, 236/110, *prep.* for or, i.e. ere, before.
Ouere-wyn, 310/104, *v.* overcome.
Oure vnwittyng, 326/189, unknown to us.
Ought, 23/33, *s.* anything.
Oute-tane, 29/9; **Outtane**, 63/224; **Owtane**, 198/147, except, excepted.
Outhir, 40/16; **Owthir**, 130/124, *adj.* either.
Outrayes, 323/100, *v.* outrages.
Over, 86/307, *adv.* over, too; **Oure foue**, 338/41, over foolishly.
Owe! 4/81, 93, *interj.* oh!
Owte-take, 20/67, *v.* to except.
Oyas! 285/569, *v.* oyez, hear!

Paas, 233/4, 11; **Pasc**, 234/29, *s.* pasque, Passover.
Page, 141/101, 267/358, *s.* a boy child, lad.
Pay, 9/25, 131/151, *s.* pleasure.
Paye, 500/188, *v.* to please; **Payed**, 62/192; **Paied**, 89/359, pleased.
Payer, 332/375, *s.* ? beater, striker.
Paire, 224/114, 345/256, *v.* *aphetic* form of appair, impair.
Pak, 111/303; **Pakke**, 143/160, *s.* package or bundle.
Palle, 308/25, *s.* a cloth covering.
Pappe, 429/103, *s.* teat, breast.
Papsee, 267/358, apparently the name of a game.
Parellis, 86/306, *s.* perils.
Parlament, 308/33, *s.* a discussion, a speaking.
Parred, 321/34, *pa. p.* inclosed.
Pase, 468/103, *s.* pace, steps.
Passande = **Passing**, 3/56, 6/134, *pr. p.* excessive, exceeding.
-Passe, 275/116 (*second*), *adv.* pace, **A-passe**, apace.
Passh, 481/38, *v.* to strike with violence.
Patris, 357/266, *v.* patters, chatters.
Peching, 429/84, *pr. p.* panting, breathing hard (guttural *ck*).
Pees, 429/84, *s.* silence, *putte* are to *pees*.
Peysed, 429/96, *v.* weighed down.
Pele, 224/110, *s.* stir, fuss.

Perelous, 220/16; **Perles**, 63/239, *adj.* peerless, unequalled.
Perloyned, 271/31, 32, removed, set away.
Pertly, 259/136, *adv.* *aphetic* for *apertly*, openly, boldly.
Pight, 112/4, *pa. p.* pitched, set.
Pike, 23/18; **Pikis**, 123/11, *v.* to pluck, pick, choose.
Pilche, 332/375, *s.* woollen or fur pelisse or coat.
Pynakill, 181/91, *s.* pinnacle.
Pyne, 2/32, *v.* to torture, to starve;
Pynde, 178/12; **Pynynd**, 136/294;
Pynnyd, 471/184, *pa. p.*
Pyne, 47/54, 104/56, *s.* pain, grief, punishment.
Playne, full, open, 161/127, 471/199.
Playnere, 161/127, *adj.* plenary.
Plasmator, 514/2, maker, creator.
Plately, 270/3, 328/244, *adv.* plainly, perfectly.
Platte, 292/5, *v.* sit down, sit flat.
Plege, 143/170, *v.* to pledge, be surety for; *Of all I plege*, of all I am responsible for.
Pleyne, 160/103, *adj.* full; **Plener**, 80/200, *comp.* fuller, larger; *more fuller place*, a greater, larger place: see **Playne**.
Pleyned, 509/296, *v.* plained, pitied.
Plesyng, 1/12, *s.* pleasure.
Plete, 229/230, ? *exclamation*, flat, done!
Plete, 206/176, *v.* plead, argue.
Plextis, 292/5, ? for *pleytis*, *pletis*, argue, quarrel (ye).
Ply, 1/12, *v.* to bend or turn.
Plight, 432/192, *s.* promise.
Flight, 312/162, 457/44, *s.* danger, guilt, fault.
Poynte, 127/46, 131/151, 181/99, *s.* business, matter, instance.
Post, **Poste**, 223/88; **Pooste**, 224/114, **Pouste**, 61/181, *s.* power, might.
Pounce, 271/20, *s.* Pontius.
Poure, 82/242, 144/185, *s.* power.
Poure, 122/110, *adj.* poor.
Pouste, 61/181, *s.* power, might.
Preces, 229/230, *v.* presses.
Prees, 112/12, 338/12; **Prese**, 285/370, *s.* press, crowd, surrounding.

- Prente**, 222/75, 362/111, *v.* to print, impress.
- Presande**, 122/110, *s.* a present.
- Present**, 162/137, *s.* presence.
- Prestely**, 240/11, 247/155, *adv.* readily, quickly, presently.
- Pretend**, 242/52, *v.* intend.
- Preuys**, 466/17, *v.* prove, establish; **Preued**, 307/9, 308/25, *pa. p.*
- Price**, 182/127, *s.* value.
- Prike**, 111/303, *v.* to pin, fasten.
- Prime**, 32/90, *s.* the first hour of the day.
- Priuite**, 192/226, *s.* privacy.
- Processe**, 324/124, *v.* law-suit.
- Prokering**, 429/82, *s.* procuring.
- Propheres**, 332/373, *v.* profers.
- Prophyte**, 177/155, *s.* profit.
- Prossesse**, 432/192, *s.* process, succession.
- Proue**, 23/17, *v.* try.
- Prowe**, 20/60, 186/37, *s.* profit, honour.
- Publissich**, 375/59, openly seen, publicly known.
- Pursue**, 236/109, *v.* follow after, go to.
- Purvey**, 231/272, 234/24, *v.* to provide for oneself, make provision.
- Qwantise**, 72/61, *s.* cunning, device (O. Fr. *cointise*).
- Qwarte**, 41/50, 260/169, 438/159, *s.* health, activity, lithe condition; *out of qwarte*, infirm.
- Quat**, 41/40, *adj.* what.
- Qwelle**, 72/61, 153/209, *v.* to kill, destroy.
- Qwen**, *adv.* when.
- Quenys**, 153/209, 343/192, *s.* queans, scolds.
- Quyk**, 166/211, *adj.* alive.
- Racleyme**, 309/78, *s.* a call to return, (a term used in falconry). Cf. "Cam with him a reclayme," Rich. the Redeless, Pass. II, l. 182, and Dr. Skeat's note; *Whanne he comes to racleyme*, when he returns to the call.
- Radde**, 174/59, 416/377, *adj.* frightened, afraid.
- Radly**, 90/390, 277/178, *adv.* speedily.
- Raffe**, 107/146, *v.* to rave.
- Raffe**, 401/111, *past t.* of rive, tear: *see Refe*.
- Ragged**, 363/120, *pa. p.* for rugged, pulled.
- Ray**, 230/246, *v.* for array (*aphetic form*).
- Rayke**, 276/151; **Rakis**, 275/126, *v.* to move, go; **Raykand**, 123/3, 223/93, *pr. p.* raiking, a rapid irregular movement (Icel. *reika*, to wander).
- Rayned**, 112/18, *v.* rained.
- Rakke**, 123/7, *s.* rack, course or road.
- Rappely**, 123/7, *adv.* quickly, speedily.
- Raryng**, 299/215, *s.* roaring, mourning.
- Rase**, 279/214, *s.* course, race.
- Rasely**, 482/60, *adv.* angrily.
- Rathely**, 240/6, *adv.* soon, speedily.
- Rawes**, 158/50, *s.* rows, on rawes in order.
- Read**, 19/44, *s.* counsel, advice.
- Reame**, 126/16, *s.* realm.
- Rebaldes**, 124/35, *s.* scamps.
- Reche**, 232/283, *v.* reach.
- Recorde**, 330/315, *v.* to witness.
- Recours**, 237/141, recourse, i.e. resource, expedient.
- Recoveraunce**, 223/101, *s.* cure or recovery: *see Coveres*.
- Recrayed**, 415/364, *adj.* recreant, coward.
- Recreacioun**, 481/20, *colde recreacioun*, poor amusement.
- Rede**, 158/50, 159/86, 162/145, *v.* read.
- Rede**, 69/17, 97/124, *v.* to counsel, advise; **Red**, 30/35, *pa. p.*
- Redy**, 126/12, 134/223, *adj.* near, short.
- Refe**, 277/165, *v.* to rive, tear from; **Ryff**, 107/153, *pr. t.*; **Raffe**, 401/111, *pa. t.*; **Rafte**, *pa. p.* 282/299.
- Refars**, 444/367, *s.* blows back.
- Refuse**, 330/315, *v.* to deny.
- Rehete**, 265/287, 332/363, *v.* to cheer, to revive, encourage.
- Reyned**, 481/34, *v.* reigned; **Reynand**, 40/14, *pr. p.* reigning.
- Reke**, 220/34, smoke; *figuratively* tumult, uproar.
- Rekkeles**, 107/146, *adj.* careless, not recking anything.

- Releffe**, 451/90, *v.* (I) leave behind.
Reles, 389/288, *s.* release.
Releue, 299/207, *s.* remains, left over.
Reme, 220/34, *s.* kingdom.
Remued, 95/50, *error* for *remened*, reminded.
Remewe, 86/310, 331/335, *v.* move back, remove.
Rengne, 245/122, *v.* reign.
Renke, 255/17, *s.* ranging, setting in order.
Renke, 125/55, *s.* a strong man, a knight.
Repleye, 304/380, this seems to be a corruption; see the reading below.
Reproffe, 103/45, 104/56, *s.* reproach.
Reproud, 230/245, 459/85, *pa. p.* redressed, corrected.
Reproues, 315/241, *v.* proves back.
Resouns, 159/86, 266/309, 387/255, *s.* speeches, discourses, argument, reason.
Respete, 65/285, *s.* respite.
Reste, 481/31, *v.* quieten, appease.
Restore, 6/143, *v.* to refresh: see **In-store**.
Revette, 43/109, *s.* rivet.
Reward, 19/42, 168/235, *s.* regard, respect.
Rewe, 39/115, 273/62, *v.* to suffer, often impersonal; **Rewes** me, 103/36, it repents me.
Rewe, 43/109, *s.* (? rule), a carpenter's tool.
Rewlle, 147/46, *s.* rule, order.
Rewly, 221/38, *adj.* ruly, calm.
Rewpe, 283/305, *s.* pity.
Riall, 124/32, *adj.* royal.
Rialte, 123/3, *s.* regality, royalty.
Ryff, 107/153, *v.* rive, tear: see **Refe**.
Rigge, 339/73, *s.* back.
Rightwysnes, **Rightwissenesse**, 175/118, *s.* righteousness.
Ryott, 90/390, *s.* riot, 'row,' insurrection, stir, uproar.
Risse, 492/41, *s.* a branch.
Ryste, 71/43, *s.* rise, increase.
Ryve, 57/22; **Ryue**, 205/136, *adj.* rife, abounding.
Robard, 36/47, *s.* robber, thief, perhaps shortened from *Roberdsman* or *rober-*
des knaves, gangs of lawless men in the fourteenth century, see statutes 5 Edw. III. c. 14, and 7 Rich. II. c. 5; also the name Robert was early explained to mean robber or thief, see references in Dr. Skeat's notes to *Piers Plowman* (E.E.T.Soc.) Part IV, Pass. i, pp. 8, 125.
Roght, 26/137; **Rought**, 275/126, 501/149, *pa. p.* recked, cared: see **Rekkeles**.
Roye, 219/1, *s.* king.
Royse, 120/69, *v.* to praise oneself, to boast: see **Rowse**, **Rude**.
Rome, 178/1, 279/229, *s.* room; *gose a rome*, give room.
Romour, 220/34, *s.* report.
Roo, 31/76, 277/188, *s.* rest.
Rope, 130/122, *for* roy, swagger, boast.
Rouk, 36/48, *v.* to bow or bend.
Rowe, 19/38, *s.* rest, peace: see **Roo**.
Rowe, 6/124, *s.* order, line: see **Rawes**.
Rownand, 124/35, *pr. p.* whispering, muttering.
Rowne, 36/48, *v.* to mutter or whisper.
Rowse, 264/271, *v.* boast.
Rude, 277/175, *pa. p.* for *royed*, boasted.
Ruffe, 112/18, *s.* roof.
Rugge, 279/214, *v.* to pull roughly; **Ragged**, *pa. p.*
Saande, 63/244, *s.* sending, what is sent.
Sad, 41/33, *adj.* grave, quiet.
Sadly, 43/102, 284/353, *adv.* gravely, seriously.
Saffyng, 115/100, *s.* saving, salvation.
Sagates, 57/30, *so-gates* = *thus-gates* in this manner.
Saggard, 361/82, *s.* formed from *sag*, to fall or bulge by weight of parts unattached, applied to the body on the cross, sinking by its weight.
Saie, 274/99, *v.* *aphetic* for *assay*, try.
Sayff, 18/12, *v.* save, store up.
Saise, 111/277, *v.* says.
Sak, 100/195, *s.* blame, guilt.
Sakles, 108/181, *adj.* blameless.
Sales, 321/18, 333/398, *s.* halls, rooms.
Sall, 323/87, *s.* hall or chamber.

- Salve**, 177/170, *v.* to salve, heal;
Salued, 264/263, *past t.*
Saluyng, 66/334, *s.* salving, healing.
Salus, 184/194, *v.* salutes.
Sam, **Same**, 44/126, 111/301; **Samyn**,
 63/235, *adv.* together.
Samme, 468/87, *v.* assemble, gather
 together; **Sammed**, 338/43.
Sande, 109/217, *s.* message.
Sararre, 77/160, *adj. comp.* of sare,
 sore, sorer, worse.
Sattles, 328/248, *v.* settles, sinks.
Sauerly, 257/80, *adv.* tastily.
Saughe, 129/86, *v.* saw.
Saughe, 19/34, ? for saught, *adj.* peace-
 ful, quiet: *see* Vnsoght.
Saunterynge, 351/70, 354/150, *s.*
 sauntering, strolling. Prof. Skeat
 tells me this is the earliest instance
 yet found of the word *saunter*.
Sauterell, 303/310, 310/91; **Sawte-
 rell**, 315/274, *s.* ? transgressor, tres-
 passer (leaper over bounds). Cf. Fr.
sauterelle, grass-hopper.
Savely, 412/307, *adv.* safely.
Sawes, 69/17, 97/119, *s.* words, say-
 ings.
Sawntrelle, 249/190, *s.* saunterer or
 stroller. Cf. *gangerll* and *haverel*.
Seand, 109/235, *s.* sight, perception.
Secomoure, 214/427, *s.* sycamore tree.
Seece, 139/38, *v.* act, stay, stop.
Seege, **Sege**, 114/59, 227/190, 325/
 157, *s.* warrior, knight, man, fellow.
Seele, 49/129; **Seill**, 39/136; **Cele**,
 160/109; **Sele**, 9/13; *s.* happiness,
 bliss.
Seere, 128/50, 217/519, *adj.* many,
 several.
Sees, 69/17, *v.* cease.
Seete, 254/7, *s.* seat.
Sege, 99/163, *s.* seat.
Seggid, 308/16, *pa. p.* said.
Seggyng, 285/360, *s.* saying, nagging.
Seill, 39/136, *s.* bliss, happiness.
Seyn, 42/77, *pa. p.* ? seen, looked to.
Seys, 40/19, *s.* cease.
Sekirly, 104/63, *adv.* surely.
Selcouth, 50/159, 127/18, *adj.* won-
 drous, wonderful.
Sele, 9/13, *s.* happiness.
- Selle**, 392/342, *s.* cell.
Sembland, 129/93, *s.* semblance, ap-
 pearance.
Seme, 15/20, *v.* to appear, be seen,
 232/6; **Semes**, seems, is fitting; **Se-
 mand**, 284/341, *pr. p.*
Semely, 4/89, 124/45, *adj.* seemly,
 handsome.
Semelyte, 204/116, *s.* seemliness.
Sen, 203/66, 341/132, *adv.* for sithen,
 since: *see* Syn.
Senge, 54/290, *s.* sign.
Seniour, 273/73, *s.* seigniour, lord.
Senous, 352/108; **Synnous**, 353/132,
s. sinews.
Sente, 312/144, 166, *aphetic* for assent
 or consent; *see* l. 168 and 315/246.
Ser, 183/151, *s.* sir.
Sere, 10/26, *adj.* several, diverse, many,
 9/20, apart, separate.
Serely, **Serly**, 466/24, *adv.* separately.
Sermon, 282/302, *v.* to sermonize.
Sers, 315/275, *v.* to search.
Servid, 8/8, *pa. p.* deserved.
Sese, 17/91, *v.* cease.
Sethen, 16/62; **Sene**, 17/77; **Sythen**,
 57/26, *conj.* since.
Sette, 23/19, *pa. p.* bestowed, placed.
Sewe, 77/160, *v.* follow, pursue.
Schalke, 282/295, 320/2, *s.* a soldier,
 a servant.
Shame, 137/318, *s.* bad conduct.
Shame, 31/62, 63, *v. reflex.* and *im-
 pers.* to be ashamed.
Shamously, 312/143, *adv.* shamefully.
Shape, 137/318, *v.* to plan, intend,
 prepare; **Shoppe**, 35/3, *past t.*: *see*
Schoppe.
Scharid, 246/141, *pa. p.* scared.
Schawe, 272/56, *s.* show, appearance.
Schemerande, 4/69, *pr. p.* shimmer-
 ing.
Schene, 127/22, 496/154, *adj.* bright,
 shining.
Shende, 89/365, *v.* to ruin, disgrace;
Shente, 31/79, *pa. p.*
Shere, 260/171, *v.* cut.
Schewyng, 4/69, *v.s.* appearance.
Shyll, 139/43, *adj.* shrill.
Shippe-craft, 42/67, *s.* the art of mak-
 ing ships.

Schire, 487/202, *adj.* sheer, pure.
Sho, 106/120, *pron.* she.
Schoffe, 368/297, *v.* shove, push.
Schogged, 429/100, *v.* jogged, shook.
Schone, 64/244, *v.* shun, escape.
Schonte, 482/59, *v.* shunned.
Schoppe, 204/114, 212/365, *v.* shaped, formed: *see* **Shape**.
Schoures, 478/146, *s.* showers, *figuratively*, assaults of fortune.
Schrewe, 151/169, *s.* clever, sharp, bad person.
Schrewe, 248/180, 187, *v.* to curse: ? *for* beshrew.
Shrowde, 268/364, *s.* a garment.
Sigging, 469/133, *s.* saying: *see* **Seg-gyng**.
Sijte, 364/157: *see* **Syte**.
Syle, 144/196, *v.* to drop, glide away.
Sill, 244/92, ? *for* sall, shall.
Syllypp, 57/26, *s.* syllable.
Symonde, 43/102, *s.* cement.
Simple, 15/30, 121/100, 282/288, *adj.* innocent, weak, mean, lowly, of little value.
Syn, 6/139, *adv.* since: *see* **Sen**.
Syne, 54/296; **Synge**, 74/100; **Syn-gnes**, 77/156, *s.* sign.
Syne, **Synne**, 276/138, *adv.* since, later, by and bye.
Synke, 46/36, *v.* drown: *see* **Sounkyn**.
Syte, 29/16, *s.* sorrow, disgrace, shame.
Sythen, 57/26, *conj.* since.
Sithfull, 342/151; **Sytfull**, 33/129, *adj.* sorrowful.
Sithis, 39/130, *s.* times.
Sittis, 232/288, 287/420, *v. impers.* it becomes us (Fr. *il nous sied*).
Skape, 49/141, *v.* escape (*aphetic*).
Skathe, 49/141, 140/77, *s.* harm, damage.
Skaunce, 282/291, *s.* a chance, an accident. O. F. *escance*. *See* Towneley M. pp. 17, 199.
Skell, 12/65, *s.* shell.
Skelpte, 222/81, 321/35, *v. past t.* to strike with anything flat, as a leather strap, &c.; *skelpte out of score*, drove out of bounds.
Skemeryng, **Skymeryng**, 130/123, *s.* shining: *see* **Schemerande**.

Skyfte, 225/130, *s.* shift, trick, art.
Skyllfull, 15/22, *adj.* having reason or understanding.
Skill, 459/113; **Skylle**, 15/26, *s.* reason, understanding, motive.
Skymeryng, 343/192, *v.* skirmishing, skirmishing.
Skipid, 481/41, *v.* grazed (skin).
Skyste, 221/41, *v. sometimes so written* for skyft, to shift, divide, change, separate.
Skwyn, 42/74, *s.* skew, oblique, twisted; of *skwyn*, askew.
Slake, 46/41; **Slake**, 9/13, *v.* abate, grow less, lessen.
Sleghte, 181/88, 271/8, *s.* sleight, contrivance, cunning.
SlELY, 271/8, *adv.* cunningly.
Slyke, **Slike**, 46/22, 142/140; **Selyk**, 44/140 (earlier *sa-lyke*), *adj.* such: *see* **Swilke**.
Slippe, 476/105, *adj.* sleepy, drowsy.
Slo, 331/324; **Sloo**, 164/175, *v.* to slay, kill.
Sloppe, 295/77, *s.* over-garment, a robe (rather than a shirt, as in margin).
Smerte, 41/54, *adj.* smart, sharp.
Smore, 5/117, *v.* to smother.
Snell, 437/111, *adj.* sharp, keen. ✓
Softe, 144/196, *adv.* gently, easily.
Soght, 449/25, *pa. p.* of seek, attributed, fetcht to; 49/128, went; 135/262, sought, paid homage to.
Soile, 318/361, *v. aphetic* for assoil, absolve.
Solas, 136/301, 217/509, *s.* solace, comfort, joy; *solace sere*, 23/40, many pleasures.
Sorouse, 93/7, *s.* sorrows.
Sorowe, 103/44, *adv.* sorrowfully, sadly.
Sotell, 73/79, *adj.* subtle, clever.
Sotte, 124/28, *s.* fool.
Sounkyn, 498/36; **Sownkyn**, 41/30, *pa. p.* sunken, drowned, 42/59.
Spared, 419/430, *pa. p.* closed, shut up.
Spedar, 5/110, *s.* helper, promoter.
Spede, 236/92; **Speed**, 66/330, *s.* success.
Spede, 422/15, *v.* to succeed, go well; **Spedde**, 261/187, *pa. p.*

Spell, 471/187, *s.* discourse, book
Spellis, 263/240, *pl.* sayings, fables.
Spence, 366/241; **Spens**, 311/134, *s.* *aphetic* for *ex ence*.
Spere, 380/139, *v.* to shut, close;
Spers, 50/161, *imperat.*: see **Spared**.
Spere: see **Spire**.
Spill, 5/110, 46/50, 130/128, *v.* to ruin, destroy, to perish; **Spyll**, 21/89; **Spilte**, 33/140.
Spire, 236/97; **Spirre**, 114/82; **Spere**, 263/240, *v.* to ask, inquire.
Spirringes, 322/64, *s.* questionings.
Spites, 283/326, *s.* contempt.
Sporne, 422/15, *v.* to stumble.
Stabely, 126/6, 131/140, *adv.* firmly, truly.
Stabyll, 3/62, *adj.* stable.
Stadde: see **Stedde**.
Stages, 44/127, 129, steps or floors.
Stakir, 274/85, *v.* stagger.
Stales, 295/75, *s.* deceits, slyness, hence conspiracies.
Stalke, 331/336, *v.* to walk stealthily.
Stalkyng, 276/157, *s.* stepping softly or slowly.
Stalland, 320/14, *pr. p.* forbearing.
Stark, 417/395, *adj.* stiff, rigid.
State, 220/23, *s.* pomp, high condition.
Stately, 222/82, *adv.* in proper position.
States, 281/261, *s.* personages of high rank, estates.
Stawllys, 44/129, *s.* stalls, places.
Stedde, 483/94, *v.* to stay, tarry.
Stedde, 67/363, 113/22, *pa. p.* placed, set.
Stedde, 508/289, pressed, put to it; *stedde stiffely*, 477/137, hard pressed, in danger.
Stede, 58/74; **Steede**, 121/88, *s.* stead, place.
Stente, 146/3, *v.* to still, restrain.
Sterand, 248/175, *pres. p.* stirring, active, agile.
Sterne, 127/28, *s.* star.
Steuyng, **Steven**, **Steuyn**, 9/16, 45/6, *s.* voice, call.
Steuened, 187/64, *v.* called.

Stevenyng, 307/6, *s.* shouting.
Stye, 250/229, *s.* an ascending lane or path.
Sties, 339/52, *s.* steps.
Stigh, 424/85, *v.* to rise or ascend;
Stied, 495/121, *past t.* rose.
Stighill, 295/75, *v.* to decide, to establish, order, to part combatants.
Stynt, 52/222, *v.* to shorten, stop, stay: see **Stente**.
Stodmere, 193/13, *s.* stud-mare.
Stoken, 383/193, 467/60, *pa. p.* fastened, stuck.
Stonyes, 279/223, *v.* for astonies, is astonished (*aphetic*).
Store, 300/242, *adj.* big, powerful, strong.
Stormed, 112/16, *pa. p.* taken by the storms of weather.
Stounde, 240/8, *s.* a short time.
Stoure, 243/73, *s.* conflict, struggle.
Straytely, 184/187, *adv.* closely.
Stresse, 165/188, *s.* force.
Stryve, 57/24, *s.* strife.
Sudary, 371/387, 409/243, *s.* napkin, winding-sheet.
Sufferayne, 113/46, *s.* sovereign.
Suffraynd, 61/163, *adj.* sovereign.
Sugett, 114/64, *s.* subject.
Suye, 258/114, 262/212, *v.* sue, follow.
Suppowle, 338/11, *v.* to support.
Suttily, **Suttelly**, 42/77, 43/105, cleverly.
Swa, 83/259, *so*.
Swayne, 122/128, 133/207, *s.* youth, boy.
Swapped, 259/144, 282/286, *v.* struck, cut off quickly.
Swarand, 333/384, *I swarand*, *Is'* (for *I sall* = *shall*) warrant, (provincialism still in use).
Sware, 42/74, *s.* square.
Sweght, 332/362, *s.* force.
Sweyng, 286/371, *s.* noise.
Swelte, 333/384, 428/56, *v.* to faint.
Swemyed, 427/40, *pa. p.* seized with swimming in the head, giddy.
Swete, 332/361, *v.* sweat.
Swetyng, 427/40, *s.* sweating.
Swettyng, 427/40, 428/56, *s.* sweeting, darling.

Sweuene, 278/189, *s.* dream.
Swilke, 16/53, *adj.* such: *see* Slyke.
Swynke, 27/161, *v.* labour.
Swyre, 332/361, *s.* a pillar.
Swithe, 91/393, 425/127, *adv.* soon, quickly, immediately.

Ta, 104/65, 140/57, *v.* take.
Tacche, 353/119, *v.* tack, fasten;
Takkid, 429/92, fastened.
Tadys, 84/271, *s.* toads.
Taynte, 219/6, *v.* for attain.
Taken, 76/143, 111/278, *s.* token.
Talde, 99/184, *v.* told, reckoned.
Talent, 174/69, 462/217, *s.* desire, pleasure, inclination.
Tales, 60/128, *s.* sayings.
Tase, 354/180, *s.* toes.
Taste, 55/317, 218/535, 393/358, *v.* to touch, try, feel.
Taught, 29/10, 225/137, *v. pa. p.* of teche, to deliver, give in charge, commit; 263/228, showed.
Teche, 230/255, 393/364, *v.* to give, deliver, teach; 125/48, show.
Teyn, 41/39, *s.* sorrow, trouble.
Teynd, 36/40; **Tente**, 36/27, *s.* tenth.
Telde, 198/162, *s.* cover or habitation.
Telde, 56/14, *v.* tented, pitched, set up.
Tene, 213/386, 398, *s.* sorrow, trouble, grief.
Tenefull, 312/152, *adv.* sorrowful.
Tenyd, 137/314, *pa. p.* grieved.
Tent, 9/11, *s.* heed, attention; 29/1, take tent: *see* Entent.
Tente, 412/301, *v.* to heed, attend to.
Tente, 36/27, *s.* tenth.
Texte, 218/535, *s.* text.
Thaym, 29/7; **Paime**, 2/31, *pron.* them.
Tharne, 142/137, 456/15, *v.* to be deprived of, lack, want (Icel. *tharnan*, a want).
Tharning, 456/12, *s.* lacking, want.
Tharr, 18/10; **Thar**, 168/234, *v. impers.* it needs; **Thurte**, 510/316, *pa. t.*
The, 158/61, *v.* thrive; *so mot I the*, so may I thrive.
pedyre, 202/41, *adv.* thither.
Ther, 3/60; **Pere**, 512/367, *adv.* where.

There, 86/306; **Per**, 43/92, 90/388, 460/137, *adj.* these: *see* Pire.
Per-gatis, 95/48, *adv.* in those ways, those things.
Pire, 8/3; **Pir**, 95/53, *pron.* these.
Thirle, 424/100, *v.* thrill, pierce.
Thithynges, **Thidingis**, 397/28, 29, tidings, news.
Tho, 70/39; **po**, 9/11, *adj.* those.
pof, 511/344, *conj.* though.
pof all, 121/101, 122/121, although.
Thole, 183/182, *v.* suffer, bear.
Thondour, 86/320, *s.* thunder.
Thore, pore, 12/69, 130/116, *adv.* there.
Thraly, 56/3, 123/8, 322/61, *adv.* eagerly, earnestly, obediently, dutifully.
Prang, 178/2, *s.* throng, crowd.
Thrange, 481/43, *v., pa. t.* pressed.
Thrawe, 137/309, 258/115, *s.* while, time.
Threpe, 230/256, *s.* threat, dispute.
Threpe, 5/114, *v.* to chide, dispute.
Threpyng, 430/105, *v. s.* disputing.
Threste, 258/115, *v.* to thrust.
Threst, 86/320, *pa. p.* thrust, beaten down.
Thrette, 141/111, *pa. p.* threatened.
Thristed, 481/43, *v.* thrust.
Thrivandy, 42/76, *adv.* prosperously.
Thurte, 510/316, *past t.* of **Thar**.
Tyde, 149/92, *v.* betide, happen.
Till, 65/282, 298, *prep.* to.
Tille, 31/59, *v.* to obtain, procure.
Tyne, 63/241, 318/363, *v.* lose.
Tyne, 94/26, *s.* for teyne, teen, vexation.
Tyraunte, 30/48, *s.* said of Satan.
Tirraunt, 314/227, 360/30, *s.* usurper.
Tyte, 90/389, 135/246, *adv.* quickly, speedily, directly; **Tytar**, 84/280, *comp.* quicker, sooner.
Tytt, 332/350, *pa. p.* snatched or pulled off.
Tyxste, 316/287, *v.* accusest. O.E. *thian*, M.E. *tiȝe*.
To, 38/79, *s.* toe.
To, *prep.* 65/304, 348/348, for.
To-dyghte, 5/98, *pa. p.* committed to.
To-morne, 89/356, *s.* to-morrow.
To-whils, 2/30, *adv.* whilst.

- Tole**, 54/281, 482/58, *v.* to work, labour at, pull about: *see* Tule.
- Toles**, 48/110, 382/179, *s.* tools, methods, instruments, utensils.
- Tome**, 318/345, 428/18, *s.* leisure; *adj.* 430/127, empty.
- Tone**, 471/202, 491/13, *pa. p.* for tane, taken.
- Tonne**, 264/249, 430/127, *s.* tun, barrel.
- Torfoyr**, 431/160, 432/174, *s.* disaster, hardship, difficulty.
- Towne**, 36/46, *s.* an enclosed place, as opposed to wild open country, field; home farm.
- Trace**, 125/48, *s.* step, path, way.
- Traye**, 279/29, *s.* trouble, vexation.
- Traye**, 256/60, *s.* for trayne, deceit, trick.
- Trayne**, 59/102, 133/205, 179/23, *s.* plot, device; *withouten trayne*, a phrase to fill up a line.
- Trayse**, 275/118, *s.* trace, path, way.
- Trante**, 263/234, 315/251, 454/168, *s.* trick.
- Trappid**, 231/267, *v.* pinched or squeezed.
- Traste**, 24/78; **Trayste**, 76/139, *v.* trust; **Trast**, 132/185, *be* assured.
- Trauayle**, 197/129, *v.* work.
- Traues**, 381/150, *v.* crosses.
- Trembelys**, 32/113, *v.* trembles, quakes.
- Tresurry**, 135/246, *s.* treasury.
- Trewys**, 271/9, *s. pl.*; *trewe, truwe*, faith, fidelity.
- Trine**, **Tryne**, 8/5, 103/13, 327/226, *v.* to go, step, walk.
- Triste**, 67/349, 364/176; **Treste**, 365/191, trust, faith.
- Trystefull**, 217/514, *adj.* to be trusted.
- Trowe**, 24/75, 148/53, *v.* to believe.
- Truffullis**, 26/125, 303/300, 310/111, trifles, incidents, idle stories.
- Trus**, **Truss**, **Trusse**, 190/151, 348/347, 346/274, *v.* pack up, prepare, make ready.
- Tule**, 454/168, *v.* to work or labour (a thing), pull about; **Tulyed**, 245/118, 482/58, *pa. p.* (Scotch *tulye*, a struggle; *Fr. toullier*, to mingle in confusion.)
- Tulles**, 143/172, *s.* tools, things: *see* Toles.
- Turnement**, 244/91, *s. ?* for torment.
- Twyne**, 42/78, 364/151; **Twynne**, 43/100, *v.* to sunder, divide.
- Twyne**, 43/100, *v.* for tine, to perish.
- Vayle**, 246/143, *v.* *aphetic* for avail.
- Wayne**, 6/146, empty.
- Waynes**, 253/286, *s.* veins.
- Vernand**, 216/498, *adj.* vernal, of the spring.
- Verray**, 100/219, *adj.* true.
- Vilaunce**, 194/15, vile.
- Vyolet**, 216/498, *s.* violet.
- Vmbelappid**, 475/66, *v.* covered around, surrounded.
- Vmbycast**, 336/467, *v.* bound about.
- Vmsitte**, 479/186, *s.* set around, surround.
- Vnbraste**, 55/320, unloosed.
- Vnbuxumnes**, 6/123, *s.* disobedience.
- Vnconand**, 280/244, *adj.* ignorant.
- Vncouthie**, 59/116, *adj.* unknown.
- Vndir-lowte**, 459/92, *s.* a subject, one stooping beneath subjection.
- Vndirstand**, 76/145, 78/177, 105/79, *v.* to hear.
- Vndir-take**, 186/23, *v.* to receive.
- Vndre**, 322/50, *meaning doubtful, perhaps corrupt.*
- Vndughty**, 334/411, cowardly.
- Vnethis**, 499/59, *adv.* scarcely.
- Vngladde**, sorry.
- Vnhende**, 485/155, *adj.* uncourteous.
- Vnysoune**, 209/262, *s.* unison, singing in one voice or part.
- Vnlappe**, 280/256, *v.* to uncover.
- Vnmeete**, 352/127, *adj.* unfit.
- Vnrude** = *unride*, 423/67, *adj.* harsh, large. (See *Stratmann.*)
- Vnseele**, 313/177, *s.* misfortune.
- Vnsittyng**, 326/192, *adj.* unbecoming.
- Vnsoght**, 13/77, 103/44, *adj.* unquiet, troubled, disturbed.
- Vnthrift**, 352/90, *adj.* ill-thriving, unsuccessful.
- Vnthryuandely** = *unthrivingly*, 5/114, *adv.* unprosperously, in vain.
- Vn-welde**, 43/93, 63/221, *adj.* infirm.
- Vnwittely**, 31/52, *adv.* foolishly.

Vnwitty, 130/110, *adj.* unwise.

Vphald, 325/150, *v.* warrant, vouch for.

Vpholde, 232/282, *s.* support.

Vppe sought, 351/68, *v.* fetcht up, brought up.

Vpryse, 459/90; **Vprysing**, 459/91, *s.* resurrection.

Vpstritt, 329/275, *pa. t.* of upstert, started up.

Vttiremeste, 386/232, *adj.* last, utmost.

Wa, 107/143, *s.* woe.

Waferyng, 39/111, *v.* wavering, waverderyng.

Waffe, 95/54, 301/248, *v.* to waft, to wave, move, throw; **Wauyd**, *pa. p.* 317/318.

Waghe, 151/173, *adj.* and *s.* evil, wrong.

Way, 142/147, *do way!* see **Do**.

Wayke, 43/93, *adj.* weak.

Waite, 328/253, 470/169, *v.* watch.

Wake, 9/12, 504/196, *v.* to watch.

Wakynge, 415/357, *s.* watching.

Wale, 11/55, *v.* to choose, select.

Walowe, 421/10, *v.* to wither, to faint, die away.

Wanand, 51/204, *v.* waning, lessening.

Wandes, 42/75, *s.* rods or slats.

Wandyng, 243/77, *verb. s.* failing with fear, blenching.

Wane, 54/300, *vain*, *in wane*, *in vain*.

Wane, 51/186, *v.* lessen.

Wane, 40/2, 367/278, *adj.* wan pale; see **Wanne**.

Wane, 33/121, 142/144; **Wone**, 153/217; **Waneand**, 36/45, *s.* thought, meaning; (*sc. wane*, O. E. *wén*, opinion): see **Wille**.

Wanes, 106/123, *s.* dwellings: see **Wones**.

Wanyand, 124/37, *s.* curse, vengeance; *in the wanyand*, an imprecation, with a curse or vengeance; *in wilde waneand*, 36/45, may possibly mean the same.

Wangges, 64/275, *s.* cheeks.

Wanhope, 450/75, *s.* despair.

Wanne for Wan, 36/38, 50/156, *adj.* gloomy, filthy, evil.

Wanne-trowing, 458/83, *s.* mistrust, faint faith.

Want, 454/166, *v.* to lack.

Wapped, 292/12, 480/1, 489/274, *pa. p.* wrapped, enclosed.

Wappe of, 331/343, *v.* unwrap.

War, 87/329, *v. subj. imp.* were; *war they wente*, were they gone.

Warande, 128/67, *s.* warrant.

Warde, 221/43, *s.* custody, guard.

Ware, 196/31, *adj.* aware.

Warisoune, 362/89, *s.* final reward.

Warly, 468/91, *adj.* warily.

Warlow, 276/141, 281/258, 471/176, a wizard, one who has made compact with the devil, hence a wicked man, a fiendish person.

Warre, 286/399; **Were**, 22/1, *s.* war, doubt, confusion; *his witte is in warre*, his wits are at war, confused.

Warre, 324/137, *adj.* ware.

Warred, 339/77, *v.* purchased, spent, provided.

Warrok, 291/525, *v.* to restrain, bind.

Wast, 11/52, *v.* to rob, to waste.

Waste, 100/196, 154/271, *adj.* vain, useless, *in waste*, *in vain*.

Waste, 451/87, *adv.* wastefully, extravagantly.

Wathe, 24/65, 49/145, 181/109, *s.* danger, evil, injury.

Wax, 113/41, *v.* to grow; **Waxen**, 51/192, *pa. p.* grown.

We! 76/139, *interj.* oh! (*from the impatient why!*) **We!** how! **We!** huddle! 119/37, 120/47, *interjections* of surprise.

Wedde, 261/189, *v.* to pledge, to wager.

Wedde-sette, 318/346, *v.* to put in pledge, to wedset, to let.

Wede, 10/34, 94/30, 236/93, *s.* dress, raiment, clothing.

Wede, 421/9, *s.* passion, fury; 422/23, *v.* to rage, act furiously.

Wedlak, 110/261, *s.* wedlock.

Weelde, 4/67, *s.* wield, power: see **Wolde**.

Weendande, 4/96, *pr. p.* wending.

Wegge, 356/242, *s.* wedge.
Welaway ! 27/148, 32/93, *interj.*
 Alas !
Weldand, 112/1, *adj.* mighty; *all weldand*, all mighty, all wielding.
Welde, 212/360, 124/37, 315/273, *v.* to use, wield, exercise.
Weledyng, 2/39, *v. s.* wielding.
Weyke, 113/25, *adj.* weak.
Well, 6/131, *v.* to boil, bubble.
Welland, 87/334, *adj.* boiling, furiously.
Welthe, 2/39, 33/117, 198/155, *s.* well-being, weal.
Wende, 10/42, *v.* to turn, put; 11/46, *away bese went*, are put away; 29/3, *went*, *pa. p.* turned, done; 444/347, *gone*.
Wendes, 50/161, *v. imperat.* go.
Wene, 156/5, *v.* to think; **Wenys**, 49/119, *weenest*, *thinkest*; **Wende**, 157/29, *past t.*
Wene, 74/104, *s.* doubt, supposition.
Were, 36/38, 127/34, *v.* to defend, guard, protect.
Were, 243/82, *s.* defence, shield.
Were, 111/302, *v.* to wear.
Were, 22/1, 228/213, *s.* doubt, uncertainty, confusion; 50/146, *doubt*, *fear*: *see* **Warre**.
Wery, 310/108, *v.* to curse; **Weried**, 52/232; **Weryed**, 70/27; **Werryed**, *pa. p.* cursed.
Werie, 110/249, 510/328, *adj.* weary;
Wery, 108/205, *worried*, *vexed*.
Werraye, 147/35, *for* *verray*, *adj.* true.
Werre, 296/108, *adj.* worse.
Wetand, 475/72, *pr. p.* (? *error for* *wetyng*, *s.*) *thinking*, *knowing*.
Wete, 411/283, 450/51, *adj.* wet, *i. e.* bleeding.
Wete, 4/67, 129/95, *v.* to wit, to know; **Weten**, 501/130, *pa. p.*
Wetterly, 19/21, *adv.* wisely, with knowledge: *see* **Vnwittely**, **Wittirly**.
Whapp, 326/199, *s.* a whop, a blow.
Whare-som, 34/168, *adv.* wherever.
What! 4/81, 33/133, 114/71, *interj.*
 how!
What-kynne, 24/52, *adj.* what sort of.

Whe! 251/250, *interj.* Ho!
Whedir, 236/112, *adv.* whither.
Whethir, 104/53, *pron.* which.
Whikly, 12/64, *adv.* alive (cf. *quick*), *in activity*.
Whyle, 30/51; **While**, 31/52, *s.* time.
Whilke, 15/24, 165/183, *pron.* which.
Whilom, 75/126, *adv.* once, formerly.
Whore, 12/72, *adv.* where.
Wicchis, 153/221, *s.* witches.
Wyelly, 443/333, *adv.* ? *manlike*, *in form of man*, *from A. S. wy*.
Wyffe, 153/216, 173/39, *s.* woman.
Wight, 140/54, *s.* child; 144/208, *person*, *anybody*.
Wighte, 52/212; **Wight**, 145/219, *adj.* active, strong.
Wightly, **Wyght**, 8/6, 10/42, 141/92, *adv.* actively, quickly, energetically.
Wightnes, 58/58, *s.* activity, strength.
Wille, 144/208, 508/293, *adj.* wild, wandering, bewildered; **Wille of rede**, 424/91, *at a loss* (*see* **Rede**); **Wille of wane**, 142/144, 153/217, 191/184, *at a loss*, *bewildered* (*wild of thought or weening*): *see* **Wane**.
Willid, 241/17, *v.* wandered, strayed.
Willy, 458/79, *adj.* willing, choosing.
Wilsom, 135/243, 144/188, 236/92, *adj.* wild, devious, wandering.
Wymond, 339, *proper name*: cf. **Rauf Coilyear**, l. 315, &c.
Wyne, 9/25, 12/63; **Wynne**, 489/276, *s.* pleasure, joy.
Wynly, 9/12, *adv.* profitably, 504/196, *joyfully*; 476/103, ? *for* *wanly*.
Wynne, 81/220, 142/150, *v.* to gain, draw away, get, fetch; **Wynne away**, 41/32, *go away*: *see* **Wonne**.
Wynnyng, 1/3, 24/68, *v. s.* attaining, reaching, gain.
Wys, **wisse**, **wysshe**, 42/70, 109/239, 237/123, *v.* teach, direct, guide.
Wyss-ande, 7/152, *pr. p.*; **Wysshing**, 7/157, *s.* guiding, leading.
Wyrke, 41/35, *v.* to work.
Wirshippe, 24/56, *s.* (worth-ship), honour, respect.
Wyste, 5/116, *v.* knew.
Wystus, 219/14, *probably for* *wyscus*, *i. e.* vicious, angry, cruel.

Wite, 30/34, 129/78, *v.* blame; Witte, 382/176.
 Witte, 51/209, *v.* to know.
 Wittering, 142/124, *s.* hint, inkling.
 Witty, 124/22, *adj.* full of knowledge.
 Wittirly, 190/157; Wittely, 42/88, *adv.* wisely, surely: *see* Wetterly.
 Wode, 140/75, *adj.* mad.
 Wolde, 344/220, *v.* would.
 Wolde, 30/50, 285/357, 315/273, *s.* power, might, authority: *see* Weelde.
 Won, wone, wonne, 2/28, 70/31, *v.* to dwell; Wonnande, 124/33, *pr. p.*
 Wondir, wondirly, 398/60, *adv.* marvellously, excessively.
 Wones, 2/28, *s.* abode, dwelling-place: *see* Wanes.
 Wonges, 103/41, *s.* cheeks: *see* Wanges.
 Wonne, 91/405, *pa. p.* won, brought from.
 Wonne, 264/252, *s.* custom.
 Wonne, 264/251, *pa. p.* accustomed.
 Wonnyng, 18/3, *s.* dwelling.
 Wonnyng-steed, 173/42, *s.* dwelling-place.
 Woode, 87/334, *adj.* mad.
 Worde, 144/208, *for* world.
 Wordely, 237/128, *adj.* worldly.
 Worme, 23/23, 25/91, *s.* reptile, serpent.
 Wormes, 87/339, *s.* wild wormes, locusts, or caterpillars.
 Worth, worthe, 10/34, 50/156; Worpe, 135/261, *v.* to become; Worthed, 415/358, *pa. p.*
 Worthly, 2/17, 369/333, *adj.* worthy.
 Worthy to wyte, 150/131, *blame* worthy.
 Wothis, 76/138, *s.* injuries: *see* Wathe.
 Wraiste = Wreste, 76/137, 301/261, *pa. p.* wrested.
 Wreye, 501/129, *v.* destroy, turn.
 Wreyede, 173/25, *v.* revealed, discovered.

Wrekynge, 266/323, *s.* vengeance.
 Wrest, 133/187, *s.* a twist, a deceit, trick.
 Wretthe, 226/154, *s.* wrath, anger.
 Wrye, 270/7, *v.* for wreye.
 Wrynkis, 273/67, *s.* wrenches, twists.
 Wrothe, 153/223, *adj.* angry.
 Ya! 37/52, 60, *interj.* yes.
 Yare, 36/30; Yhare, 26/138; 3are, 213/405, *adj.* or *adv.* active, ready.
 Yarne, 175/113, *v.* desire, yearn for; 3erned, *pa. p.*
 Yarnyng, 127/32, *s.* yearning, desire.
 Yappely, 279/231; 3appely, 469/127 *adv.* readily, fitly, eagerly.
 Ych, 293/38, ? *for* ilk.
 3ede, 511/342, *v.* went: *see* Yode, Yoodo.
 3elde, 57/30; Yeelde, 58/53, *v.* to give, pay.
 Yeme, 460/128, *s.* heed, care: *see* Eme.
 3eme, 15/18, 235/66, *v.* to rule, govern, care for.
 3emed, 469/128, *v.* guarded.
 3emyng, 457/46, *s.* caring for, governing.
 Yere, 354/164, *to* yere, this year. *See* Towneley Mysteries, p. 231.
 3erned, 185/10, *pa. p.* desired.
 3he, 5/114, *pron.* ye.
 3hit, 4/87, *conj.* yet.
 3hour, 2/38, *your*,
 3how, 5/117, *pron.* you.
 3ynge, 49/139, *adj.* young.
 3o, 200/209, *pron.* you.
 Yode, Yoodo, 50/151; 3oodo, 87/336 = Yede, *v.* went.
 Yof, 272/45; *for* 3of, *conj.* though.
 Yore, 54/307, *yet*, for a long time.
 Youe me, 354/154, this appears to be a corruption. Query, read 'you and me.'
 Yowe! 282/295, ? an exclamation.

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